The Outlook

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Few realize that the finest table linen can be made to look like cotton by using soap overstrong in alkali, which cuts the fabric and gives it a "nap." There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap. The saving in appearance and wear is very much more than the slight additional cost of "Ivory" over ordinary soap.

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The Japanese Land Victory The first serious engagement in the land campaign between Russia and Japan began on Tuesday of last week, and lasted for six days, culminating in a decisive victory for the Japanese on Sunday. For some time the Japanese have been gathering on the east bank of the Yalu River. Their troops have been strung along the river for some eighty miles, to disguise the point of concentration. In the Yalu there are two islands, near the mouth of the river, one just above Wiju, the other just below. From one the Russians were driven, from the other the Russians, on being attacked, withdrew. With these in their possession, the Japanese, though harassed by the Russian artillery, constructed a pontoon bridge and began crossing the river. By Saturday night the twelfth division of the Japanese army had reached the right bank of the Yalu. In the meantime, Japanese gunboats in the mouth of the Yalu assisted the army in its passage of the river by scattering some of the opposing Russian forces. On Sunday morning the Japanese charge began. From Antung there runs a road northwest to Liauyang. About parallel to this road and north of it, there flows the Iho, a tributary of the Yalu, flowing from the northwest. The Japanese in making their charge crossed the Iho, breast-deep, stormed the Russians' position on the heights, and swept them back across the plateau. The Russians made two stands, but were forced to abandon Antung, which they burned. The Japanese loss is reported as 700, the Russian as 800. The Japanese are now in a position to march up the road from Antung to Liauyang. If their progress is successful, they will be able to occupy the railroad at Liauyang and cut off communication between Mukden and Port Arthur.

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Other War News In comparison with this battle the achievement of the Vladivostok squadron in sinking a Japanese transport, the Kinshiu Maru, laden with rice, coal, and other military stores, and carrying a company of Japanese soldiers and their officers, was insignificant. Some of the Japanese officers were taken prisoners, but the soldiers who refused to surrender, with their fatalistic heroism, fired volleys from their rifles into the Russians until the waves closed over the vessel. The number lost is estimated as between seventy and eighty. The transport had become separated from the other transports and a convoy of torpedo-boats in a fog, and was thus taken, as it were, by accident. The squadron immediately returned to Vladivostok, just in time to escape an encounter with a Japanese fleet of ten vessels. The announcement by the Associated Press early in the week that the Czar, in response to suggestions that came informally from other Powers, notably England and France, had declared that he would not accept mediation or intervention during or following the war, has been confirmed by the issuance of an official notification to that effect from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Russian representative with foreign Powers.

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The English Church and Politics The Established Church of England has been slow in moving, but it has now come into line with the Free Churches in opposition to Chinese labor in South Africa under the stockade system, and also to the Government plan for curtailing the power of the magistrates in granting, renewing, or refusing the renewal of public-house licenses. The Bishop of Colchester urges that the power of the magistrates is the only power for the protection of the public which exists, and if that power is removed, the liquor trade can do almost as it pleases. Fifteen bishops have made their opposition known through the Church of England Temperance Society. No equally convenient organization exists for making known the opinions of Churchmen on the Chinese compound question—the other moral question in politics which just now is agitating England. Several of the bishops, however, and many clergymen have recently announced their intense dislike of the Pretoria ordinance. By these various expressions of the bishops and clergy, all the Churches—Established and Free—are now represented in the movement against the retrograde change in the licensing law, at the dictation of the liquor interest, and against the introduction of an army of indentured Chinamen into the Transvaal. Mr. Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has quite recently reiterated his statement that the agitation against the Chinese ordinance is a partisan movement. But it is impossible that he can long adhere to this assertion in face of the fact that representatives of all the organized religious bodies—Churchmen and Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists, Unitarians and Quakers—have now put themselves on record against Lord Milner's labor policy. Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, and Quakers are usually Liberals in politics by association and tradition; but the Methodists in England are generally as unready to throw themselves into any movement against the Government as is the Church of England.

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The British in Tibet

The announcement that the British Government has decided to withdraw from Tibet is none the less welcome because it is not entirely unexpected. Various reasons may have influenced the Ministry. China has from the first strongly expressed her unwillingness that the territory of her neighbor and vassal should be invaded by any foreign power, and this opposition has been so vigorous that it has indicated a possible reinforcement of Tibetan troops with Chinese troops. It is probable, too, that in the pursuance of his policy to establish thoroughly friendly relations with all the Great Powers, King Edward VII. has received assurances from Russia which have removed the painful impression produced by the statements in the Tibetan Blue Book, and have made it plain that there is no real conflict of British and Russian interests in Tibet. A third and perhaps most influential reason is the unwillingness of the King and of the English people to repeat the slaughter at Guru. The impression made by that massacre of Tibetans, arrayed for defense of their country, was very painful throughout England. Colonel Younghusband's expedition under military escort did not reach Gyangtse without a second conflict; and it became very clear that any attempt to open Tibet to the world at this moment will meet with the most determined opposition. Under the circumstances the Ministry has wisely concluded to withdraw the expedition and to abandon the attempt to keep a Resident at Lhasa; and Tibet will be left to manage her own internal affairs until she sees, as she will in the end, not only the impossibility of closing her doors against the world, but the great advantage to herself of coming into relations with the rest of mankind.

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Congress: The End of the Session

On Thursday of last week the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress was declared adjourned. It was an unusually early date for adjournment. Often in Presidential years Congress has continued in session until July, and it has in one case not adjourned until October. The fact that the special session last fall brought Congress together a month earlier than usual, makes the session just closed not quite so exceptional as it seems. There is hardly any ground for regret, moreover, that Congress has already adjourned; though there were measures of some importance left undecided, they were no more important than measures which have been abandoned under similar circumstances in other years. As the session drew to its close the members became less and less concerned about legislative matters and more and more engrossed in partisan politics. Occasionally a gathering of grown men will act like children, and the Congress of the United States is no exception. A peculiarly stupid wrangling occurred in the accusations and recriminations that passed between Republicans and Democrats, with Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Cockran as chief spokesmen. Nobody in the country is really concerned about either of these men, but almost every American enjoys a fight. The same instincts which bring a crowd of people together in the street whenever there is the cry of "Dog fight!" led the newspapers to publish and the public to read with evident relish the accounts of the encounter between these two men. The fundamental sanity, however, of Congress was recovered in time to enable it to dismiss the affair without an investigation. The present session has been made notable by two men and two measures. Mr. Cannon, the Speaker of the House, self-made, kindly, honest, with an equal mixture of drollery, ruggedness, frankness, and common sense, has established a personal relationship with the members of the House of Representatives quite unique. Mr. John Sharp Williams, leader of the Democrats, has supplied what his party has for years sorely lacked—sane, competent direction. A highly educated man, with American and European university training, at the same time in the broadest sense a democrat and man of the people, he has won the respect of his opponents as well as the confidence of his own party. He has been sane enough to see that it is not the business of the leader of the Opposition necessarily to oppose everything that the majority wants done; and has had the discernment to concentrate his opposition upon the weakest points of the party in power. The measures of note have been the passage of the Cuban Reciprocity Bill and the settlement of the Panama question. The enactment of the Philippine shipping bill, amending the present law, also stands to the credit of Congress.

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Pensions Once More Several correspondents seem to be still under the impression that The Outlook's attitude on the matter of the service pension involves disregard of the claims of the men who bear the scars of the Civil War. The Outlook has stated many times its opinion that the country cannot treat too generously its disabled soldiers; that in its judgment not a dollar ought to go for service pensions, but that any increase which the country can afford to make to its already great appropriations for pensions ought to inure to the benefit of disabled or injured men. The Outlook is opposed to the service pension because it believes that it involves a mischievous principle and lowers the quality of the service which the soldier renders and the estimation in which those services are held. It shows a gross lack of discrimination in the value of services to put on the same basis men who served three months—in many instances without going near a battlefield, in some instances without leaving the town in which they enlisted—and men who served through four years and are bearing the scars and disabilities of their service to this day. Pensions ought to be awarded on a basis of service rendered and disabilities endured as the result of those services. Senator Scott, who appears to be anxious to hold the very questionable honor of being the greatest "pension boomer" in the country, recently declared that he would pay a pension of $25 a month to every soldier, whatever his term of service and whether he was rich or poor. It is this sort of talk which discourages the serious-minded man and brings the pensioner into disrepute, because it separates the pension from the service rendered, and in many instances makes it a mere gratuity to a man who has had only formal relations with an army. It is absurd to deny a pension to a man who has served the Government all his life in a civil capacity, and give it to another man, equally able to take care of himself, who served the Government three months in the capacity of an enlisted soldier. The whole matter of pensions, for the sake of the soldier, the country, and the ideals of the people, ought to be taken in hand by intelligent, clear-minded, resolute legislators who want to confer the highest honor upon the real veteran disabled by his services, but who have not the least fear of his vote.

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The School Compromise in Ohio The struggle for the political control of the public schools in Ohio has ended in a compromise. Apparently, however, the honors are with the politicians and the school-book publishers who are interested in getting control of the management of the schools. In the Legislature the Representatives passed, by a decided majority, a bill to create small school boards elected at large. The Senate passed a bill favored by those who wished the members of the boards to be elected by wards or districts. Boards of the latter sort are very much more liable to political influence than the former, as has been shown in Cincinnati as compared with Cleveland, which has the small board system. For some time there was a deadlock between the House and the Senate. Finally, after a conference, in which Senators representing the city of Cleveland used their influence against the Cleveland system, a compromise was effected, by which cities under fifty thousand in population would have the small board system, while the cities above fifty thousand would have the size of their future boards determined by vote of those boards now in existence. Thus it is possible for the present board in Cleveland to decide that its next board shall consist of thirty-seven members, seven of whom shall be elected at large and thirty elected from sub-districts. In the former class there are sixty-six cities. In the latter there are five. These five are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, and Dayton. It seems likely that Cleveland will continue to have a small board, though it cannot escape from having a board partly elected by districts. The constitutionality of this law is questioned on two accounts: First, that some of the present boards, having been themselves created by unconstitutional legislation, cannot constitutionally determine what the future boards of the cities shall be. Second, that the law itself is special legislation. Laws have already been set aside by Ohio courts on the ground that, being confined to cities of a certain population, they come under the head of special legislation, and are, therefore, unconstitutional. Since the cities of the State are divided by this elastic school code into two classes according to population, the code itself may therefore be invalidated. The cure for the abuse of schools in the interest of partisan politics lies with public opinion. When the people of any State think of their schools as the people of most—if not all—of the States think of their courts, they will not tolerate any use of the schools except for the advantage and interest of the children.

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A Business Mayor in Kansas City Kansas City, Missouri, is trying the experiment occasionally made in American municipalities, of selecting a Mayor solely for his business qualifications. The town had wearied of an inefficient political administration. Accordingly, a few weeks before the time set for the city conventions this spring, several Republican business men organized a committee and induced Mr. J. H. Neff, publisher of a live-stock journal, to become a candidate for the Republican nomination. It was believed that there was a greater prospect of success through the capture of the Republican machinery than through the nomination of a non-partisan ticket. Mr. Neff was universally regarded as a capable business man, but his candidacy was opposed by many Republicans on the ground that he was lacking in the popular traits usually deemed essential to the successful politician. The business men's committee, however, secured his nomination. Normally the two parties in Kansas City are about evenly divided, and a split in the Democratic organization gave him the recent election. The Civic League took an active part in the canvass. It secured a civil service reform plank in each of the party platforms, and obtained written pledges for the merit system by charter amendment from a majority of the incoming Aldermen. It also stationed watchers at the voting-places where frauds were feared, and to such purpose that the vote cast in the suspected "river wards" fell considerably short of the padded registration. The new Mayor's appointees have been generally approved, and an efficient administration is anticipated. The question remains, of course, whether a Mayor selected solely as a business executive will be popular enough to secure a second term; whether common honesty and efficiency, as Mr. Lincoln Steffens would say, are all that the public requires in its officials. At its election two years hence Kansas City may contribute data bearing on this American municipal problem. Meanwhile, it expects to secure a permanent gain in the adoption of a merit system by charter amendment in every department of the city government.

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The South and Italian Farmers

The State of South Carolina has been considering the immigration question and has created a State Department of Agriculture, Commerce, and Immigration, with a Commissioner whose duties shall be to collect and publish information concerning the advantages of South Carolina for agriculture, mining, timbering, and manufacturing purposes. The object of South Carolina in creating this new department is to stimulate the immigration of thrifty and desirable home-seekers, preferably those who will aid in the agricultural development of the State. One section of the act establishing this new department of immigration provides that "immigrants shall be confined to white citizens of the United States, citizens of Ireland, Scotland, France, and all other foreigners of Saxon origin," although no definition of the phrase "foreigners of Saxon origin" is contained in the bill. Of course the bill does not make it either illegal or impossible for immigrants of the Latin races to become home-seekers in South Carolina, the purpose of this section being simply to point out to the Commissioner of Immigration among what nationalities he shall carry on his propaganda. It seems to us rather surprising that South Carolina has not thought of encouraging Italian immigrants to come into the State. It is true that many Italians coming to the United States are from Italian cities, notably Naples, but there are thousands who are fruit-growers and agriculturists by instinct, by training, experience, and desire. Is it not worth while for some of our Southern States to consider carefully the possibility of introducing the better class of Italian small farmers to take up the work of fruit-growing, milk-farming, and similar phases of the work of the small farm in a climate to which they are well suited? What an industrious Italian may do is illustrated by the story of one which we find in a recent report of Mr. Gino C. Speranza, Recording Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants of this city:

> A fine-looking Neapolitan, Caccevo by name, living at Portsmouth, Virginia, came to this country twenty years ago and has carried on the work of stevedore for the greater part of that time. The Consular Agent at Norfolk took us over to see him one evening at the house which he himself had built. The house is substantial, built with an impressive stone front, and seemed to be furnished with every comfort, including a piano, upon which his bright little daughter played for us the Star-Spangled Banner and the Garibaldi Hymn. I was informed that a few days before our visit Caccevo had bought at auction for $960 a coal-laden schooner which had been apparently wrecked on the near-by coast. After a great deal of hard work he managed to float the wreck, which had not been as bad as it seemed, put it in trim, and between the sale of the coal on board and of the ship itself it was estimated that he would realize about $140,000. This successful business man could neither read nor write. I have never heard of an Italian immigrant here with an academic degree after his name who ever achieved even one-half of this man's success.

And yet South Carolina, by the terms of her new homestead-immigration act, expressly discourages settlers of this nationality upon her soil.

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The Berea College Case

At a meeting of the trustees of Berea College recently held in Cincinnati it was decided that proceedings be instituted to test the constitutionality of the act of the Legislature of Kentucky passed on the 12th day of March, and that the legal rights of Berea College be determined by action of the courts. It will be remembered that Berea has been admitting both white and colored students for nearly forty years; that the College was founded by Southern men of anti-slavery proclivities; that it has been from the beginning a rallying-point for free speech and liberal sentiment; that while it has given free admission to both colored and white students, its chief and most important service has been rendered to the mountain people; that no attempt has ever been made to establish social equality between the two races at Berea, and that the relations between the races have been free from scandal and almost without friction during its whole history, students meeting one another in the class-room with mutual respect, and each race rooming by itself and maintaining its own social life. Berea has never advocated the mingling of white and colored students in public schools, but has not believed that it was necessary to exclude in all cases colored students from the schools in which white students are taught, in order to preserve the purity of the races. The attack on the College, which takes the form of a bill passed by the Legislature of Kentucky forbidding the maintaining or operating of any college, school, or institution where persons of both the white and negro races are received as pupils for instruction, was caused, therefore, by no failure of Berea College to maintain wholesome relations between the students, but entirely by a revival of race antagonism, which has lately shown many evidences of its strength. It is significant that the bill was introduced by a representative of what is called the "bloody county" of Kentucky, and that no opportunity was given to the representatives of the College to answer the objections which were made by the friends of the bill to the committee in private. It is also charged that the Legislature, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, is not unwilling to cripple an institution which was rendering such an important service to the mountaineers, who are mostly Republican. The trustees of Berea College think it wise to test the validity of a law which enters into private relations and declares in regard to private institutions supported by endowments received from private persons that members of the two races shall under no circumstances be allowed to pursue education together. In the opinion of the trustees this act is an invasion of the private rights of pupils, of the rights of teachers to give instruction as they please, and of the rights of institutions to use their property according to their own pleasure, and they think that the bill is, therefore, unconstitutional.

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National Importance of Berea's Work

Of the nearly one thousand students in attendance upon the College, one hundred and seventy-four are colored. If the College is obliged to provide a separate establishment for these students, it will involve a heavy addition to the expense of managing the institution. In any and every case Berea proposes to stand its ground and go forward. It is dealing not so much with the negro problem as with the white problem. At the Conference for Education in the South, held in Birmingham, Alabama, last week, Dr. Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee, declared that the Appalachian range of mountains contains nearly five millions of persons, of whom less than three per cent. are foreign born, while the percentage of illiterates is almost one-half. It is to this large pure-blooded population, now coming into active relations with the country for the first time, that Berea College ministers as no other institution has ever ministered. The work of President Frost and his associates in opening the doors of education to these people is not only of the highest importance to a great population, but is of the very highest importance to the welfare of the Nation. It is a great misfortune to the country that the Legislature of Kentucky has proved so short-sighted and has failed to recognize that in Berea College the commonwealth has an institution of National significance and value.

Education in the South

The Conference for Education in the South held its session last week in Birmingham, Alabama, and was very largely attended by representative Southern teachers and public men as well as a considerable number of leaders of opinion in the North. The reception of the Conference by the citizens of Birmingham was characteristically Southern in its generosity and cordiality. Everything was done after the good Southern fashion to make the visitors feel at home, and every evidence of widespread local and general interest in the meetings of the Conference and its objects was manifested by the great audiences which crowded the Jefferson Theater at the successive sessions. On the opening night it was said by those who knew the community that the assemblage which listened to Mr. Ogden's annual address was the largest and most intelligent ever gathered in the theater. The work of the Southern Board has ceased to need explanation, although here or there a Southern or Northern journal either misrepresents it or makes the unintelligent blunder of misinterpreting it. It is a work largely in Southern hands and under Southern direction; it is not in any sense an interference with Southern affairs; it is not an attempt to take negro education out of the hands of the South. It is an organization largely planned and directed by the most open-minded Southern men, and generously aided by open-minded Northern men who recognize the tremendous burdens under which the South is struggling, and who are eager as a matter of National duty to aid the great renaissance of educational interest and enthusiasm which is now the most significant movement in the South. Mr. Ogden in his annual address declared that the aristocracy of education has passed, that this is the age of social and economic forces, that higher education and business have come into fellowship, and that education in a large sense is the necessity of the time among every people who desire either material or spiritual prosperity. Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, in an eloquent address on "The Negro and the South" called attention to the growing unrest and discontent among negroes in that section, to their feeling of helplessness and friendlessness, to the widening gulf of separation between the younger generations of both races, to the serious blunders of those men who went South after the war and who, as the political leaders of the negro, represented themselves as the only friends of that race and the former slave-owners as the born enemies of the race—a teaching which poisoned the spirit of one race and aroused the fierce antagonism of the other, and planted hate where seeds of love should have been sown. Bishop Galloway said that the South must guarantee equal protection of the law to both races, that the racial line must have no place in courts of justice, that punishment should always be inflicted by due course of law and that there is never an occasion when lynch law can be justified, that it is a necessity to give the negro the opportunity of practical education, that ignorance is a cure for nothing. Reports from the friends of education in the Southern States and from the Southern field in general indicate steady and rapid advancement in educational facilities, standards, and methods, and register another year of striking progress in this most hopeful movement in the Southern section of the country.

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Education in Virginia

No more promising and praiseworthy undertaking for the promotion of education has recently been made than in the formation of the Co-operative Education Commission of Virginia. It is the result of a conference held at Richmond a month ago, in response to the call of the Governor and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Its Chairman is Dr. S. C. Mitchell, Professor in Richmond College, and its membership includes representatives of all classes of schools. Regarding the common school as the heart of the educational system, its main object is to make this thoroughly efficient. In view of the fact that only one-half of the children of school age are enrolled, and only one-third in daily attendance for an average period of five and a half months of the year, the new

Commission meets an urgent need with a desirable programme. This proposes a nine months' school year, a high school within reasonable distance of every child, trained teachers and superintendents, agricultural and industrial training-schools for the defective and dependent, the correlation of public libraries and public schools. A most important feature of the plan is the organization of a citizens' education association in every county. This movement cannot fail to appeal strongly to all patriotic Virginians. It is thoroughly in line with the ideal and the hopes of Thomas Jefferson. Three weeks after the organization of the Commission, President Mitchell's address on "Virginia Day," at the anniversary exercises of Hampton Institute, exhibited the broad view with which this forward movement begins. He declared that an education would be useless that did not tend to promote harmony between the two races in the South. Governor Montague affirmed that universal suffrage means universal education, and that the justice of man to man is the polar star for advancement to better and higher standards of life. President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, said that if the South desires National aid for education, it should be given as a matter of justice to a people who have nobly done their duty for educational progress. The course of legislation in Virginia during the past two years has been distinctly in the interest of better schools.

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Profit and Loss Sharing

The constantly increasing number of employers and employing corporations to adopt in some form the idea of sharing profits with employees is an encouraging sign of industrial peace. We have been particularly interested in facts lately brought to our attention regarding the plan adopted by the A. W. Burritt Company, a concern manufacturing and dealing in builders' materials in Bridgeport, Connecticut. There are several points of special interest in the relation existing between employer and employee in this instance. Perhaps the most striking is that the employees, under their contract, agree to share losses as well as profits. It has often been pointed out that if there were to be thorough combination, loss-sharing ought logically to be included. This concern had already with great success adopted the plan of *requiring* all the superintendents and leading men in the business to be owners of stock, and was led to the conclusion that it would be desirable that the working mechanic also should receive a share in the net earnings of the company, over and above his daily wage, in return for his labor, and that he would feel such an additional interest in the affairs of the concern that the result would be profitable to the employers. The contract has now been in successful working over four years, and under it the highest market wages have been paid, as well as a share of the profits. An arrangement is provided for under which one-tenth of the wages of the workmen is withheld as a reserve, to be used for proportionate payment of losses, and if at the close of the year there has been no loss, this reserve, together with the profit due, is paid to each workman. In actual practice it has never been necessary to touch this reserve, but the mere fact that it exists is a token of the principle of actual partnership involved. The contract provides for payment of six per cent. interest on the capital, and, after all proper deductions are made for running expenses and depreciation, the net profit is divided between employer and employees, in the proportion that the actual capital invested bears to the total wages of the workmen. An admission to the ranks of the profit-sharers is held out as a reward and incentive to ambition to new employees. These employers found their relations with the men so amicable that when, under two general strikes, their union employees were obliged to go out, they absolutely refused to leave town for other employment, and almost without exception waited until it was possible to obtain their old places. The mill has been run on the open shop principle; union and non-union men work side by side; and the union men have been loyal both to their union and their employers. The same employers have taken part in organizing a protective association of builders in Westchester County, New York, and in Connecticut, which has dealt with organized labor, not by ignoring it, but by dealing with employees collectively. These employers stand for co-operation in the building business, believing it to be for mutual advantage, and that such a course will eventually lead to some form of profit-sharing.

Casualties on American Railroads

The Outlook has commented from time to time on the great loss of life of employees of every description and of travelers on American railroads as compared with the loss of life on foreign roads. The value of such comparisons depends on the completeness with which all the elements are taken into account; and, while it remains true that the loss of life is altogether too great on American railroads, hasty comparisons of casualties on this side the ocean with those on the other are very misleading. Mr. Slason Thompson, of Chicago, has recently made a study of casualties on both sides of the sea. He has taken eleven railroads running out of Chicago, with a mileage of about the same as all the roads in the United Kingdom. On these roads, during the twelve months ending last June, there were no passengers killed by train accidents, and only about fifteen by accidents of another nature. During the year 1901 the British roads reported no deaths by train accidents, but 135 deaths of passengers by other accidents, and the deaths of 200 more employees than were lost on the lines going out of Chicago. In 1900 there were in Europe 176,068 miles of track, and in the United States in 1893 there were 176,461. In all Europe in the year 1900, 527 passengers and 2,356 employees were killed; in this country, on the other hand, according to the report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, 299 passengers and 2,727 employees were killed. These figures, which appear to have been secured by intelligent comparison embracing all the elements on either side of the ocean, make a much better impression than most Americans have had of the relative danger of railroad travel here and abroad. Much remains to be done, however, since only about ten per cent. of the American railroads have adopted the block signal system. Higher speed is attained here on an average than is secured abroad; the average of comfort and convenience on the trains is also much higher, and, as a rule, the average of conformity to time-tables is very much greater in this country than abroad; so that, on the whole, the American system of railroading may be fairly claimed to be distinctly superior at all important points.

Harvard University and Scientific Charity

The establishment by a great university of a new department for the training of workers in a distinct profession is an event of extremely rare occurrence. Harvard, after two hundred and sixty-eight years of growth, has seven such departments. Harvard's founding, therefore, of a new "School for Social Workers," practically co-ordinate with the Law School and the Medical School, has a large significance. It acknowledges, in the most striking way, that in the complexity of modern life the old personal relation between the giver and receiver of alms has disappeared, and that the broken bond must be replaced by a body of trained workers. It is the formal recognition of organized charity as a science and of charity work as a profession. Moreover, it marks a long step forward in the application to mental activities of the principle of the division of labor. The purpose of the new school is officially stated to be "to increase the number of available and efficient persons, paid or volunteer, who, in facing problems of need, shall stand for the best efforts for cure and prevention, and seek to find the best methods from the lessons of experience and from thoughtful practice." More concretely, the aim will be to supply trained workers for reformatories, prisons, asylums, public and private charity organizations, the institutional work of churches, college settlements, and the like. For the present, the course will cover one year's work, and students will be required, according to the official announcement, "to attend lectures and conferences three times a week, in sessions of two hours each, to work under direction in some field of social service, and to prepare a paper based on a careful study during the year of some particular problem." There is a formidable list of subjects of study, ranging from such ethical abstractions as "right conceptions of social duty" and the "interdependence of men" to "day nurseries." For the theoretic side of the new profession there is a much larger bibliography than is generally supposed of the literature of sociology; for the practical training—the "laboratory work," so to speak—Boston abounds in institutions and agencies for charity, correction, social uplift, and education. The head of the school will be Mr. Jeffrey R. Brackett, who combines a university graduate's broad outlook and background of culture with twenty years of actual work in the public and private administration of charity. Men who wish to take the course must satisfy the director of their qualifications and register in Harvard College, paying the regular tuition fee of one hundred and fifty dollars; women students must register in Simmons College and pay one hundred dollars. Harvard's founding of this school to meet a new and pressing need comes at a time when her divinity department, the oldest of her professional schools, and for over a century her only one, has dwindled to less than a score of students, and graduates but three or four a year. The coincidence is significant of the changed channels of Christian activity, and of the trend of city churches toward institutionalism. Doubtless many theological students will take the work of the new school as a post-graduate course. The charity worker has long been a familiar figure in city life; in the higher executive positions he has practically always been a man of energy and enthusiasm, loving his work and adapted to it; but in the subordinate positions he has been, as often as not, a man to whom work in an organized charity bureau is much the same as work in a grocery store or a business office. Harvard's new school insures a supply of trained workers, equipped with that background of knowledge and culture which formal instruction alone can furnish—men who have taken up philanthropy for a life-work, just as men of parts take up law, medicine, or theology.

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Danger to Small Parks Mr. Crawford's article in this issue of The Outlook tells what can be done by public-spirited citizens in creating and defending small parks in large cities. The obstacles which such an Association meets are not only those which are created by selfishness and greed. There is a clash of interests between different groups of people equally concerned for the improvement of the city. In New York City there has been a movement on foot to put temporary public-school buildings in the parks—a movement which is fortunately not likely to be successful. In Philadelphia there is a place called Shackamaxon Square. It is a droll name, with a flavor of cynicism in it, for all that is left of it is a narrow fringe of grass about a public bath-house. Another bath-house occupies Waterview Park, and still other parks have been used for the erection of monuments and buildings. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer to give thirty branch libraries to the city of Philadelphia was lately accepted. For one of these it was proposed to enlarge an existing historic mansion in Burnham Park, but that plan was averted only to be followed by the threatened erection of the library in another portion of the park, which will make it little more than a location for two public buildings, with adequate setting, it is true, but with the park feature practically eliminated. It is one thing to preserve an old historic house which is really historic and really worth preservation. It is a totally different thing to preserve that house at the cost of giving up an open space that is sorely needed. Then, if libraries may be placed in parks, why not school buildings? With a bath-house, a library, and a school building in a park, why not the fire-engine house and the police station? The movement toward the creation of civic centers, although wholesome, carries with it a danger to these small parks that are so vital to the health and happiness of the city dwellers. It is well to have civic centers located at the parks, but they should not be encroachments upon the parks, but rather frames for them. Even pavilions in small parks are not wholly desirable. Seward Park in New York furnishes an instance. The pavilion there is a striking ornament to a desolate portion of the city; but would it not have been better if, instead of being located on the Square, it were placed on the other side of one of the boundary streets, in the place of rookeries destroyed to make way for it? It might not have been erected next year, or in the next ten years, but when we have secured a park we have secured a great desideratum—the open space; its embellishment may well wait. By all means let us create civic centers, but let us not at the same time destroy our parks.

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The Church in Guam

During the last three years the American Board of Foreign Missions has been doing good work on this tiny but beautiful island, fifteen hundred miles east of Manila. As the first marked success following the preparatory work of learning the difficult and meager tongue of the native Chamorros, a Congregational church was organized last October, with thirty-one members, four of them past fifty years of age. Thirty others, applicants for membership, were organized into a Christian Endeavor Society as probationers. Schools have been opened, and young men from these schools go on evangelizing tours through the villages on the island, whose area is about three hundred square miles. The main part of missionary effort in Guam will have to be educational. Its still incomplete organization includes day and boarding schools for boys and girls, equipped for practical training in industrial arts. The missionary in charge, the Rev. Francis M. Price, has had large experience in mission work in China and in the Caroline Islands. The present population of Guam is about 10,000. The people are described as sturdier but less spirited than their Filipino kinsmen. Almost the smallest and least known of our insular possessions, Guam, once depopulated by its Spanish conquerors, needs now a generous support of the regenerating work begun by the American mission to make it a garden spot in the Pacific.

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The Danger of Trades-Unions

Is the principle of trades-unionism one of sound economics? Has it improved the condition and character of the workingman, or has its influence upon him been deteriorating? Is it in accordance with the modern development of our industrial system, or does it counteract and hinder that development? Does trades-unionism help to harmonize capital and labor, or does it foment discord and conflict between them? Should the general public, whose life and comfort depend to so large a degree upon the products of labor and capital, support and foster trades-unionism or combat it? Are the diseases and excrescences of trades-unionism incidental and temporary, or are they inherent in the system? Can they be amputated or cured, or must trades-unions be utterly destroyed as hopelessly corrupt and dangerous bodies?

These questions and similar ones are to-day more constantly, more widely, and more seriously asked by all classes of intelligent men than ever before in the history of American industry. The coal strike in Pennsylvania, the miners' strike in Colorado (reviewed by a correspondent on another page), and the building strikes in New York City, have brought the whole subject of organized labor in its relations to organized capital closely home to all classes and conditions of citizens. It is no longer possible for the independent farmer, the independent banker, the independent physician, the independent lawyer—in a word, the man who lives by his own individual exertion and not by associated work with other men—to say, "These things do not concern me." Every citizen who cares for the welfare of his country ought to be concerned, and every citizen who wishes to live in lawful peace, with an unburned roof over his head and with life-sustaining food on his table, must be concerned. As

The Outlook said last week, the conditions of war which exist in Colorado to-day in the conflict between labor and capital, if spread throughout every State in the Union, would make this country not only intolerable but unsafe to live in.

There may be set down in considering this subject three generic positions which are assumed towards trades-unions:

First, that the trades-union is an unmixed blessing to the human race. This is the position of the enthusiastic workingman or sympathizer with the laboring classes, who thinks he sees in the trades-union the only means of saving the people of the United States from the despotic control of what he calls the plutocracy.

Second, that the trades-union is an unmixed evil and menace. This is the position of the employer or property-holder who honestly feels that trades-unions, if carried to their ultimate and logical goal, mean anarchy and the destruction of all private property and private rights.

Third, that the principle of trades-unionism is a sound one in economics and a useful one in civilization; that its evils and dangers are those springing from mismanagement and the control of misguided or dangerous officials; that society cannot destroy the unions; that they have come to stay in our industrial system, and that the power of society and the State must be directed, not to uprooting the union, but to weeding out the errors and blemishes which have sprung up within the union itself. The last is the position of The Outlook.

Mr. William English Walling contributes to the May number of "The World's Work" a paper entitled "Can Labor Unions be Destroyed?" The text of his paper is the following statement made by a business man of prominence and influence in Chicago: "Some day the unions and the business community will have to fight it out to see who owns Chicago." Mr. Walling, in a compact form, gives the very interesting history of the genesis and rapid growth in this country of the associations of employers which have been organized and are now being federated to "fight" the labor unions. These associations bear such names as The Manufacturers' Association, The Anti-Boycott Association, The Citizens' Industrial Association of America, The National Founders' and Metal Trades' Association, The National Stove Founders' Association, and numerous other similar bodies. Some of these associations have offices and bureaus in widely separated cities throughout the country. As a result of his study of this concerted effort on the part of employers who organize themselves into effective opposition against the labor unions, Mr. Walling draws the conclusion that "a year or two will show whether employers can conquer the unions alone, or whether to achieve that end they must seek the assistance of the Government and the great middle class." Mr. Walling has given, it seems to us, a fair although brief presentation of the case of those who hold the view that labor unions are an unmixed evil and menace.

In the May number of "McClure's Magazine" Mr. Ray Stannard Baker presents a stirring and dramatic account of the labor war in Colorado. The reader of that article gets a vivid impression of the attitude of the extreme and uncompromising unionist. Such a unionist honestly and passionately believes that the "capitalistic and employing class," to use his own phraseology, is, by nature, instinct, breeding, and education, despotic and selfish; that vested rights are really vested wrongs; and that the accumulations in this country of private property are due to an industrial system which is in effect legalized robbery. A workingman holding these views logically believes that the union is an unmixed blessing, and that, when necessary, he must be loyal to it at the cost of wages, of his home, and of the suffering of his wife and children. He feels toward his union as the Northern soldiers of '61 felt toward theirs. No danger of material suffering or of physical wounds is too great to deter him from ranging himself with his fellows on the fighting line. Such a trades-unionist does not find any extravagance or false sentiment in the words which Mr. Baker quotes from a speech made by a labor leader in Colorado: "These robber exploiters take the wealth that we have produced by the toil of our hands and the sweat of our brows. Before the warfare comes to an end, Labor must be given all. Capital itself must be destroyed." This is the view of the extremest of the second class which we have defined above.

It is both a relief and an encouragement to turn from these two equally extreme and, we think, equally false views of our industrial system to a sane, intelligent, and broad-minded speech which was made on trades-unions to workingmen by a prominent and influential representative of capital, at Hartford, Connecticut, last week. The speaker was Mr. Charles S. Mellen, President of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. His audience was the West Side Workingmen's Club of Hartford. We have not recently seen a better statement from an active man of affairs of what The Outlook believes to be the right attitude of both workingmen and employers towards the trades-union. Mr. Mellen began his business career forty years ago as a wage-worker on a New England railroad. "I am," he said, "naturally more or less of a workingman myself. Born of parents who had to work for a living, I have personal knowledge of the trials and privations of living on a small income, and from childhood have remembrances of the denials and economies necessary in a New England family to preserve existence and to give one's children that opportunity in life always desired but often denied to one's self. The hope and future of this country lie in the common people, in the workingmen. This is the age of the workingman. Let him, with moderation, with conservatism, show his ability to assume responsibilities, and there is no bound set to his attainments." Mr. Mellen frankly asserts that unions have accomplished much good, but they are, nevertheless, not an unmixed blessing to the laboring man. They tend to the "discouragement of individual effort and reduce men to a part of a machine." But Mr. Mellen believes that the union has come to stay. The serious defect of modern trades-unionism is not, he thinks, in its solidarity, but in its intolerance. The bitter attitude of the union man towards the non-union man is a revival of the spirit that "prevailed ages ago in religion and in race prejudice. The cry of 'the union or the hospital' has its counterpart in that of the older one of 'the Church or the stake.' It is through the elimination of the feeling that physical force is necessary to the accomplishment of results that real progress is made. . . . My advice to you who have families, who have a stake in the world, is to join your unions and make yourselves felt in them. Be always a force for conservatism. It seems to me as much in your interest to do this as that you shall attend the caucus and nominate good men for office and vote for them at the polls. Your apathy is the opportunity of the demagogue, the anarchist, the floater, who has nothing to lose."

This seems to The Outlook to be sound advice. The principle of unionism is a universal and permanent one. The Chamber of Commerce is a trades-union of merchants; the Bar Association, of lawyers; the County Medical Society, of doctors; the Joint Traffic Association, of railway managers. No one denies that these bodies perform necessary and useful functions not only in behalf of their members, but for the benefit of the community at large. But if the Chamber of Commerce abuses and browbeats competing merchants, if the County Medical Society seeks for legislation to admit drunken and ignorant physicians to practice, if the Bar Association screens and defends swindling and pettifogging lawyers, if the Joint Traffic Association attempts to raise freight rates and passenger tariffs extravagantly, they become a menace to society.

The worst enemies of the trades-unions to-day are those passionate, ill-balanced, unjust, and unscrupulous "leaders" who would make the unions not sodalities conducted for the benefit of the community as well as for the members, but despotisms which insist, like the ancient ecclesiastical hierarchies, in compelling their members and all

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others to accept their creeds and assent to their acts by the exercise of physical force.

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Leagues for Courtesy

The teaching of English has come to be recognized as one of the most important functions of the school. It is not too much to say that in many respects it is the most important function of the school; for, as President Eliot has said, if there is any single test of an educated man, it is the ability to use his own language with freedom and with accuracy. Years ago the only education which boys and girls received in the use of their language was incidental and came from intercourse with cultivated people in their own homes or out of them, and from familiarity with good books. To this succeeded the age of the formal teaching of English from grammars and text-books—a kind of teaching which is still carried on; but during the last few years the feeling of the importance of a knowledge of English and a deeper view of its relation to all studies has resulted in the use of every opportunity in the school-room to give boys and girls free and sound use of their mother tongue. In good schools there is not only direct teaching of English from text-books, but there is supervision of expression in all recitations so that the ear may be educated to reject slovenly, vulgar, or imperfect English, and to permit only the best. The knowledge of the use of the English language ought to be conveyed with every other kind of knowledge; for no knowledge can be imparted without expression, and expression for American boys and girls involves the use of English.

The time has come when the same kind of education ought to be given in manners. As the expression of thought demands freedom in the use of the mother tongue, so the expression of the spirit, the soul, and the mind of a boy or a girl demands freedom and charm of manner; for manner is the expression of the personality, and is quite as important as the command of language. In the endeavor of Americans to get at the root of the matter by fastening the attention on the personality of a man and measuring him by what he is and not by what he has inherited, manners have been undervalued and have sometimes been regarded as the flower of less democratic societies. This reaction has been as illogical, though quite as natural, as the reaction against beauty on the part of the Puritans; but it has gone too far, and it has resulted in a loss in American life which is beginning to be widely recognized and cannot be too soon repaired. For manners, as Tennyson said, "are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind." They are the flowering of a fine nature; they are always and inevitably the expression of fine persons in a high degree of civilization.

In a democracy especially, which places the emphasis on the dignity and worth of a man apart from his accidental position or surroundings, it is in the last degree important that the highest value should be attached to manners; for manners are, in the final analysis, an expression of our respect for ourselves and our respect for others; and bad manners cheapen life by giving expression to a lower valuation of men and women. In a democracy there is a tendency to cheapen men and women. This tendency has been noted by critics on the other side of the Atlantic, and the extension of American influence has been deplored, because, in the view of a good many foreign critics, it means the letting down of standards. To correct this inevitable sagging which comes about when people of the lowest standards count as much as people of the highest standards, boys and girls must be taught the high importance of manners; not only because good manners give social life its charm, but because they express respect for ourselves and for others.

There are two elements in American life which tend to the destruction of good manners; there is the impression, so widely prevalent, that there is something effeminate about good manners, that attention to manner and dress involves a loss of manliness, and that independence and vigor go with a certain disregard of these things. The fallacy of this impression is evident the moment a man comes into wide relation with the world and discovers that every advance in civilization in any community means greater attention to the externalities of life, not as a matter of show, but as a matter of expression of the higher ideals and a means of guarding them. And then there is the universal haste. Haste and fine manners are incompatible. The rushing and pushing in our public conveyances would seem to the Japanese indecent. In Japan it indicates great lack of respect if one person touches another. In Japanese crowds, however excited, there is always a little space around each person. In America the man or woman in a street-car who can breathe comfortably is fortunate, and every one who uses these conveyances, in almost every city, is subjected to personal indignities which are not the less indignities because they are unintentional, or, for that matter, necessitated by conditions.

If we are to have any fine civilization in this country, good manners must be drilled into the school-children; and The Outlook proposes to the teachers of the country that they shall organize everywhere in the schools leagues for courtesy, voluntary associations of boys and girls for the purpose of advancing the standards of manners and of developing those instincts of courtesy, kindness, and helpfulness which are characteristic of the American in all parts of the country. The American ought to be the most courteous and the best-mannered person in the world, for his natural kindness, his desire to be helpful and to make himself agreeable, are recognized everywhere. He fails, whenever he does fail, not because of bad intentions, but because of lack of training or because of haste. As the use of English is supervised in every recitation in every good school, so the manners of every boy and girl ought to be supervised and corrected in every school relation.

The best way of bringing about a revival of good manners in this country would be to induce boys and girls to take the matter into their own hands by organizing societies which should have for their end keener self-respect expressed in finer attitude toward one another. Every American boy ought to be taught that his function in life is to protect and bear the burdens of those who are weaker, and on all occasions to treat women as if they were specially committed to his care. The American boy responds quickly to the appeals which are made to his sense of honor and to his instinct as a man, and the stronger he is the more ready is his response. The test of the quality of a society everywhere is the respect paid to women. Boys ought to be taught that reverence for women which not only shows itself in their bearing, but which makes them, if necessary in later life, protectors of women against themselves. And girls ought to be taught that their influence depends entirely on the respect which they exact. The American girl in her instincts and education is probably the purest girl in the world. She does not suffer from the grosser temptations; but the freedom of manners of a great many of our communities, the absence of conventionalities, place girls in so free a relation to boys that the barriers are often broken down, and there is a familiarity which cheapens if it does not defile. No sensible American would introduce the conventionality of older countries into this country, but the reaction from these conventionalities has gone too far; it has gone so far that in many sections it has cheapened girls. Every girl should be taught to express her respect for herself by exacting a certain degree of respect from every boy of her acquaintance. That respect boys are quite willing to concede, but many of them will not do it voluntarily. Reports often appear in the newspapers of incidents which show a lack of the sense of restraint and of delicacy on the part of well-meaning boys and girls who do not know the significance of what they are doing. These incidents, which astonish and bewilder Europeans, involve nothing worse than a " free and easy " disregard of the conventions of older societies; but conventions, it must be remembered, are not arbitrary social requirements; they are almost always based on sound principles, and their function is to protect women, to preserve privacy, and to put a high valuation on personality. There are social conventions which we do not want and will not adopt, but there are others which ought to be more widely observed in this country. Independence which is gained by cheapening men and women is not worth having. To defy conventions is, in many cases, not so much an assertion of individual freedom as a gross disregard of the comfort and pleasure of others. Familiarity breeds contempt nowhere more rapidly than where it is introduced in the relations of young men and women. College "rushes" in which girls take part are demoralizing to the last degree; the custom of allowing girls to accompany athletic teams on long journeys without proper chaperonage—journeys which often involve night travel—is pernicious and vulgarizing. These "free and easy" relations do not involve the slightest moral irregularity (there are no cleaner communities anywhere than those which exist in American schools and colleges where both sexes are taught), but they inevitably cheapen women and lower the tone of civilization. We cannot be too careful of our standards in a country in which standards are fixed, not by the practice of the few, but by the practice of the many. The schools have a great work to do in instilling respect for women and protecting and expressing that respect by insistence on courtesy and delicacy in all relations between boys and girls. If the American boy has a chance, he becomes a gentleman by instinct; the schools ought to make that chance for him.

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The Field of Compromise

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A young man working for municipal reform condemns a prominent clergyman working towards the same end, because the latter yielded the strict letter of the principle for which they stood, in the hope, which the issue justified, of gaining a step in the direction of reform.

Again, a young minister holds clear and deep convictions which his church does not, and probably will not, share. He must be true to truth as he sees it, and at the same time as pastor of the church must say and do things which contradict what have come to be profound convictions.

The questions that trouble me are such as these: Which is the largest service to the world in the long run, to stand by conviction spite of everything, or to make concessions for immediate practical gains? Did Christ ever compromise? Was he not crucified because he would not compromise? By what principle can one be guided in the ever-recurring dilemma of truth on the one hand, and, on the other, practical expediency in an imperfect, slow-moving world, whose greatest need is truth? *

The question which you ask is a difficult one. No general principle can be laid down which can be applied easily to all the varying circumstances under which the problem practically presents itself for decision. There are, however, a few general principles which are almost self-evident. The difficulty lies in the application of those principles to varying conditions.

(1) Generally, the aim or object to be accomplished is not a matter for compromise; the method by which it is to be accomplished is a matter for compromise. If a hundred men in a village desire to promote the life of temperance in that village, they cannot compromise with another hundred men who wish to promote intemperance because they will make a profit out of it. Two bodies of men cannot work together for contrary ends, and no endeavor to compromise the ends to be sought is likely to be successful. But they can compromise, and should be ready to compromise, respecting the methods to be employed. If some of the hundred men are in favor of State prohibition, some in favor of local prohibition, some in favor of license, and some in favor of simple moral influence, they can compromise in determining which of these methods shall be pursued, by allowing the majority to choose the method, or by combining in the one method in which they are all agreed—the moral suasion, for example—leaving those who desire to pursue the other methods to pursue them separately.

Simple as this proposition is, if it were generally recognized, it would put an end to a great many of the divisions which now interfere with moral reform. If, for example, the Protestant churches could be brought to see that their object is to promote, not Congregationalism, or Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism, or even Protestantism, but the kingdom of God, they might then be brought also to see that they could lay aside or hold in abeyance or at least give secondary place to distinctive denominational peculiarities, and work together in harmony for a common end by compromise adjustments respecting the methods to be employed in pursuing that end.

(2) A man ought not to compromise his moral principles by denying them, as by saying what he does not believe; but he may keep silence respecting those principles. It is often wise to do so. Jesus Christ himself said to his disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." No minister ought in the pulpit to preach doctrines which he does not believe. But a minister may keep silence respecting doctrines which he does believe. No minister ought to lead a congregation in repeating a creed which under any proper interpretation signifies something which is to him untrue; but he may lead a congregation in a creed to some of the clauses of which different members attach different meanings. The creed is a symbol, and if those who repeat the creed are at one with their congregation respecting the life which the creed symbolizes, it is not necessary that they should be at one respecting the phraseology in which the life so symbolized shall be expressed. Thus the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," means now to most men a belief in personal immortality, as distinguished from absorption into the infinite. A man who does not believe that the flesh which is buried in the grave will ever rise from the grave may legitimately join with the others in saying, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," because the spiritual truth of personal immortality is symbolized by the phrase, borrowed from a time when personality and the body were identified, as they are not in our time.

(3) These principles are especially applicable to public teachers. He who wishes to teach an audience or a congregation desires to induce them to think as he thinks, to feel as he feels, and to act as he would have them act. He must, therefore, put his mind in connection with their minds. It is not enough for him to give in his own form expression to his own ideas. If he is talking to Italians, he must phrase his ideas in Italian; if to Anglo-Saxons, in Anglo-Saxon. Similarly, if he is talking to men whose intellectual life is still that of the early half of the nineteenth century, he must phrase his thought in forms which will be intelligible to and apprehensive by them; not in forms which will make it impossible for them to understand his meaning. It is a principle of mechanics that a body cannot be carried from one point in space to another point in space without being carried through all the intermediate points. It is equally a principle in psychology that a mind cannot be carried from one point of development to another point of development without being carried through all the intermediate points. He who wishes to teach, whether in the pulpit, or on the platform, or through the press, or in the schoolroom, must take his place by the side of those whom he desires to teach. He must understand their point of view. He must in some sense understand their sentiment and feeling. And then he must express just so much as he thinks it reasonable to believe he can induce them to accept on that occasion, and leave to another occasion the expression of the next step in the progress along which he desires to conduct them. If he states the ultimate proposition at the outset, he runs the risk of closing the door against him and wholly defeating his purpose. It is sometimes said that Christianity is the Sermon on the Mount. That is a mistake. The Sermon on the Mount was so much of Christianity as Christ's disciples could understand in the very beginning of his ministry. There is a good deal of Christianity in the last chapters of John which is not in the Sermon on the Mount.

We recognize the danger involved in any proposition of compromise. It is a danger to timid souls. But life is full of dangers, and they must be met and conquered, not run away from. There is danger, on the other side, of a kind of Pharisaic audacity and pride of courage, and contemptuous disregard of human prejudice and human sentiment, and this spirit has proved perhaps as perilous to real progress in the moral and religious life as the spirit of cowardice. Speaking broadly, we might perhaps summarize the three principles we have given above in one: When you ask yourself what to do, take counsel with your courage; when you ask yourself how to do it, take counsel with your caution. Be uncompromising in the ultimate ends which you hope to see accomplished. Be ready to compromise in the methods which you will pursue to secure those ends. But, we repeat, the real difficulty lies, not in the perception of a general principle, but in the practical application of it to varying conditions.

Have you ever read John Morley's book on Compromise? Without indorsing all that he says in that book, we recommend it to all readers who are perplexed by the problem which our correspondent has presented in the letter given above.

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The Elder Brother

We may paraphrase the words of Shakespeare and say, Some men are born good; some men achieve goodness; some men have goodness thrust upon them. Goodness is inherited as well as depravity. There are other men than John the Baptist of whom it may be said that they are filled with a spirit of holiness from their mother's womb. Piety is sometimes congenital. Madame Guyon was a mystic before her teens. Some men are strong and have the vices of strength. They have to battle for their virtues. They emerge from the battle scarred, perhaps wounded, but victorious. They have beaten off their assailants. St. Michael conquers the dragon, and not only beats him off, but puts him under foot. Some men are so environed with good influences that only by a strong will and a resolute purpose could they escape into paths of open vice or flagrant crime. They enter the narrow gate in their childhood, and the strait path is walled in for them on either side.

I may safely assume that the reader of these lines belongs in one of these three categories. He was born good, has achieved goodness, or has had goodness thrust upon him. What need have I of a Saviour? he perhaps asks himself. The child of the gutter, born in sin, educated in sin, vanquished by sin, or perhaps never even fighting against it, needs redemption. But why do I need it? I am saved already, by my parentage, by my education, by my own resolute purpose.

The other day on a railroad train I fell in with a conductor. He told me of an accident in which his foot was torn from his leg and left hanging by the flesh, his knee-pan was broken, his back was injured, and he was carried on a stretcher to the nearest hotel, his life despaired of. For three months the desperate battle with death was fought; for three months more he was recovering. Then he was released from his long imprisonment—saved. But was not the passenger in the same car who escaped unscathed saved also? Are we saved only if we are saved "so as by fire"? Shall the Nile Valley say, I need no rain, for have I not the Nile? What would become of the Nile if there were no rain? A certain man had two sons. One of them remained at home; and his father said to him, Son, all that I have is thine, and thou art ever with me. The other took his substance, went off into a far country, spent all with riotous living, and returned in rags—repentant. Did not the elder brother owe all to his father as truly as the younger?

He who is born good, or has achieved goodness, or has had goodness thrust upon him, is apt to think that he is in no danger. He is in the greatest of all dangers—the danger of pride, of self-conceit, of ingratitude—in a word, of Pharisaism. He who is saved from temptation has not less to thank God for than he who in temptation is saved from sin. The story of the prodigal son is also the story of the elder brother—and that is a fact we are prone to forget. L. A.

The Spectator

In the long ago, when he was but a boy, the Spectator was one Sunday sitting in church and listening eagerly to a sermon from a great preacher who, then and after, was always able to hold the Spectator breathless, half scared, half afraid, wholly enthralled. The Spectator can see him now, leaning down from his pulpit, his rubicund face—never handsome at the best—flushed scarlet, twisted, fairly terrorizing in its fierce earnestness. It was a political sermon he was preaching, and its last words were these: "Go—go to your homes and take from your book-shelves Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' Read that lurid picture of destruction." The Spectator fled home to bury his boy face in the book, from which he had to be forcibly detached to eat his Sunday dinner. For a week he moved in a trance, and marched in the day-dream of the French Revolution, that lurid picture of destruction.

❀

When he awoke, it was with no fixed impression of any change wrought in him by this experience; but as time went on, and the boyishness of the boy changed into the mannishness of a man, that adult one day came to ask himself where he had gained his intense belief in the "rights of man," which was then to him almost a passion, and indeed to-day is no less a fixed belief because less emotionally held. "Where was I taught this?" the Spectator asked himself, and then, dropping down from one of those curious upper shelves which are the pigeonholes of memory, came tumbling that old sermon, with all its arguments and its impassioned direct appeal for the rights of man. There it was, and as the Spectator recalled it, word for word in some of its phrases, he knew that he had run his fox to earth. And yet he was not satisfied. No, he did not agree with these remembered phrases. On the contrary, their extreme doctrines were not and could not be his. No such phrases were responsible for his convictions. And then suddenly it all came to him clearly. It was this sermon that had sent him to the fountain-head. From a historical picture, drawn by a master's hand, he had learned unconsciously a lesson never to be forgotten. The impassioned, fierce sermon had passed over the boy's head as the whirlwind; the still, small voice that spoke deep down in the wonderful atmosphere of a wonderful book had made the convert, or, more properly speaking, had educated the unconscious proselyte.

❀

Not long ago the Spectator was talking to a young friend, and in the course of conversation casually but heartily recommended the reading of a certain book. The young friend noted down the title in a neat note-book, and then, with pencil poised, he waited.

"What should I read it for?"

"What?" asked the puzzled Spectator.

"Yes. What shall I read it for?"

The Spectator sat helpless.

"I don't think I quite know what you mean," he ventured.

"What will it give me? What ought I to get from it? I like to know what to expect. Am I to read it for its style, or its plot, or its historical references? What object shall I have before me while reading it?"

"Indeed, I don't know," said the Spectator. "I read it because I liked it." And then, plucking up spirit, with most unbecoming levity, the Spectator recalled to this earnest youth the good old story of the three travelers at the inn calling for liquor—one because he had a cold, the other for some equally good excuse; the third, in high scorn, calling loudly for his tipple, hot and strong, "because I *like* it." The Spectator maintained that in the matter of general reading he was at one with the third traveler. He read books in general, neither to lose one thing nor yet to gain another, but to satisfy an appetite which called loudly for "books!" "That's a vulgar little story" said the Spectator, apologizing, "but it seems to me it illustrates what I mean very neatly. Can't you read a book because you *like* it? If the book is educative, won't it educate you without your keeping your eye on it? A good book needs no bush." The Spectator paused in his harangue, for his listener had ceased listening. "Vulgar," he was repeating, reflectively. "Vulgar. You didn't mean that story had vulgarity? No. I understand. You meant it was *ordinary*. Vulgar in that sense. Yes. I've had that in Rhetoric." The Spectator retired vanquished and in bad order.

❀

Good heavens! Is it coming to this with our young folk? Is reading a serious matter to be entered into with prayer and fasting, or is it one of the cherished diversions of life, as the Spectator has fondly and ignorantly supposed it to be? The Spectator can look back to see his sister sitting in front of her mirror, with a book spread out on her pincushion, held open by bonnet-pins, while she alternately braided her hair and read from the volume that absorbed her. She was a busy girl, and had not time to devour all the books she hungered for, but of what time she had she made such amazing use that the Spectator, who was less rapid, would stand in awe of her power to tear the heart out of a volume in a moment, as it were. "But when and where did you read it?" the Spectator once heard an astounded youth ask her. "I lent you that book less than two hours ago, and in that time you've got out of your riding-habit and dressed for dinner!" The Spectator's sister deftly avoided reply, for, as she later explained to the Spectator, "I couldn't very well tell him that I read it in the bath-tub."

❀

Oh, what a healthy, hearty appetite was there! And an appetite, too, that seemed to know as instinctively as the beasts of the field what to eat and what to toss contemptuously aside. The Spectator cannot imagine his sister asking any one on earth what a book might give her. Who could know that so well as she? For her the one way to read a book was—*to read it*, or to open it, flash through it, and lay it down—unread. In those days the Spectator never took the trouble to sort out for himself his own reading matter. It was his invariable and cubbish habit when a holy-day freed him for the luxury (mark the term) of reading, to rush to his sister's bedroom, and from her book-table grab up those books it was evident she had laid there ready for herself. They were sure to be the best in the house, and the Spectator would patiently explain to the pursuing and lamenting selector of the volumes that this was the value of having a sister with an unerring nose for the "jolie good book." Nor does he ever remember giving up his loot or having cause to disapprove the selections thus most unwillingly made for him.

❀

There was, however, one book that the Spectator recalls as totally routing his sister, and it was, by the way, the last book in the world that he would have imagined as causing her Waterloo. But who can perfectly know the reading mind of another? The Spectator can recall the mournful eye with which she regarded him when she came upon him one day sunk deep in a big chair, and deeper yet in the "Arabian Nights." "How are you getting on?" she asked, anxiously. "Do you know I can't read it. I simply can't. I read it once for a *whole week*, and I couldn't see that I had made the slightest impression on it; then I gave it up." But family pride obliges the Spectator to assert that, in his belief, this was the young woman's one defeat in the battle of books. One more story of this congenial sister of his and the Spectator will have done. One autumn day the Spectator came upon her sitting reflectively in the sunshine out-of-doors, in a favorite nook which she was pleased to call her "wallow," book in hand as usual, but she was not reading. "My dear," she said, as the Spectator approached, "I have a proverb to tell you; I've just composed it. Here it is: 'One man's work is another man's wallow.' How do you like it?" "I might like it if I understood it," said the Spectator, "but I don't." "Don't you?" said his sister. "Well, I'll tell you how I came to make it. Polly has just come home, and she asked me what I'd been doing this summer, and I told her, 'Nothing at all.' I said I was ashamed of myself that I'd sat in the sunshine all summer and simply *wallowed* in doing nothing at all. Then she told me she'd worked hard all summer, she'd read—" Here followed a list of some new historical and critical works. "But," interrupted the Spectator, "didn't you tell her you'd read all those yourself this summer, and plenty more of the kind?" The Spectator's sister looked at him pensively. "No," she said. "I didn't tell her that. It's all right. It was work to her. I came home and made my proverb. Don't you like it?"

The Colorado Labor War

From a Special Correspondent

The Outlook of last week in its comment on the miners' strike in Colorado related many of the facts and events referred to in the following letter; nevertheless our readers will find their repetition here valuable as a résumé of the struggle from an observer on the ground.—THE EDITORS.

ABOUT the middle of April, Dr. Washington Gladden made a flying visit to Colorado to investigate and report upon the labor troubles in the mining camps. He was sent out by a newspaper syndicate. His conclusions may be found in the Columbus "Press Post" of April 14, 16, and 17. They are marked by fairness and evident desire to get at the real heart of the difficulty. He distributes the blame about evenly between the mine operators, the miners, the civic and the military authorities, bestowing some upon the Citizens' Alliance also. There can be no doubt that blame does attach to them all, but the general censure in Colorado of the operators and of the Governor is much less severe than Dr. Gladden's.

Dr. Gladden, however, goes to the heart of the difficulty in affirming that "the bottom trouble in the Colorado mining camps is bad leadership." It is doubtful if there has ever been a labor conflict in this country in which arbitrary power has been lodged in so few hands and has counted for so much as in this contest.

The Western Federation of Miners, by which the fights at Colorado City and Cripple Creek and Telluride have been conducted, is not a large organization. It claims about 40,000 members. It is not in affiliation with the United Mine Workers of America, nor with the American Federation of Labor, on account of its strong Socialistic tendencies. At its Convention preceding the Colorado City strike, it passed a resolution empowering its executive committee, consisting of only five men, all understood to be advanced Socialists, to call a meeting without resorting to the referendum. This procedure is instructive as suggesting how extreme Socialism is likely to issue in the tyranny of a few. This handful of men, August 10, 1903, ordered a strike in the Cripple Creek district, which nearly every one familiar with the situation condemns as utterly unwarrantable. Dr. Gladden soberly affirms of this action: "It was a fatal mistake, and bitterly have the miners rued it. The conditions in the Cripple Creek district were excellent; there was no complaint of hours or of wages; the calling out of 4,000 men was a violent proceeding, for which no good excuse can be given. It demonstrated the recklessness and irresponsibility of President Moyer. When labor unions are foolish enough to put unlimited power in such hands and loyal enough to the organization to follow them implicitly, tragedies may be looked for."

But the assumption of power by a few has not been confined to one side in the controversy. Extraordinary power certainly has been exercised, many would say usurped, by Governor Peabody and by General Bell, Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General of the State militia. Extreme arbitrary power has thus been exercised by seven men—five men representing the miners and two men representing their opponents.

The Governor has suspended the writ of habeas corpus in the case of a single man, proclaiming, "In the case of Victor Poole I further direct that the writ of habeas corpus be suspended until further directed by me." The militia have seized and imprisoned men on the ground that they were stirring up sedition, and have forcibly sent such out of the county, warning them not to return. The situation has been badly complicated by the fact that the military head of the State, while a man of great bravery, as shown in the Rough Riders in the Spanish War, and of strong loyalty, is also in temper hot-headed, overbearing, inexperienced in positions of large public responsibility, and by temperament and training utterly unfitted for the exercise of such authority.

What the outcome of the present unhappy condition of affairs will be it is impossible to say. There are many excellent and influential people who hold that while the Governor has made unnecessary and grave mistakes in his extraordinary executive action, yet, on the whole, the results attained in the pacification of the mining districts have justified the wisdom of his main policy. It is charged that the record of the Western Federation of Miners has been one of such high-handed violence and crime that the State authorities were justified in resorting to the most extreme and unusual measures to break its power. It is, however, a perhaps somewhat significant fact that Governor Peabody seems not likely to be renominated by the Republican party, though with this the fact that he is an anti-Wolcott man has much to do.

A recent event has added fuel to flames already seven times heated. April 21 President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, was brought by General Bell and a military guard to Denver to appear before the Supreme Court. While Moyer was being taken from the train, W. D. Haywood, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Federation, attempted to hold a conversation with him. When ordered by the captain of the guard to stand back, he struck the officer a stinging blow in the face. A fracas occurred in which Haywood was badly beaten by the soldiers and came near being killed. At the hotel another fracas between Haywood and the military occurred, and he was struck on the head with the barrel of a revolver and beaten into submission.

April 25 the Supreme Court denied the motion of Moyer's counsel for release on bail, and he was taken back under military guard five hundred miles to Telluride. The Supreme Court has set May 5 as the date on which it will pass judgment on the question "whether the Governor, under the Constitution and under the conditions known to exist, can declare martial law, and as an incident thereto suspend the writ of habeas corpus."

The decision will be awaited with keen interest not only in Colorado but throughout the country. G.

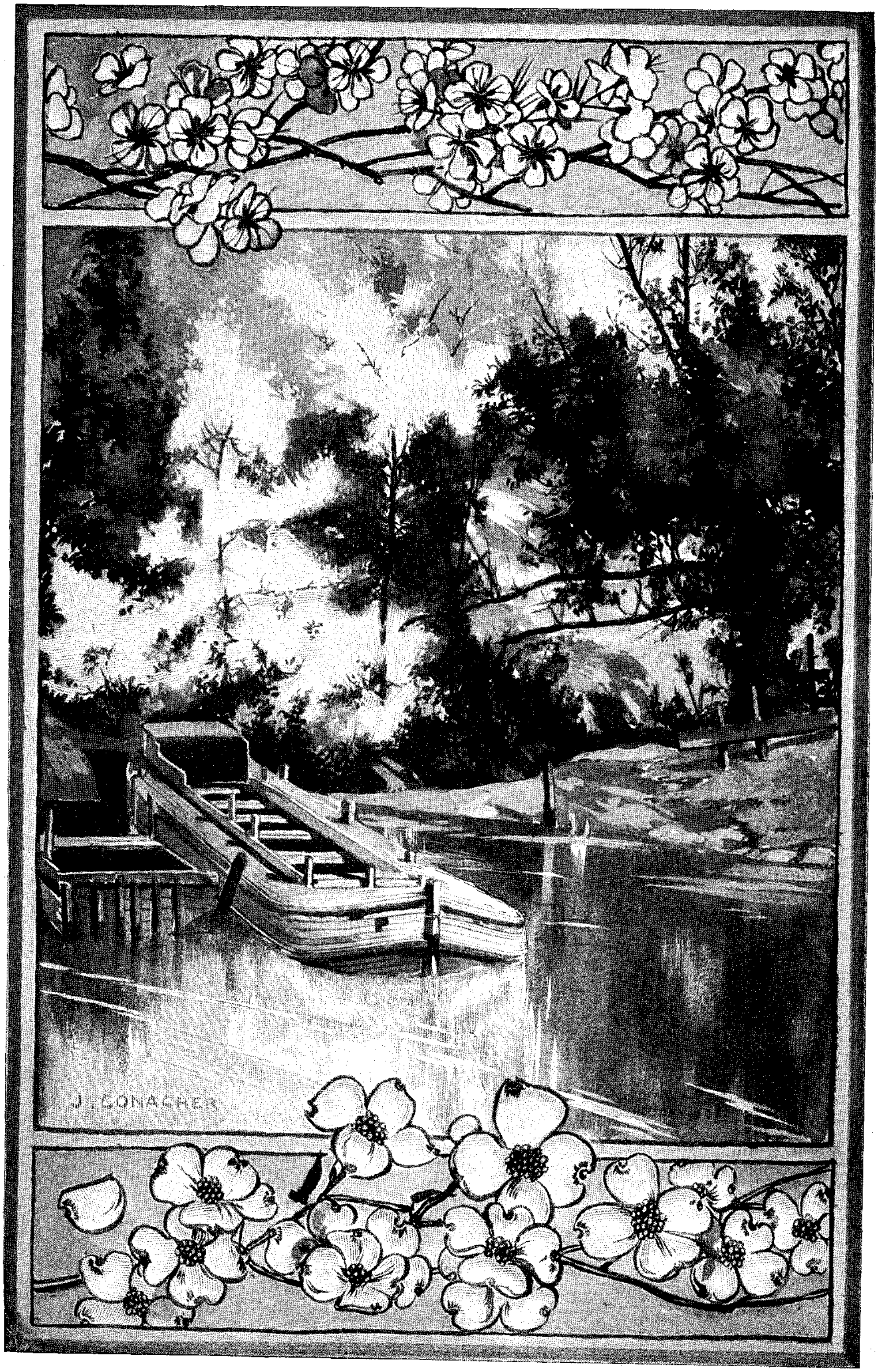
Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 26, 1904.

May

By Sara Andrew Shafer

With a Drawing by J. Conacher

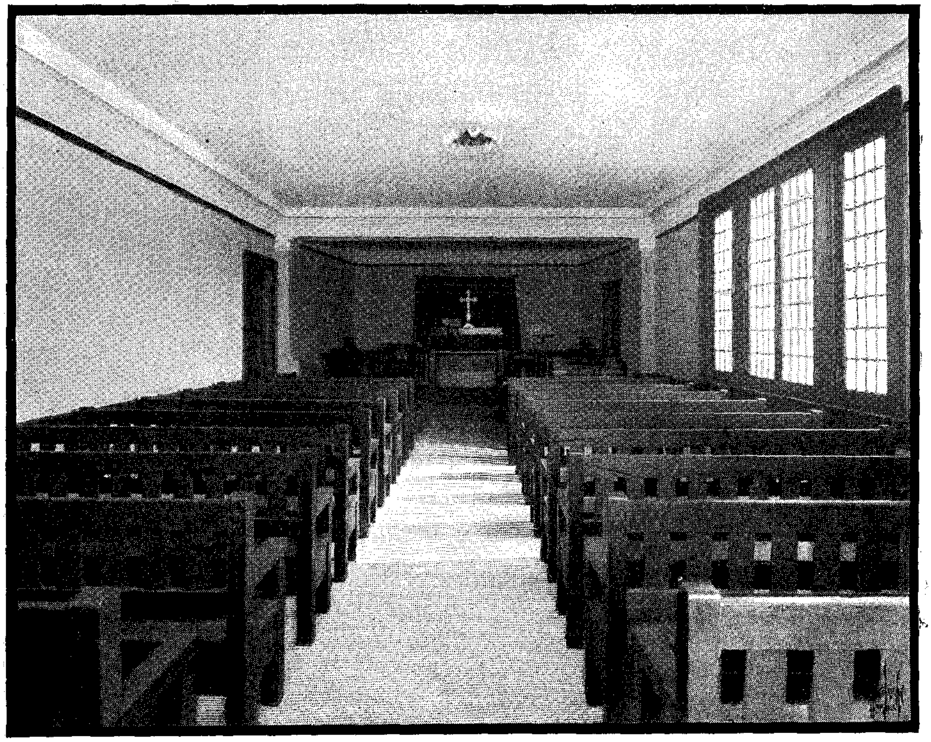
Over the pebbles the brown brooks flow,
Singing their cool songs, sweet and low.
From white-boled beech and elm-top tall
On lilied shallows the deep shades fall.
In swaying cradle the white eggs rest
Safe and warm 'neath the brooding breast.
The sweetbrier lifts her winsome face,
The bramble weaves its lines of grace.
  All joys are here, each dear delight,
  And April's faith, in May is sight.


J. CONACHER

The Edward Clark Club House

AT Elizabeth, New Jersey, an interesting and important endeavor in uniting religious and social work has just found physical incorporation. The Edward Clark Club House was formally opened some weeks ago, and in the short time which has elapsed since then has abundantly justified the generous energy of those who have made it possible. The house is the gift of Mrs. Potter, wife of the Bishop of New York, and of her son, Lieutenant Clark, U. S. A., to the members of Grace Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, of which the Rev. Henry Hale Sleeper, Ph.D., is rector. The special interest of this gift, not only to the parishioners of Grace Church and to the citizens of Elizabeth but to readers everywhere, lies in the fact that it is a signal example of intelligent contribution to the needs of the whole man, religious, physical, social, and æsthetic. Under one roof there are a chapel, kitchen, restaurant, dining, reading, card, committee, smoking, shuffleboard, and billiard rooms, swimming-tank and other baths, gymnasium, running track, and bowling alleys.

Life cannot be separated into distinct departments. On the contrary, man's life is a unit. This building is the expression of that idea. Architecturally the structure is a simple but very dignified and impressive one in the late colonial style. The material is buff terra cotta and "old" brick. The architect, Mr. F. E. Wallis, of New York City, has known well how to combine the stately yet homelike colonial details which one may still find in Bleecker Street and in Old Greenwich Village, New York City. The comfort of the interior is evident at once in the dark oak finish and trimmings and the quiet greens and reds of the decoration. In the basement one finds the swimming-pool and shower-baths and lockers. On the first floor there is the chapel, and on other floors the other rooms already mentioned, and on the roof a garden. These rooms may be



THE CHAPEL

Club was played the other night. The interest in cards and other games is great, as it is, in point of fact, in almost every grade of society.

As these attractions are available in a district largely occupied by the workers in such vast manufacturing shops as those of the Singer Sewing-Machine Company, the Crescent Ship-Building Yards, and the repair shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, it is easy to see that the response should have been immediate. And it has been. Although the church has a very considerable membership, that of the Edward Clark Club is already larger in size, and would be doubled by the admission of those on the waiting list. The yearly dues for boys under eighteen are $3 a year, and for men $6. The Club thus appeals to those who can afford to pay something for the attractions offered, and who will appreciate them in the promotion of social intercourse. The by-laws have been modeled on the lines of those governing similar institutions in New York City, and especially on that of the famous Hollywood Inn at Yonkers, a notably successful social institution.

The Club-house is open every weekday from ten in the morning to eleven at night, and on Sundays and holidays the library is open from two o'clock until ten. No games may be played on Sunday, and no cards may be used except those provided by the club authorities. Of course no betting of any kind is allowed. The equipment of the Club is all that could be desired; the same attention being paid to furnishing the gymnasium with its splendid array of apparatus for various forms of exercise, as to furnishing the chantry with its pews, kneeling benches, chancel railing, lectern, and altar.

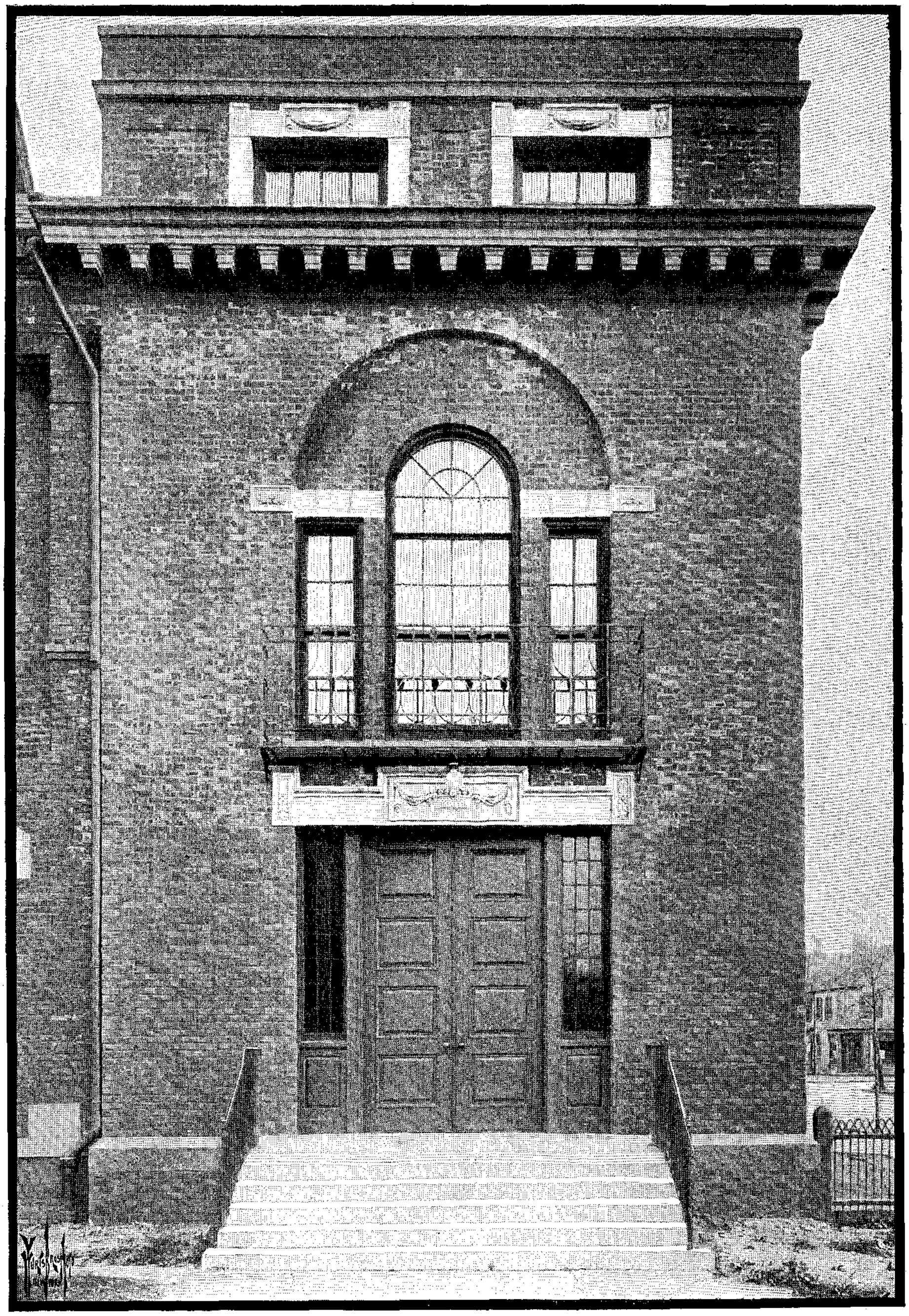
But the main thing is the fact that a working parish has successfully attempted to put into practical effect a fundamental truth concerning the life of man. One is glad that the Edward Clark Club House is as large and fine as it is—it is the incorporation of a singularly felicitous social plan. But one is still more pleased to learn that even it is not now adequate enough for the number of members who have come to take advantage of its attractions since the opening a few weeks ago.

The Climbers

By Mary Frances Wright

O ye, so far beyond me on the Height,
I cannot hear your voices as ye stand
Facing the Vast, invisible to me.
But I can see your gestures of delight,
And something guess of that wide glorious sea,
The glimmering isles of that Enchanted Land,
The winds which from that ocean freshly blow.
And so your Vision lifts me toward the Height,
Although ye have forgot me far below.

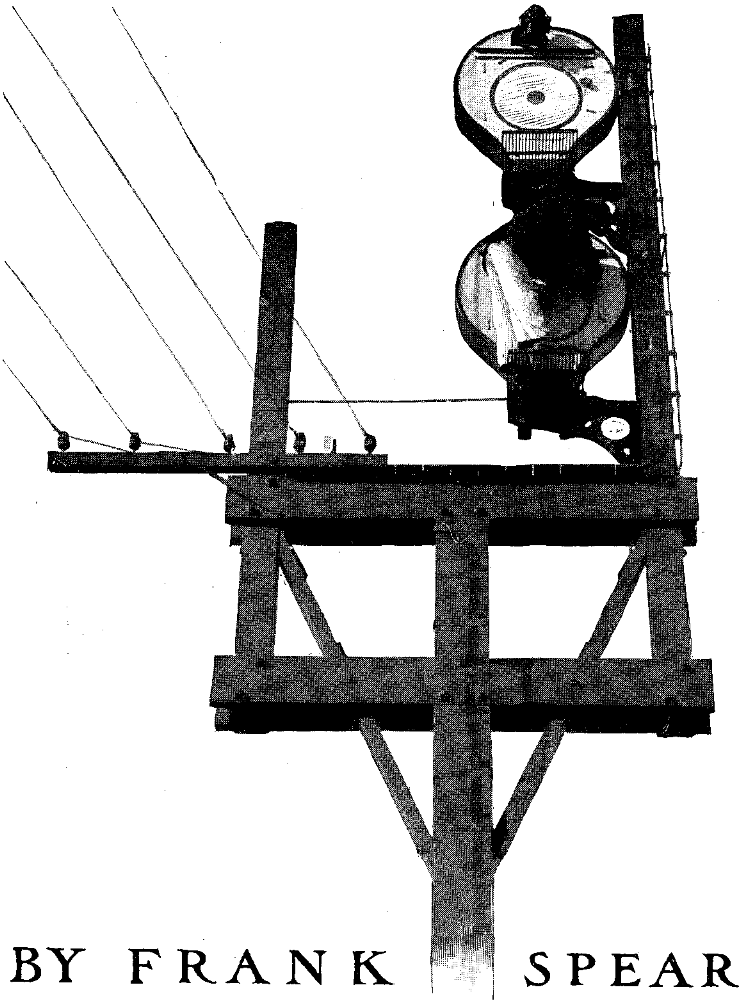
But you, my brother, you, my near of kin,
Who some few steps above me on the steep
Look smiling back to cheer me ever on,
Who lend a hand as I the chasm leap,
And stay your haste that I the crag may win,
Thinking it scorn for Strength to climb alone;
You, with your morning song when sings the lark,
You, with your surer footing where I fall,
You, with unflagging purpose at high noon,
And quiet-hearted trust when comes the dark,—
To you I owe it that I climb at all.



THE CLUB-HOUSE

used for other purposes—for instance, the gymnasium for dancing and the other apartments for receptions and for the various club meetings. Among the clubs already formed the dramatic club should be mentioned, as it specially appeals to the large number of people who will even go without the necessities of life in order to attend the theater. The men's bowling club has already attained a considerable degree of proficiency, and a match game with the Catholic Bowling

THE NERVES OF THE ROAD



BY FRANK SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

DURING the twelve months just passed nothing has been more marked in advanced railroad thought than the conviction that railroad physical culture, so to say, has been pushed a little ahead of its true proportion. By the physical culture I mean the track and the bridge work, the reducing of grades and curves, the development of the motive power and the car equipment, and this to the extent, perhaps, of overlooking terminal improvements. As a very consequence of their improved physical condition the most highly equipped American roads have found themselves weakest in their terminals, and since these are the very centers of operating activity, the work originating in and about them may be said to do with the nerves of a railroad. To-day, railroads, instead of working wholly at their muscles, are busied in strengthening their nerves.

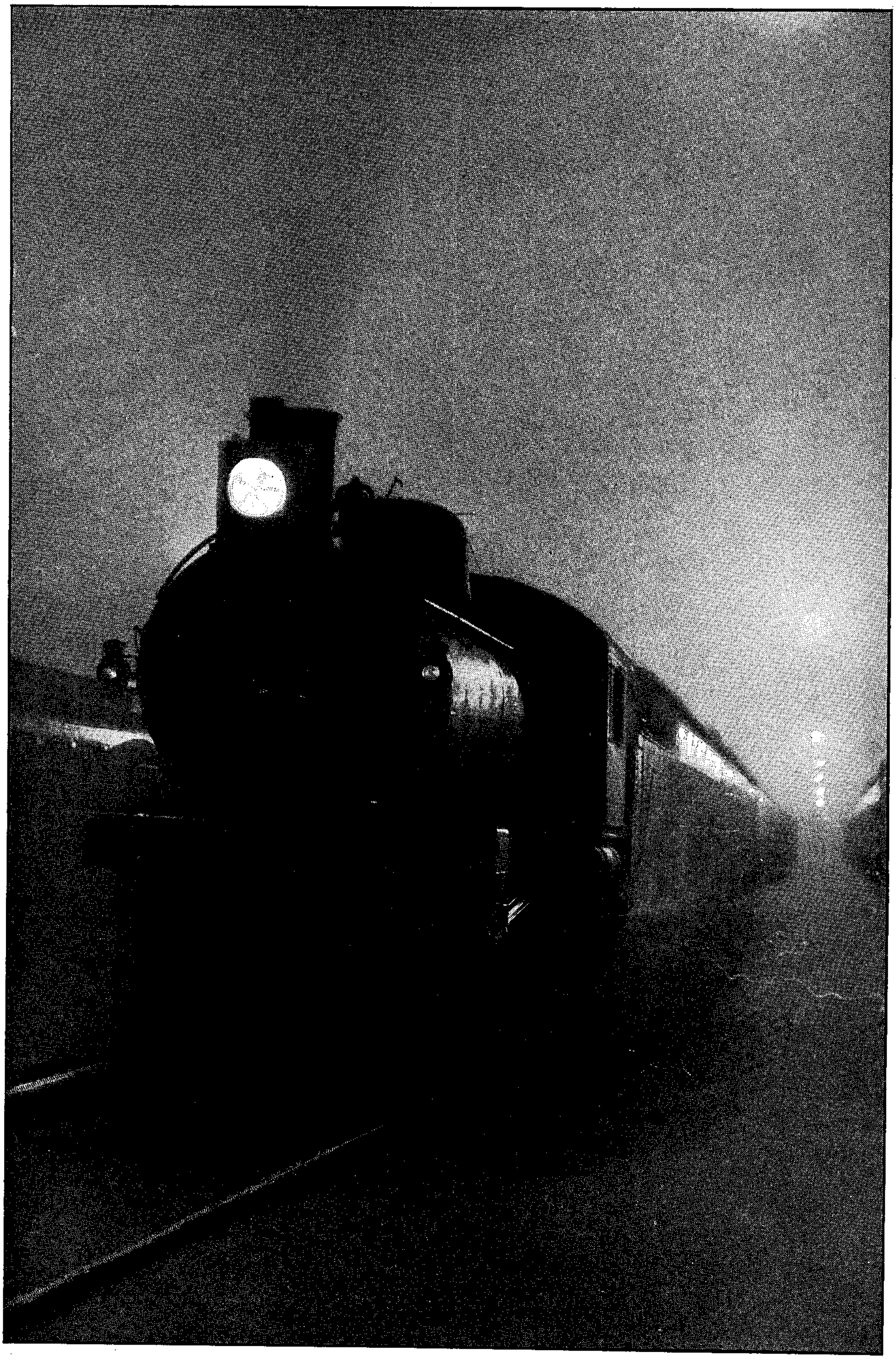
There is nothing in railroad life more exacting than the work about the terminals, though it varies in intensity from the quiet of small-town life at division terminals to the high activity of points

THE BRAINS OF THE ROAD

such as the Union Passenger Terminal at St. Louis, or that at Boston, or the Grand Central terminal in New York City, or that of the Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. This grouping naturally takes account of passenger terminals rather than those of freight; however, what the passenger terminal loses in the comparison as to size—freight terminals being incomparably larger—it surely gains in human interest; the story of its operation appeals directly to every one who travels.

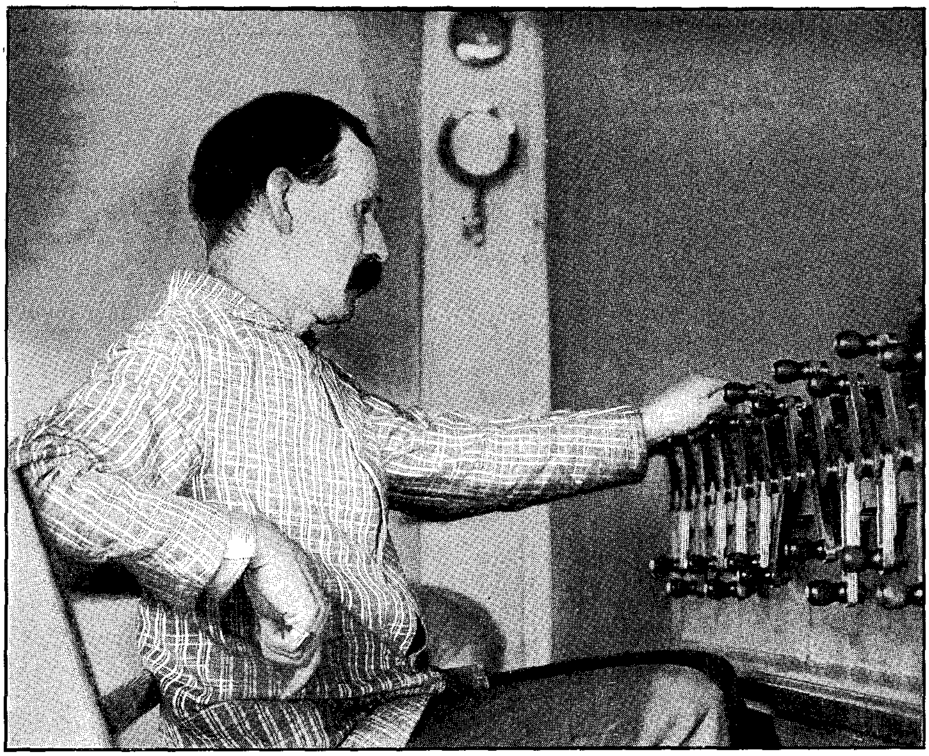
The tide in the daily activity of these huge centers of passenger traffic sets normally toward nightfall. Through trains may arrive and depart at any hour of the day, though even they favor morning and evening. But suburban travel furnishes a large percentage of terminal business, and no matter what different hours commuters and shoppers may choose for leaving home, they commonly agree upon returning in time for dinner. Flood, then, will usually come when suburban trains are marked up for every few moments between four and six o'clock, and this is a good time to note the handling of the reserves that have gradually been massed for the heavy movement of the rush hours. If it be a winter night, so much the better; the work is complicated by cold, which reduces the effective force of a man as well as of an engine one-half; but cold does not lessen the power of the human will, and the struggle to maintain the regular movement becomes only intensified.

Push, then, on a December night, through any of the ticket gates and between the trains, up the shed to where the foreground is lighted by the flare of the headlights. In the engine cabs on either hand are the yellow half-lights of



WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL

A Pacific Express; photograph taken at six o'clock at night in December.

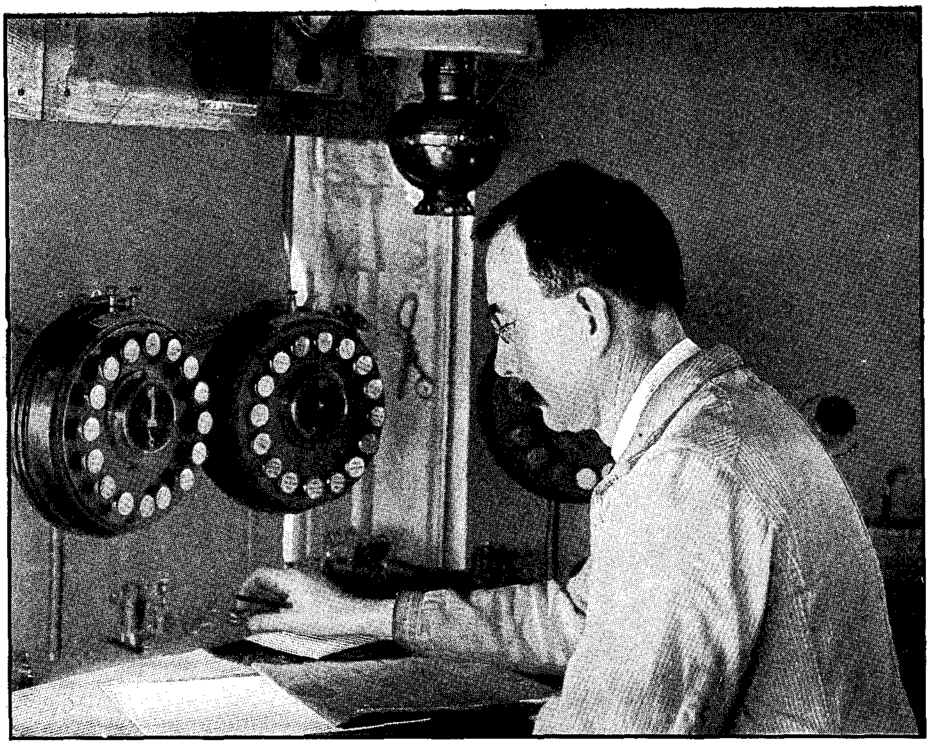


THE LEVERMAN

He receives his instructions from the tower director.

the bull's-eyes or the white slash of an open furnace door thrown like a lightning-bolt up among the steel ties of the shed roof as a fireman stoops above his fire; daylight hours have hardly gone, but night is heavy over all. From a dozen waiting engines tiny rivulets of steam expanding into hissing geysers of frost roll upward. Beyond the great arch of the shed the sky, already black, is studded by galaxies of deep semaphore lights, and spectral semaphore arms are spread in a gloom of electricity. Beyond glitter the frosted curves of the converging yard tracks set with the red and the green lights of the puzzle switches, and the low lamps recede until they are lost among the danger signals of trains and engines cautiously pushing and backing through the yard.

There is, all about, a chorus of engine bells like the fret of hounds in leash, and trainmen with dim lanterns move briskly, or pause as the clang of a single bell rising above the chorus and the louder barking of a little engine gives warning of an outgoing suburban. The starting of one train seems the signal for half a dozen that follow one after another at close intervals, while string after string of empty coaches move up from the darkness of the coach-yard to replace them on the starting tracks within the train-shed. To the distant right and below the elevation of the tracks of the shed-yard, under a rolling cloud of smoke shot everywhere by the gleam of headlights, are parked the night batteries of passenger locomotives, the artillery of the train-despatcher—a hundred live engines manned for orders. From city towers deep bells sound; in the train-shed the Pacific Express is due to leave; it is six o'clock. With the striking of the clocks comes the clang of the engine bell; the starting struggle of a heavy through train echoes from the straining cylinders, and the slow, sharp exhaust of the biggest engine in the service bites the air like the repeated crack of a rifle. At the door of the express car behind the tender there is excitement; the load is not all aboard, and three or four men are racing from the last parcels truck to



THE TOWER DIRECTOR

He tells the leverman what switches and signals to operate.

the moving car door with boxes which two eager messengers within stow behind them. It is the Christmas rush, and the express companies are straining every resource to keep up with the traffic demands. The express car is pulling away with the truck not quite emptied, but the men will not be beaten. Ahead, in the cab gangway, the fireman, looking back, is laughing, waiting crews like seasoned sports are watching the runners, and one long-legged fellow, when hope of reaching the car seems quite gone, snatches from the truck the last box, and, sprinting like a champion two whole car-lengths, steadies himself at full speed, balances his box high above his head, and flings it squarely through the open door.

Why will men do it? There is nothing nominated in the bond that calls for such herculean effort. I never see railroad men deliver so much more of health and strength and life than they are paid for without asking myself the same question. Hardly has the exhausted truckman dropped back and swung his cap to the receding car when down the yard a horseman dashes across the tracks to the door of another express car in the train, and, riding alongside, hands a precious packet to the excited messenger. The packet is neither money nor jewels, but it contains the jewels of the express messenger—his waybills for his carloads of merchandise.

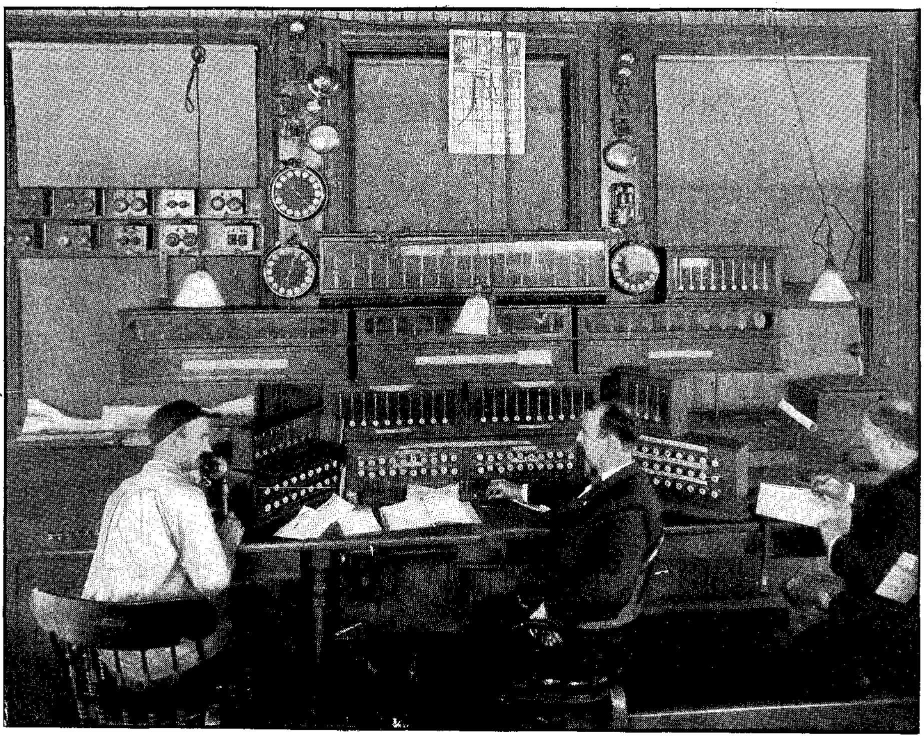
This mounted messenger-boy is the faint survival of the pony express rider who once carried our letters across the Western plains. He rides, perhaps a mile, across crowded city streets with waybills for the Pacific Express. This night he has been told he has three minutes to make it, and by galloping at breakneck speed he has delivered his bills, and his spent pony now pants with him back toward the city stables. Some night the pony will stumble; "Joe" won't ride any more. But there will be the next night a new messenger-boy, for the waybills must go; and sometimes there are less than three minutes to make it.

Labor unions are often guilty of the

IN A BIG TERMINAL STATION AT NIGHT

The lights of outgoing trains cause the light-streaks at the left.

unspeakable meanness of arbitrarily restricting a workingman's output of labor in return for his wages ; but against this infamy must be put the flesh and blood that other workingmen give daily to make good in the emergencies of their work. These men are all about us. At his post above the terminal yard sits the tower director without whom all this complicated train movement would be impossible. He gives the orders to the leverman, who, in this instance, works twelve hours and is paid fifty-five dollars a month. Even though his physical work has been made lighter, and the old levers that took all the strength of a big man are supplemented by improved devices, his real work is not lessened, because now that he can handle more tracks he will pretty certainly be given more to handle. In the towerman's department of the complicated work of a railroad, electricity has made, as in almost every other department, rapid inroads within the last few years. Manual arrangements for throwing switches and showing signals at terminal towers and at interlocking plants have gradually been superseded by pneumatic and electro-pneumatic devices. Automatic electric blocks guard the train from the moment it leaves the train-shed until it reaches its distant terminal. The electric current arranged in track circuits changes automatically the visual signals which govern the engine-runner. There is in the long run no device that will respond more faithfully to the human will, or automatically to the changed condition, than the mechanism controlled by an electric current. It alone has made possible all that steam has done to annihilate distance. The leverman works in the midst of his automatic appliances with perfect assurance that they will answer his control. So precise has the mechanism of terminal track control been made that it is practically impossible for him to cause a wreck by wrong movements, though he may succeed in fouling a track.



IN THE TOWER

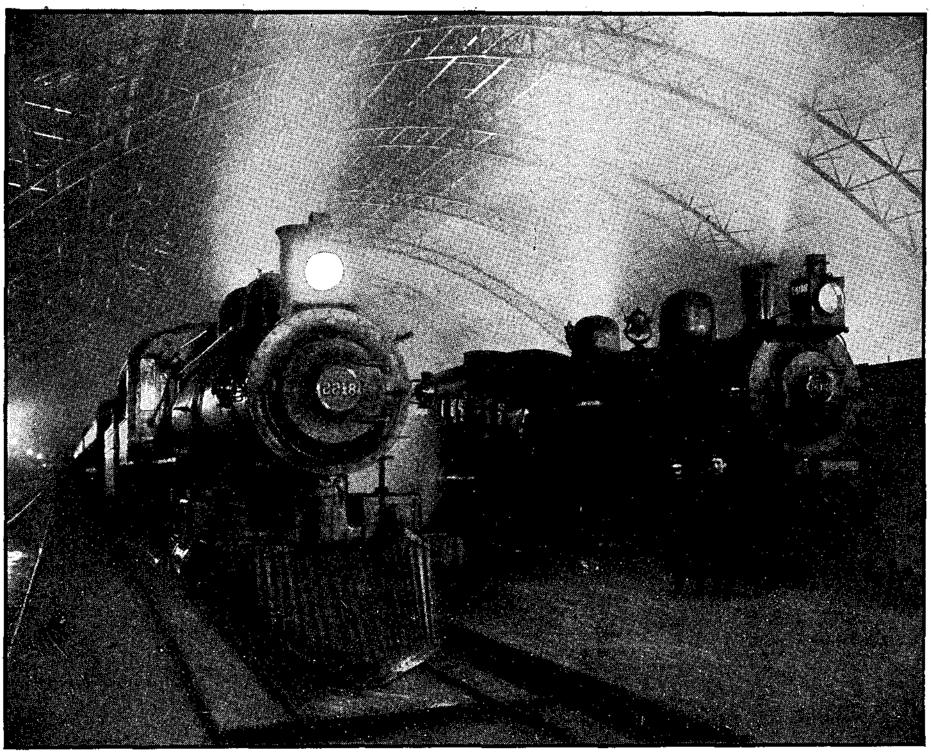
This is just outside one of the big terminals, from which two thousand movements are directed daily on thirty-eight tracks. The telephone has ten different sounding bells.

Modest as his post is, the leverman is

a man in activity, and, if he be promising in his work, is in line for promotion to the post of the tower director from whom he takes his orders. The latter is aided by his train-describer, which electrically wigwags, so to say, the trains into and out of the terminal district. Once beyond this they are under their own code of rights, and subject only to the orders of a greater terminal official—the train-despatcher.

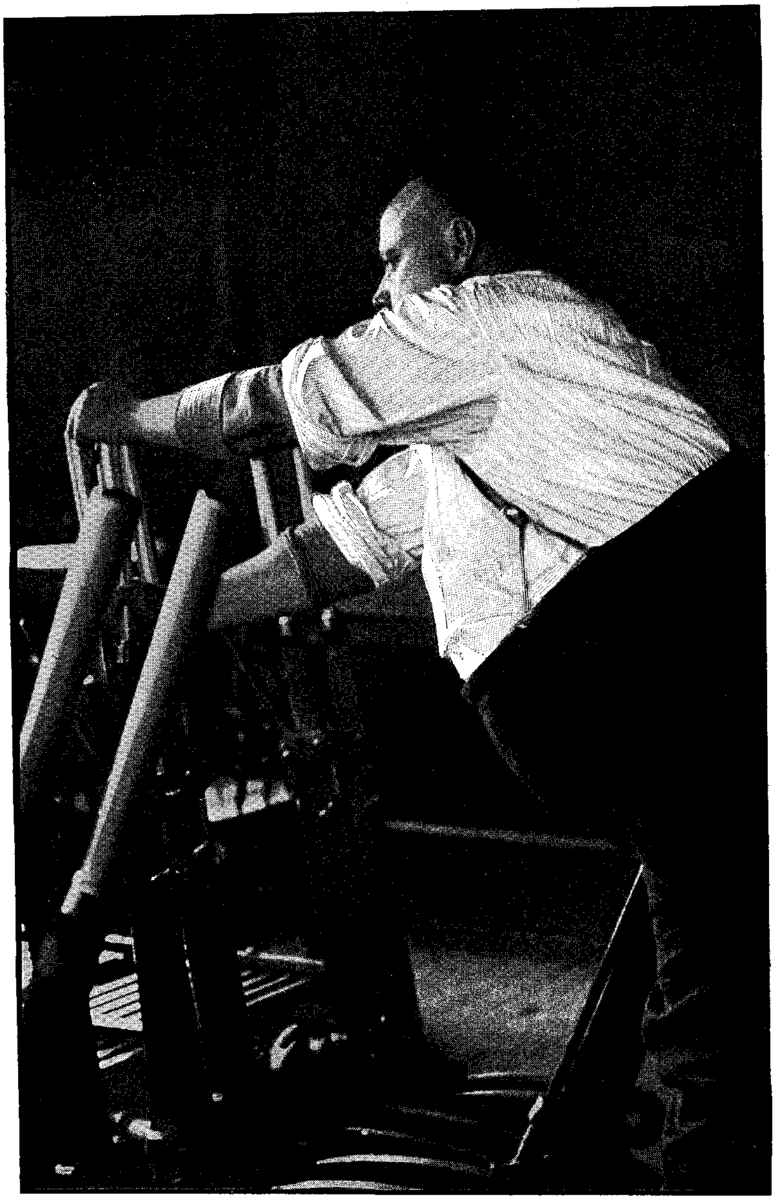
Few travelers realize all that the work of the train-despatcher means. He is rarely discussed, almost never seen. There is no uniform to identify him as a railroad man, no post at which he is seen in public at work. His success is due to his ability to concentrate intensely upon his task, and the load on him is wholly mental. Not alone the telegraph but the telephone is his aid—indeed, all manner of electrical arrangements, often so complex in their nature that an ordinary man would be helpless in sitting before them, are at his service. His telegraphic keys are many, he often has one and sometimes two operators to assist him, and in distance-despatching even the telephones are now enlisted. At a terminal the despatcher's chair is the operating headquarters, and, if the superintendent is commander-in-chief, the despatcher is chief in the field, to whom all forces must look for immediate orders. His room is the center of the train activity. His brain is the radium that flashes light, energy, and heat everywhere about him. Every disposition of the forces that make up the total daily movement of the thousands of passengers radiates from the room where he directs; and he must have the concentration of a mathematician on his business. He listens to the clicks of different keys and to the sounding of different bells until his ears become in their faculty automatic and report to his brain only that which is essential to his work; a discord of clicks and rings that are unneeded passes his attention without heed.

Once in the span of a generation of men comes a chess genius who, submit-



AFTER THE RUN

Their duty done, the great engines await the signal to go to the roundhouse.

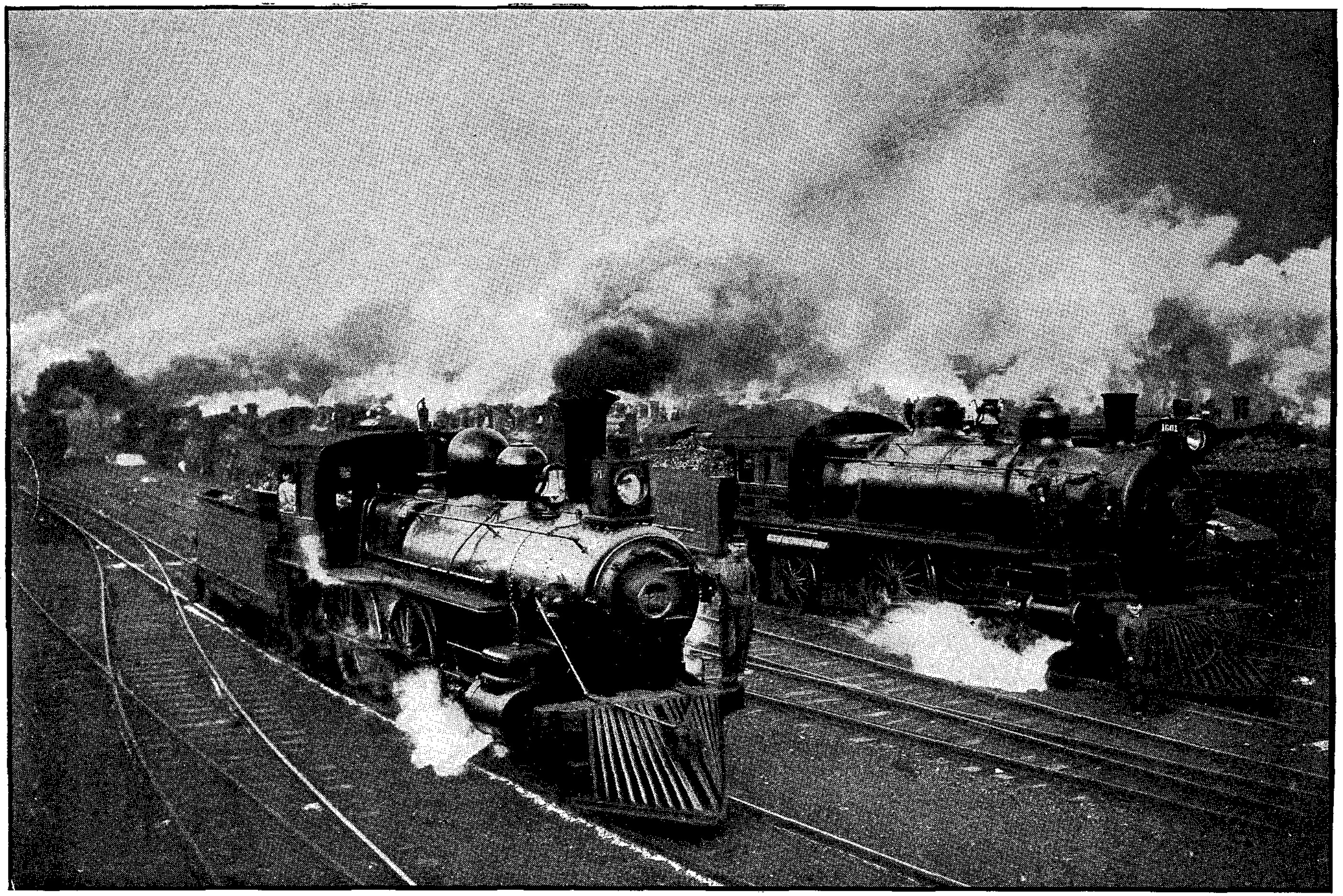


A LEVERMAN

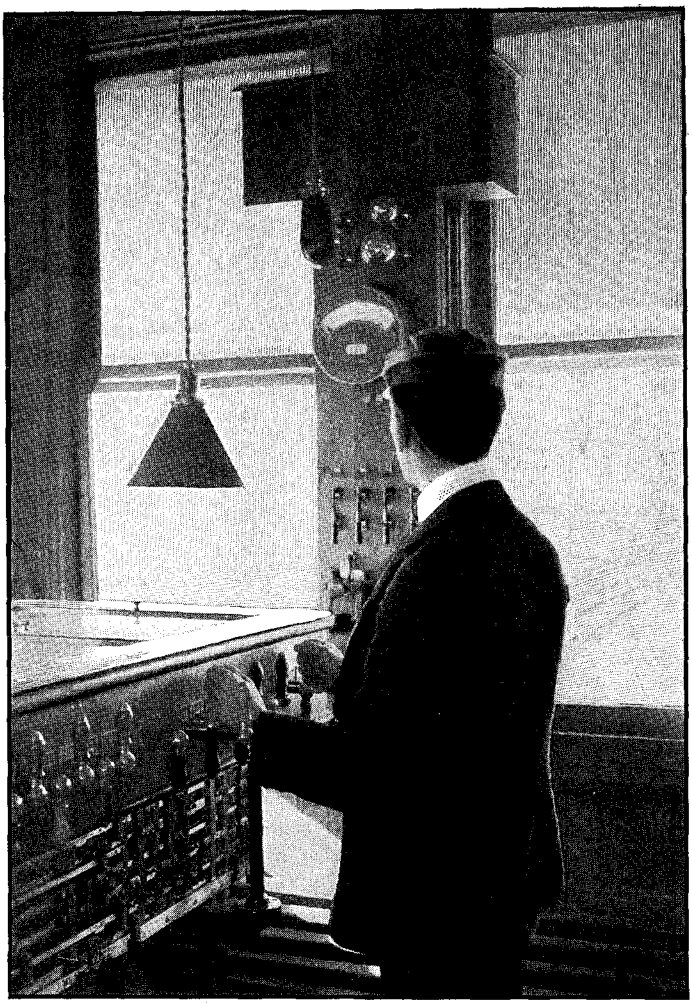
This man is at work in a tower of the old-fashioned sort.

ting to be blindfolded, carries on successfully against twenty antagonists twenty simultaneous games of chess. It is the extraordinary endowment of an ordinary faculty that makes such a man the wonder, for a moment, of men. He is so highly sensitive in his organization as to be abnormal, mentally and physically. He must be fed or stimulated or groomed upon unusual lines ; he works only at certain hours and on days and under conditions of his own choosing, because his preternatural ability is supported on the most delicate possible underpinning of nerves.

Yet the work of this marvel, fixing for a moment the attention of the world, is only the work of the train-despatcher, who, sitting under his night lamp, blindfolded by four white walls, his right hand on the key and his eye fastened



ENGINES WAITING FOR THE DESPATCHER'S ORDERS OUTSIDE OF THE GREAT PHILADELPHIA TERMINAL



A VIEW OF THE TRACKS FROM THE LEVERMAN'S WINDOW

on the figures of a train-sheet, forces his mind, when other men are asleep, to visualize the long, winding miles of his division—its trains, its passing tracks and curves, its towers and stations, its semaphores and switches. At twenty points in the darkness of his night, and depending for safety on the clear, instant working of his mind, are swiftly moving trains of Pullman cars loaded with sleeping men and women whose waking rests with him alone. This man is no genius; he is the plain, every-day American that one meets in the street-car or in the crowd. He cannot choose his days for playing his games; he plays every day from eight A.M. till four P.M., or from four till midnight; or he takes his transfer at midnight and sits in his chair through the last of the watches of the night. He cannot play twenty games and rest; he must for eight hours be ready steadily for every game that comes over the wires against him, whether of storms, blockades, breakdowns, or wrecks. He cannot load up with coffee or with strong cigars for the strain of one night, because he must meet the same conditions on the next night and on every night. No one marvels concerning him; no one coddles him; no one pays any attention whatever to him, until, after perhaps a thousand or five thousand such nights successfully passed, he makes one night a mistake, a fatal mistake, and from those people who themselves never forget anything a cry for vengeance goes up. Other men may make mistakes; not the despatcher. His nerves must be iron and must never fag, never wear. Sitting in his den, he directs his train movements every day, and his life, burned out like the electric current at his key, is one of the little sacrifices we exact as the price of our living in the country and doing business in the city, of crossing a continent in days instead of weeks, of getting our letters with the speed of telegrams and our papers and magazines wet from the distant press.

Every detail of speed in the operating of a railroad falls within the despatcher's care, and as the nerves of the body extend over all parts of it, so the railroad nerves in the despatcher's wires reach everywhere. On him the passenger trains are dependent much of the time for orders, and though the new effort is to do wholly away with train orders in the running of trains, the orders are still the practice.

More helpless still than the passenger trains in their dependence on the despatcher are the lower-class trains, especially the freights which are compelled to keep out of the way of the passenger traffic that shoots so swiftly in and out of the terminal station. The passenger train is the roadster trimmed to a light wagon for a fast pace, and it takes the right of way unquestioningly over the freight trains—patient draft horses that pull the heavy trucks of commerce. The demands of passenger traffic often cause these to be laid out in yards and on sidings for unreasonable periods between terminals, and in consequence there come times of traffic pressure when it is almost impossible for provision to be made for the rest of train and engine crews. The train-despatcher, ever so well disposed, finds himself helpless to get slow-freight crews to their terminals within reasonable hours. When traffic is heavy, fast freight trains add their burden to the passenger service, and the track becomes, as far as the slow freights are concerned, in a state of blockade. The despatcher frequently is blamed for the inhumanity; but he, like all other railroad men, is one under authority and can do only the best that is possible. Ultimately better provision must be made for the rescue of the slow-train crews from so many hours without sleep or rest.

There have been within recent years periods of traffic pressure on our railroads that have borne far too heavily on the slow-freight train and engine crews. Nothing is more curious in our humanitarian code than the fact that we scruple at the overloading of a horse and take so slight account of that of a man. We never overload a bridge and rarely a building; a train-despatcher who should attempt to overload an engine would be looked on as merely insane; and that an engineman should, under any circumstances, be kept at a throttle for eighteen or twenty hours is an overloading of the nerves of a railroad.

It will not do to blame the managers alone for this; the responsibility is wider in that the men share it. Extra hours mean extra pay, often "double time," and the temptation of a big pay-check at the end of the month is a factor in this physical waste in the railroad life.

In the train-shed it is growing late; the last of the through day trains are arriving. While the passengers pour up through the ticket gates in a stream, the engineman, getting stiffly down from the gangway, has walked forward to feel his engine as the trainer lays a greeting hand on the neck of his trotter after the race. The spent engine is drooping from the pace of the run. In the cab the steam is falling on the gauge. The air-pump, breathing slowly, recovers the pressure spent in the stop, and, its duty done, the great engine impatiently awaits the signal to retire to the roundhouse. Above the ticket gates the train bulletin lights are dark and the gatemen have gone. There will be no more trains out and no more in to-night save over on the last track, where a solitary light awaits the coming of a belated and storm-bound express train from the West.

On the outskirts of the city the tracks that have taken care all the evening of the passenger travel are alive now with freight trains making their weary way to the yards. All night they will come and go. It is past midnight, and the freight terminal is now just waking; but the passenger terminal sleeps.

THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL

FIRST PRIZE ARTICLE

SMALL PARKS IN PHILADELPHIA

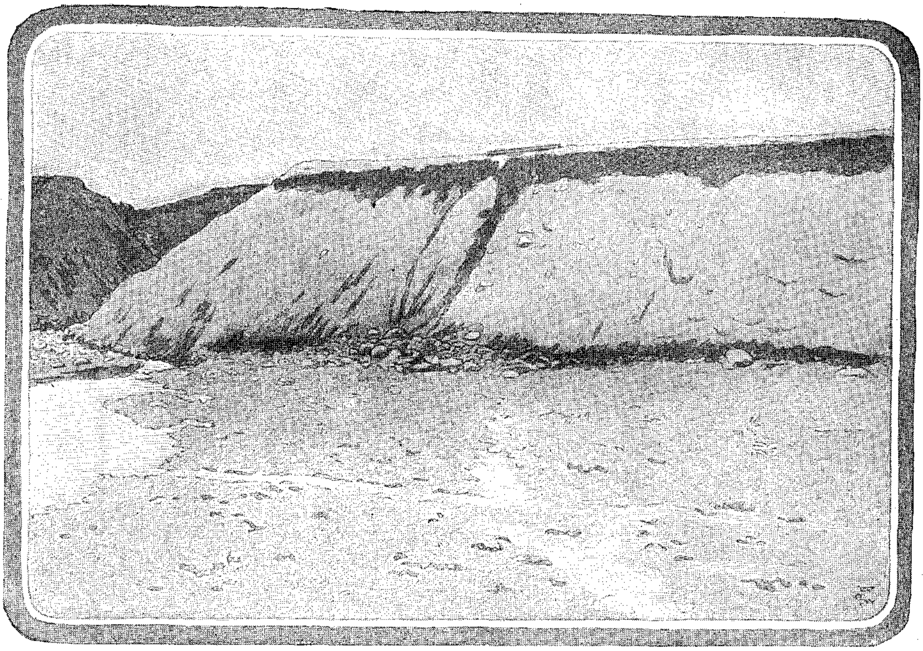
BY ANDREW W. CRAWFORD

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

PESSIMISM in regard to municipal government is a fashion. But it is worse than a fashion, it is an influence. It cripples progress. It tries to halt all action. It advocates postponement thereof until the arrival of the civic millennium. And it is blind. It does not see that the greater the contemplated advance, the deeper must be the agitation, the wider the public interest, the stronger the demand that the advance be all along the line. The strong men of a community do not try to lead when that community is standing still. Why should they? Let pessimism have its way and it will breed cause for its own existence from the stagnation it produces.

During the last ten years this fashion, this influence, has been very successful in directing public attention to itself. But during that same decade another influence has been at work, quietly, steadily, but effectively. The promoters of the movement for civic embellishment did not intend to combat the prevailing notion as to things municipal. They were not discussing theories or tendencies. They were after results. But what weight they have thrown and are throwing into the hopeful side of the scale whereby the merits and demerits of municipal government are being measured against each other! Many politicians have adopted the idea. The City Beautiful has appealed to them—and surely there is hope in that. Others have opposed, with results not according to their liking. The pessimists have noticed the agitation a little, but only to condemn. This movement for the City Beautiful—a dream, they say, that will give the politicians that much more chance to enrich themselves. "Don't show them another way to steal," one voiced it and went his way. But was it for nothing that Riis and his coworkers demanded a healthier and more beautiful city—did that demand have nothing to do with Democratic New York's two-foot step upward, even though, like the frog, the city has just dropped back one foot preparatory to a later and another two-foot advance? Was it an evanescent dream that made Republican Harrisburg elect a Democratic Mayor who declared that Harrisburg could be made many times more attractive? If so, then such dreams are things machines must heed—and is there a case on record where the machines have had cause to heed the prophetic visions of your pessimist? Were not the merchants of San Francisco right when, in reply to the objections that "their city officials did not command confidence, that the funds would be wasted, and that under an economical administration all the necessities could be secured from the regular budget—while the parks were luxuries which might be postponed," they answered that the remedy was to secure the better men and the improvements together? The voters thought so, anyway so far as the improvements were concerned, and voted two millions for parks and playgrounds at the last election; and the next generation will thank them for that when it has forgotten even the names of their officials.

We know that every section of Paris



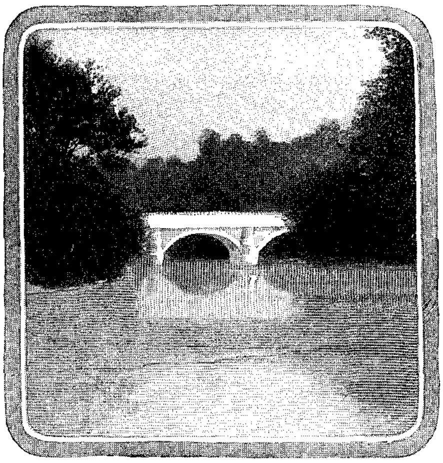
WHAT THE GRIDIRON SYSTEM DOES FOR PHILADELPHIA

A fill in the valley of Cobb's Creek.

has, or has had and realized, a plan for its development and beautification. Each individual section of every American city has not such a plan, but it is rapidly becoming true that every American city is adopting a more or less comprehensive scheme of development. Go north, go south, go east, go west, to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Louisville, Kansas City, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco—everywhere you find this movement growing, with or without those in authority, supported or opposed by them. Each movement is so local, each city and town has been so intent on itself, that many have not realized what their neighbors are doing. But the remarkable spread of the movement, its vigor, its success, is inspiring. Readily do we believe the statement that there are eight hundred organizations in this country with the City or Town Beautiful as their object, to be attained by direct, definite means.

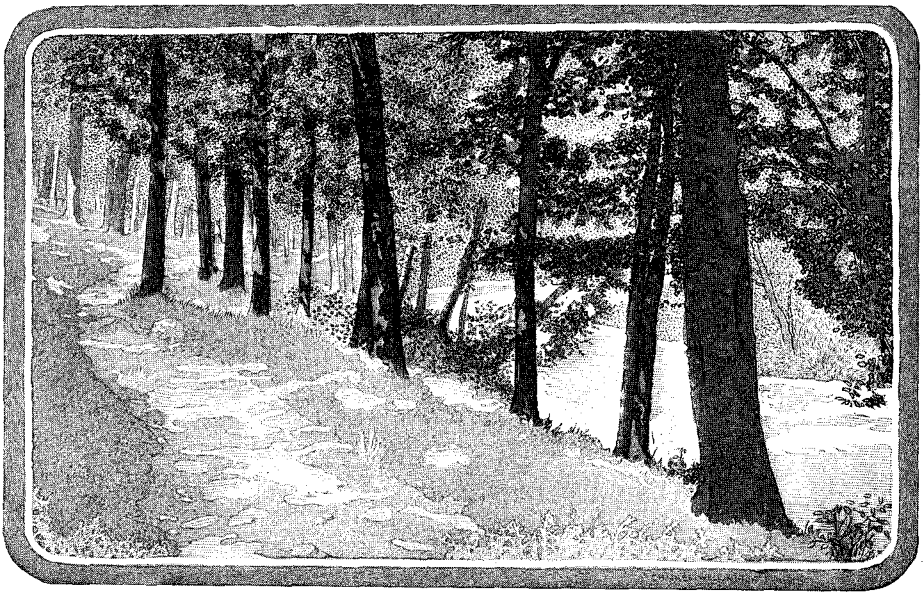
While the park movement has secured marked headway only in the last decade, it has been gathering momentum for two-thirds of a century. Roughly speaking, the years between 1840 and 1875 saw the establishment of the principal country parks of the larger cities of the United States. While the need for such reservations was felt sufficiently to produce results, that generation did not see the importance of adequate provision of small open spaces within the closely built up sections of its cities. Nor did it foresee that as a city expanded some sections would grow up so far from the one great park that it would take a considerable percentage of a workingman's wages to take his family there even as seldom as once a week; our fathers contented themselves with their one park, and tried to induce the people to go to the park instead of taking the park to the people. The last three or four years have seen the recognition of another phase of the park movement, the result of the fuller appreciation of the importance of play to the child. The future may see as many public playgrounds as there are city squares, and surely no school without an adequate school yard.

It was the failure of the men of the sixties and seventies to understand that small open spaces are a necessity that resulted in the formation of the City Parks Association of Philadelphia in 1888. Besides Fairmount Park, there were at that time but thirteen parks and squares throughout the great territory of the city, one of which, a gift to the municipality, covered forty-three acres, while eleven averaged less than four acres. Fairmount Park and its Wissahickon Drive covered three thousand acres. It would be hard to find a more striking example of the way a big idea crowds out a small though equally important one.


BRIDGE OVER THE PENNYPACK
A proposed park.

TRAIL THROUGH COBB'S CREEK VALLEY
A proposed park.

The City Parks Association does not take to itself all the credit, by any means, for the growth in the number of squares and parks in the last fifteen years. Its work has been mainly that of agitation, and it is impossible to say that this would have been done and that would not have been done had the Asso-


JUNIATA PARK, PHILADELPHIA
Secured since the formation of the City Parks Association.

ciation never been organized. But it is entirely safe to state that much more has been accomplished with it in existence than would have been without it.

The Association's fifteenth Annual Report shows that in the last fifteen years there has been an addition of no less than thirty-four parks, one covering three hundred acres and the rest averaging six and one-half acres; that one great parkway, ten miles long and three hundred feet wide throughout its entire length, is in course of construction, including, as component parts, three circular parks—and Philadelphia now has no circles; and that the Fairmount Park Parkway has been placed on the city plan, a boulevard which when constructed will be the greatest park approach in this country. There are no public playgrounds unconnected with schools, except in Fairmount Park and one or two of the largest of the other parks; but this last report contains the first definite argument for such playgrounds, and it is hoped will have as definite results.

The sum total of these achievements seems large, but it is a small percentage of the work that is to be done. In one report it is stated that, had William Penn's plan of squares been adopted in the enlarged city, Philadelphia would to-day have two hundred and eighty squares instead of forty-seven. The Association is endeavoring to institute a radical alteration in "the cast-iron gridiron city plan" upon which Philadelphia has grown, to secure a system of outer parks joined by connecting parkways, and to add a large number of small triangular parks less than one acre in extent. Washington has two hundred and seventy-five of these very small green spots, while Philadelphia at the beginning of 1903 had seven.

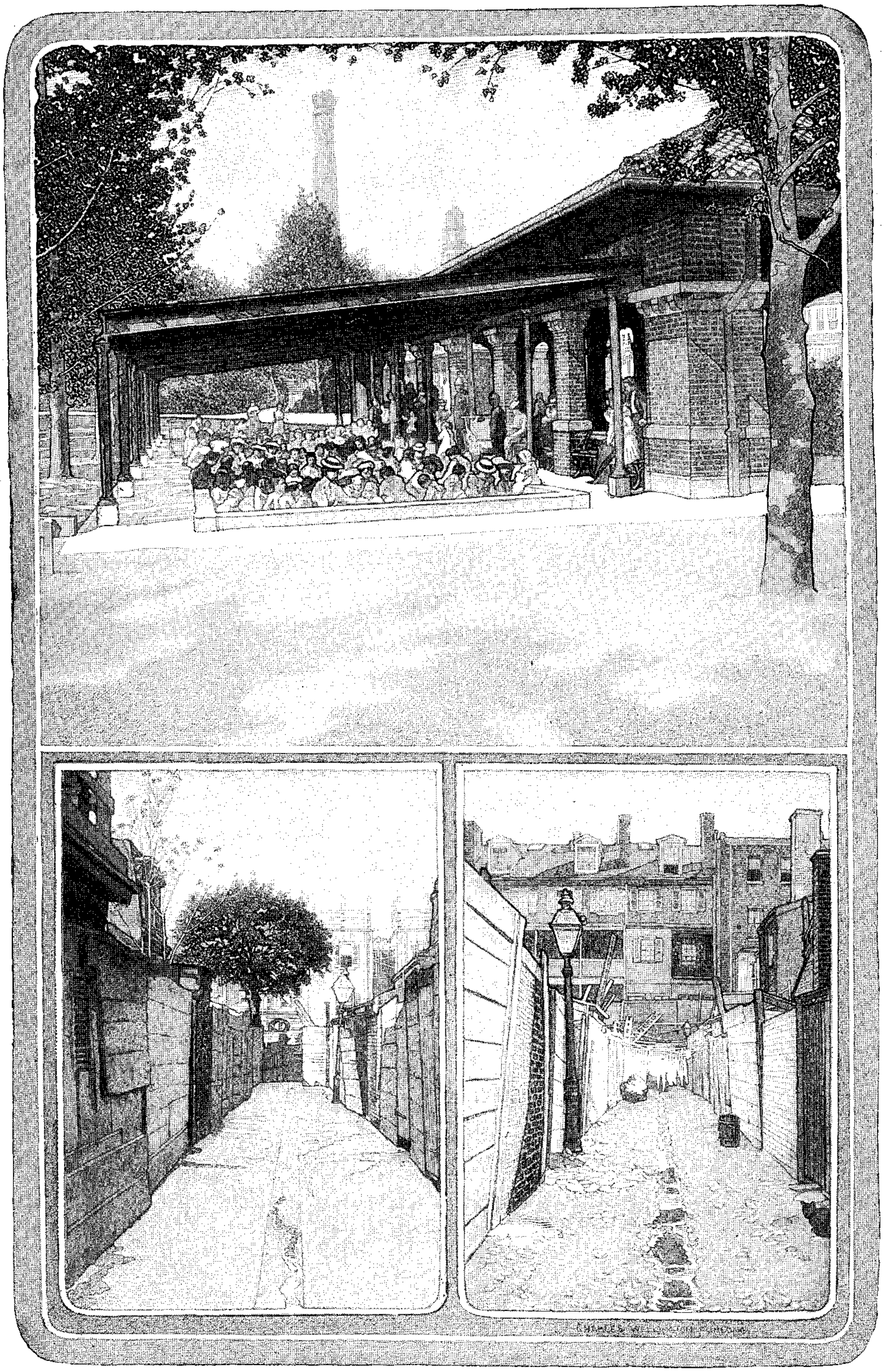
How has an Association entirely non-partisan in character been able to accomplish what it has accomplished, and how does it hope to secure some proportion of these proposed improvements, all of which it thoroughly believes to be so necessary?

It may be stated that its very non-partisanship has been a considerable help in obtaining the public hearing which such agitation requires. Among its members and officers are Republicans and Democrats, reformers and anti-reformers, stalwarts and independents. Having no political ends to serve, no attempt has ever been made to use it for political purposes, and it has therefore gained no political enemies. Numbering among its six hundred members nearly all the prominent individuals of the community, it has been enabled to exercise a strong influence through its arguments.

One very great help has been the attitude of the newspapers of all shades of political opinion, which have generously set forth its arguments at length, given full notices of its reports among their news items, and reviewed them in editorials. They have frequently given support, not only to the general objects of the Association, but to particular ordinances of Councils, the passage of which was advocated by the organization. The newspapers have taken not merely an approving attitude, but one of aggression, and a recent Special Report of the Association, one of its most important publications, was undertaken at the suggestion of the managing editor of one of Philadelphia's great dailies. This exceptionally valuable support was obtained by simply going to the editors, asking them how they wanted the reports or arguments digested, acting accordingly, and asking for their approval of particular suggestions for the reasons set forth.

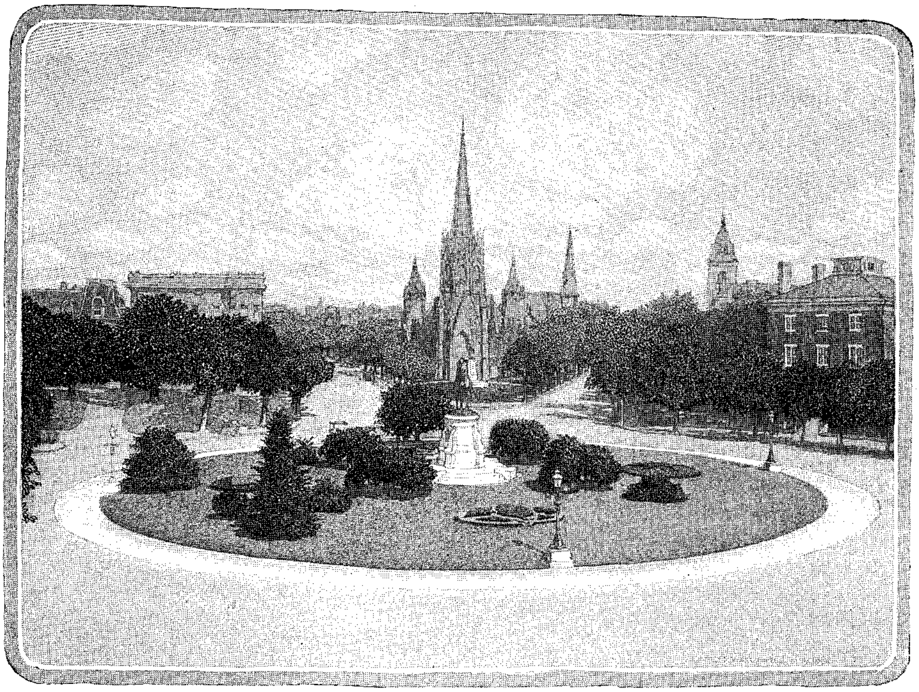
The Association cordially accepts invitations from other organizations to join in various movements which are germane to the objects for which the Association was incorporated, as may be instanced by its support of the Parkway Association—an organization formed for the sole purpose of advocating the approach to Fairmount Park; the majority of its members also belong to the City Parks Association. The managers of the latter as freely request the co-operation of other societies when they believe the object to be attained will interest such organizations.

When it is stated that the six hundred members' dues are but two dollars a year, it will readily be concluded that


CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

AN ARGUMENT BY ILLUSTRATION

A children's sand court in Branch Brook Park, Newark, N. J., and two pictures of an opportunity in Philadelphia.



AN OPPORTUNITY ACCEPTED

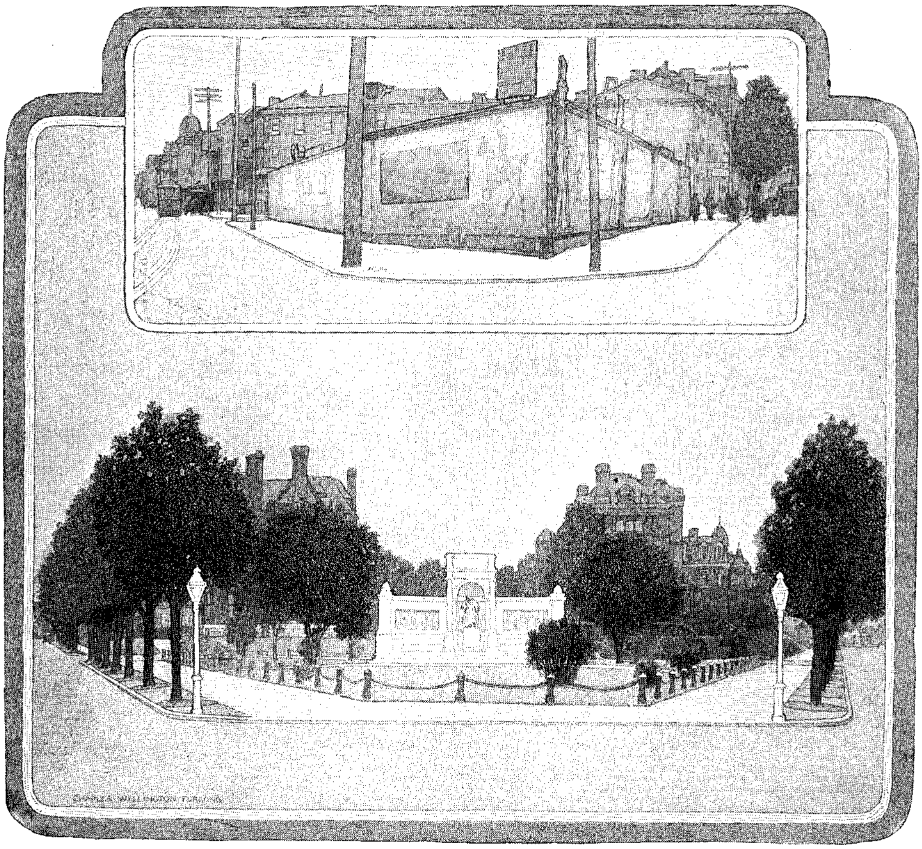
Thomas Circle, Washington, a beautiful circular park of which Philadelphia has not a single example, though three are planned in connection with the Torresdale Parkway.

the Association has not borne any of the expense of purchasing or improving the ground secured for parks. It has urged individuals to donate land to the city for park purposes, and a number have done so, but most of the expense has been borne by the city—which means that ordinances to secure the ground have been passed by the City Councils and approved by the Mayor. It follows that, while the Association has nothing to do with politics, it necessarily has a very great deal to do with politicians. The officers are sometimes asked how, considering the non-political character of the Association, they can induce politicians to take the time to listen to its desires. There has been no difficulty in this regard. All members of Councils, of the Board of Surveys, and of the city administration have been most courteous in hearing and considering the short, concise, and direct arguments that the managers have made, and perhaps that conciseness on previous occasions has helped on subsequent ones. Individual Councilmen frequently ask, " What's doing in the park line?" The matter of securing parks is one that touches politics in but a small degree. That it does so at all is due to the fact that if one politician is allowed to secure a park for his ward, the politicians of another ward may want a park for theirs, and therefore the leaders may be unwilling to undertake the expense of the one; but this works conversely, too. The lines of his ward generally do not limit a Councilman's interest in the city at large, and the bigger he is the less do they affect him.

When the city takes ground for a park, it must of course pay the owner for it. There is a danger here for the Association. Should it advocate the purchase by the city at any certain price, and should the city do so, land in the park's immediate vicinity may shortly thereafter sell at a lower rate; whereupon might come the clamor that the Association, or, more likely, some officer thereof, was financially interested in the transaction. In order to avoid this possibility, the practice has been adopted of urging that the city take the ground by condemnation proceedings, in which case a jury determines the compensation to be paid the owner.

Fifteen years' existence has taught useful methods. Frequently individuals with good motives but no experience will decide that a certain thing ought to be done, rush to the newspapers, and persuade them to back it. The newspapers will do so for a while and then the matter drops out of sight. When the managers of the City Parks Association decide on a course of action, they draw up an ordinance such as they want, have it introduced, follow it to a committee of the Councils, learn to what sub-committee the ordinance has been referred, keep after the members of the sub-committee and take them to the ground in question, and, when the sub-committee is about to report to the committee of the Councils, this being the time when the fate of the ordinance is largely decided, for the first time bring the matter to the attention of the newspapers. Then the valuable advocacy by the newspapers of the passage of the pending ordinance is well timed; with the result that energy is spent, not in fighting the air, but in applying the pressure of public opinion when and where it will most avail.

The arguments of the Association constitute an important part, perhaps the most important part, of its work. Many are delivered vocally before the various committees of Councils, the Board of Surveys, and the members of the Administration, but the ones that attract the widest attention and comment are those advanced in the official reports. These reports have grown from single sheets to three parts of many pages each, as the work of the Association has expanded. One part of the last report is



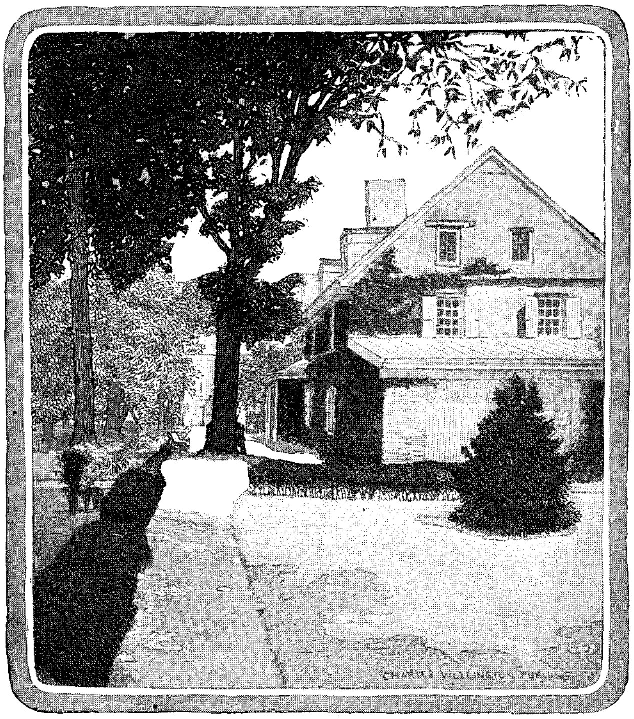
AN OPPORTUNITY TYPICALLY NEGLECTED (PHILADELPHIA) AND AN OPPORTUNITY TYPICALLY ACCEPTED (WASHINGTON)

An argument for the improvement of the former, as presented by the City Parks Association.

devoted to a discussion of the City Plan and ways to improve it. Another covers the subjects of playgrounds; squares and circles; and small triangular parks. A third would have discussed the possibility of an outer park system, but it will be merged in a report on a complete park system, in the preparation and publishing of which the Association has joined a number of other organizations that have the improvement of the city at heart.

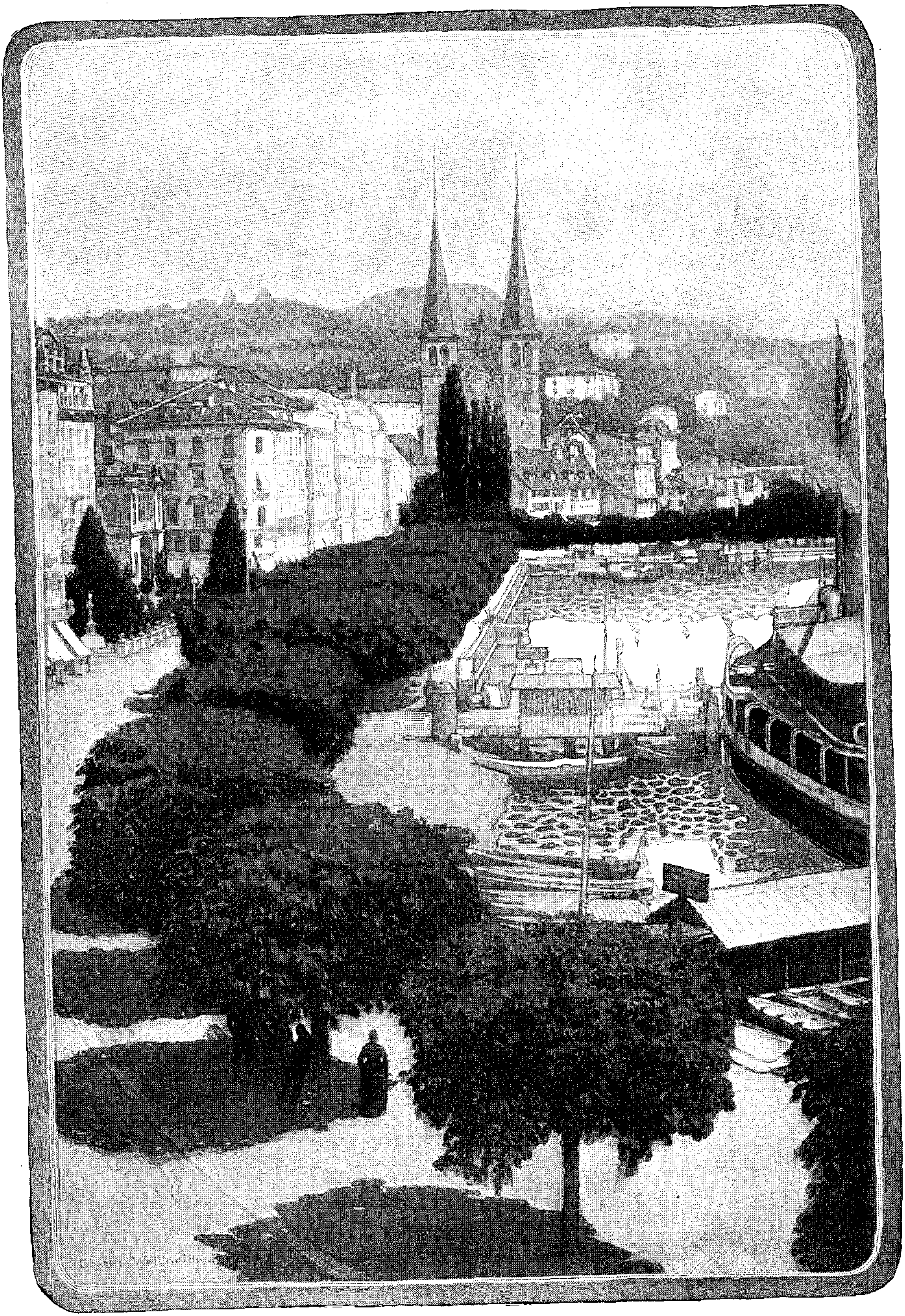
While of course very careful attention is paid to the text of the reports, the illustrations are considered more important. People will look at illustrations when they will not read the text. As the object of the Association in each report is to interest, not those already interested, but the indifferent, the illustrations are chosen to present the case at a single glance. A photograph showing a location as it exists is reproduced in juxtaposition with one of some other location showing what the former might be; two or three lines of explanation are printed underneath. We reproduce an illustration from the last report showing the use of a small triangle in Washington, entitled "An Opportunity Typically Accepted," and one in Philadelphia, "An Opportunity Typically Neglected." Surely if these illustrations will not persuade one of the importance of improving the Philadelphia opportunity, three or four pages of text will not.

One of the very encouraging signs of the last two or three years has been the growth of the sentiment for parks and park connecting links throughout the city. Local organizations have sprung up in practically all of the suburban sections with the object of preserving some particularly desirable tract for park purposes, or of securing a parkway connecting their own neighborhood with an outlying park or boulevard. With such organizations the Association has readily and heartily joined hands, and finds the co-operation inspiring to itself and noticeably influential with



BERTRAM'S GARDEN, ON THE SCHUYLKILL

A famous mansion and grounds preserved as a park through the efforts of the City Parks Association.



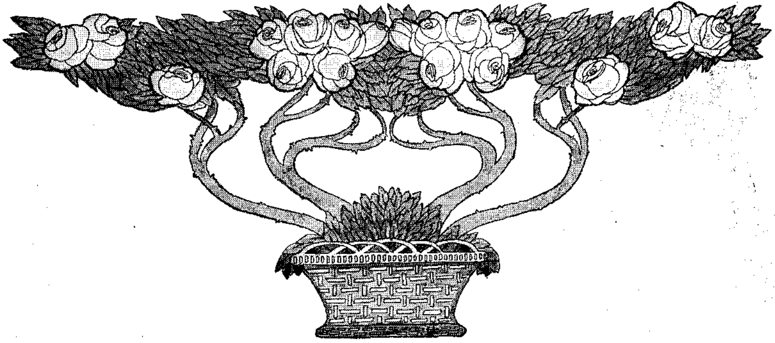
A SUGGESTION FOR THE WEST BANK OF THE SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA

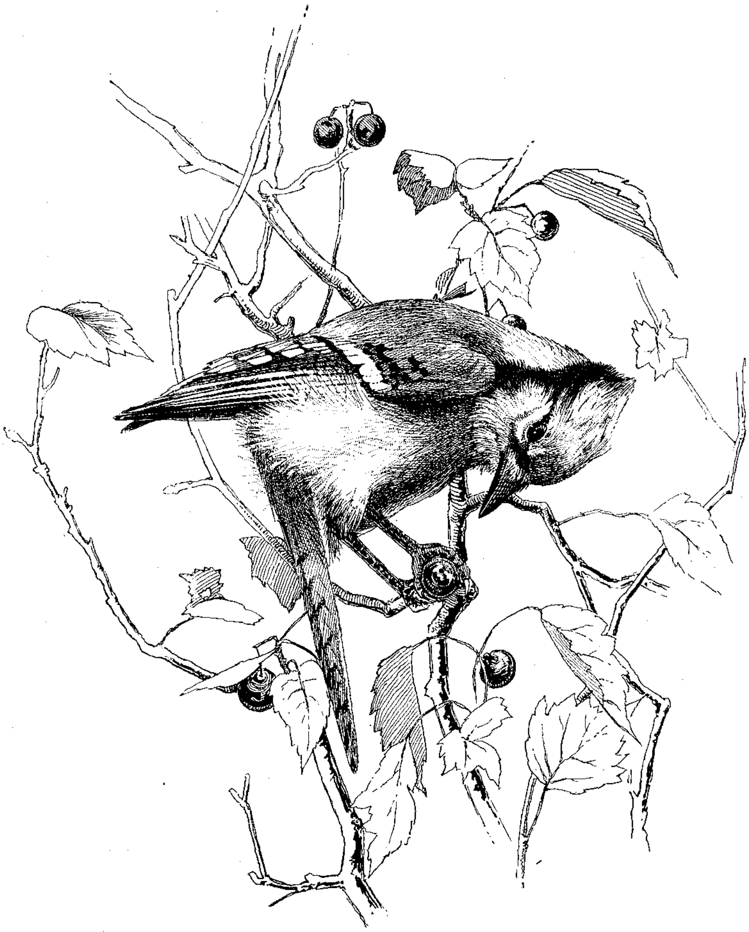
The Schweitzerhof Quay, Lucerne.

politicians. Yet more inspiriting is the movement already referred to for securing a report on a comprehensive park system for the entire city. Forty organizations have already joined in the movement, and comprise business leagues, educational institutions, neighborhood societies, and municipal organizations. With this movement, one may be sure, the City Parks Association has joined with all its force and resources.

The work of the Association has not been a series of successes by any means. It has so far had practically no success in securing the adoption by the city of the policy of tree-planting in the streets, the Broad Street trees being the only definite achievement in this direction, while the opportunities are numbered by the tens of thousands. While the manifestations of outdoor art in cities are many—attractive architecture, well-placed artistic sculpture, clean streets and streets well paved, tidy back yards as well as neatly arranged front yards—while these and other phases that will readily come to mind are exceedingly important, none is more so than the one that would secure the systematic planting of trees in streets, with such precautions as city conditions demand. Have you ever noticed the astonishing similarity of the houses that front on the Parisian boulevards? Their architecture is monotonous to a degree. But they do not impress one as monotonous, because they are simply a background, and, by reason of their light sandstone façades, an admirable background, for the eighty thousand trees of the French capital. Its public buildings, truly, are not monotonously alike, but these again are splendidly framed by the trees that lead the eye to them through street or square. The movement that the Philadelphia Association has largely promoted for the location of parkways in the outlying districts will undoubtedly result in the greater appreciation of the beauty of tree-lined avenues, and, it is hoped, will bring about the general planting of trees throughout the city.

In the matter of parks, again, the Association has not been as successful as the needs of the city demand, but the addition that has actually been made is worth many times the effort expended. Within the last five or six years the managers had to report for two successive years that no park or square had been added to the open spaces of the city. Yet it will be noted that the average for the fifteen years of the Association's existence has been over two a year. Two does not seem a large number, but when a park is obtained it is there forever. As stated in the last report, "a water-pipe will have to be relaid some time, a building will not last always, the pavement of the streets has to be renewed constantly, but the land that is taken for a park will last till the destruction of all things." And so, while the progress seems slow at times, while months of work without definite result seems good cause for hopelessness, in the long run the aggregate becomes greater and greater, and it appears more and more possible to make the twentieth-century city a City Beautiful.





AT BREAKFAST

Blue Jays

By William Earl Dodge Scott

Author of "The Story of a Bird Lover," etc.

Illustrated with Drawings by Bruce Horsfall

"EASTERN North America to the Plains, and from the Fur Countries south to Florida and eastern Texas." This is the summary of the land inhabited by the blue jay. Such is the distribution assigned to this, one of the gayest of birds, both in dress and temperament.

What an example of adaptability! For the blue jay lives in all parts of the country, where he is to be found, throughout the year. Such a diversity of environment starts at once a chain of speculation almost fantastic. Were he like man, how varied would be, for instance, his dress! The Fur Countries, the great land about Hudson Bay, suggest Eskimo-like habiliment; "Eastern North America to the Plains" would necessitate seasonal changes of garments; and the southern regions would presume a wardrobe wherein light and gauzy materials would largely figure. Yet our blue jay dons his suit of blue and white, with some black decorations, and wears it with seeming comfort over the whole area.

We are, after all, Americans, even with an undigested foreign element constantly pouring in at our gates. The provincialisms of the several regions of the Atlantic seaboard are so noticeable that it is unnecessary to ask whence a new acquaintance comes. Our mind is made up at once. He is from Boston or New England; So-and-so is a Northerner; Mrs. Rittenhouse's home must be in Philadelphia; and there is no mistaking the birthplace of "Colonel Carter."

I wonder if the people who understand intimately the chatter of jay talk could as readily discover, by its different inflections and cadences, the particular point from which a given blue jay had come? Or does this vary as little as does his gaudy apparel?

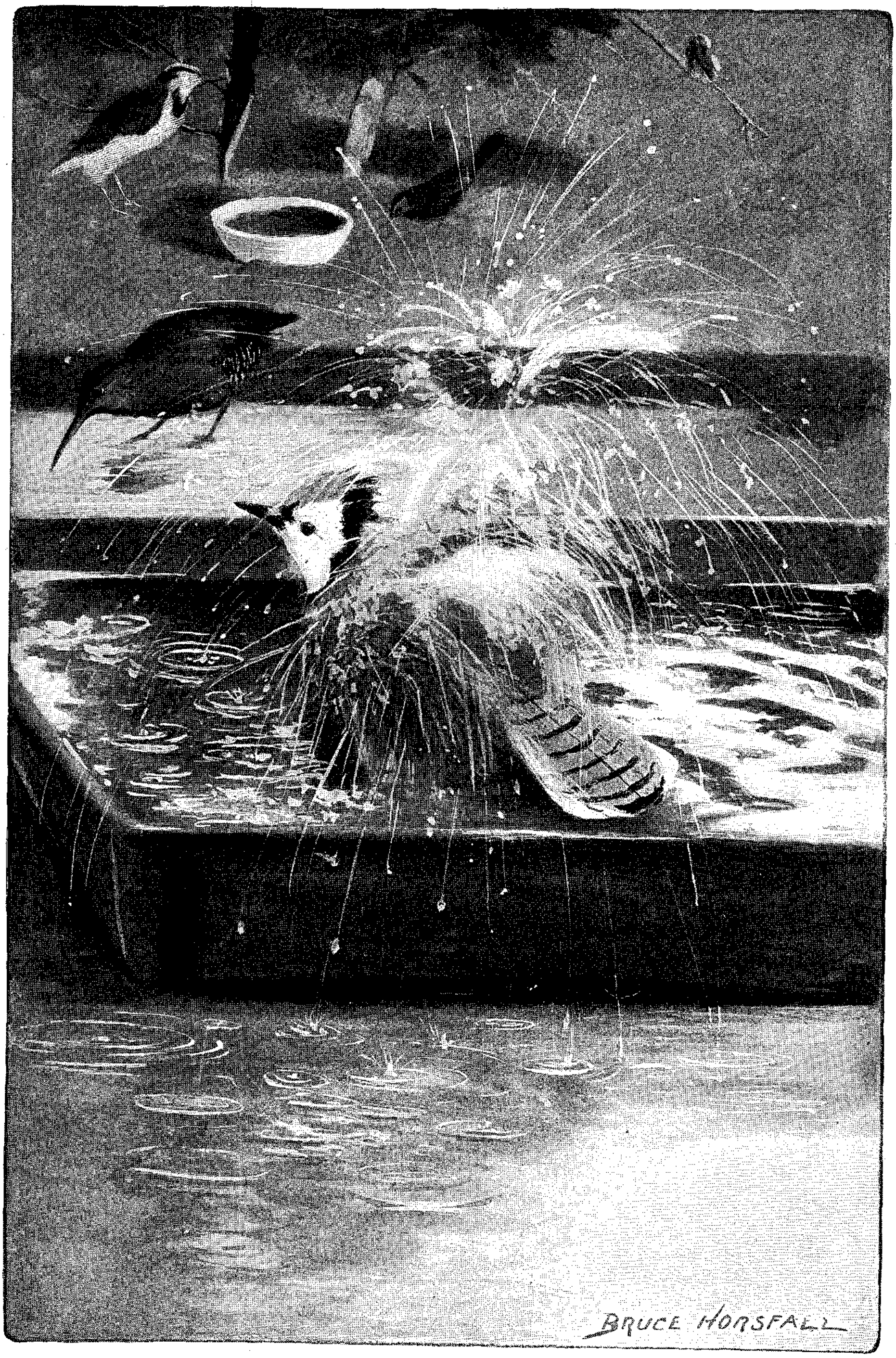
Personally, I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance and even friendship of these jolly birds in many localities, and I have always been struck with what a widely different attitude this bird seems to regard man under varying conditions.

I remember in a little town in western Missouri that every door-yard had its pair of jays. So familiar were they, and so heedless of human beings, whom they seemed to consider in the light of friends, that all their life, even the times when its duties are most serious, the breeding season, was spent in the streets and doorways of the hamlet; in the trees and bushes in the yards the birds built their nests and reared their young; and across the street scolded and gossiped with one another even more garrulously, and certainly in larger numbers, than I have ever seen them in the wildwood. It is even so in the suburbs of some of our largest cities, St. Paul, Chicago, and doubtless many more. I recall, too, that in so thickly settled a suburb as South Orange the blue jay is ubiquitous, and nests often in trees about houses where the clatter of the local merchants in their daily visits to purvey to their customers' wants makes a bustle that seems foreign to our rollicking friend.

A neighbor asked me only the other day, Why are there no blue jays in Princeton? We were in one of my bird rooms, and the question arose, suggested by four blue jays, one on each of my shoulders, one trying to untie my shoes, and another perched on my head. Quickly I replied, "Why, these blue jays are from Princeton." And then it came to me in a moment, what I had often realized before, that the blue jay as it occurs about here is not a feature of the bird world. To be sure, one can go back in the hills where I obtained the nest from which I reared the four fledglings, or down along the Millstone River, and see in the distance, at rare intervals, some of these birds. But even so, the observer must be on the lookout, for here they are singularly shy.

The language of these blue-crested beauties changes, too, with the many conditions that surround them in their countless homes, built from the wilds of Canada in almost every square mile of country till they reach the land of the orange and the pine, whose shores are bathed in the golden waters of the Gulf of Mexico. One of the most frequent cries that breaks the stillness of Florida simulates the call of the red-shouldered hawk. Again and again it has deceived me even long after I knew that it came from the blue jays in the yards and close about the town. Nor has any careful observer failed to notice how varied are the sounds of blue-jay language in different parts of the country. The sharp jay—jay—jay is characteristic wherever the birds are found, but each new region has its own kind of blue-jay talk that seems to be a tradition of the environment.

I have had for a long time in my bird room, among the robins, song-thrushes, grosbeaks, and many others, a cardinal, who still graces the company. Each year he renews his scarlet livery, and each year, beginning in December, he sings his brilliant lay until the succeeding August. Here, too, were several jays. Among them was a deformed fellow who had never attained the proportions of his kind. It was my fault, for in my early days of experimentation in rearing young birds I made blunders that, while not fatal, were sure to produce unlooked-for results. These I cannot discuss in detail here, but must leave the subject for its place. Suffice to say, here was a



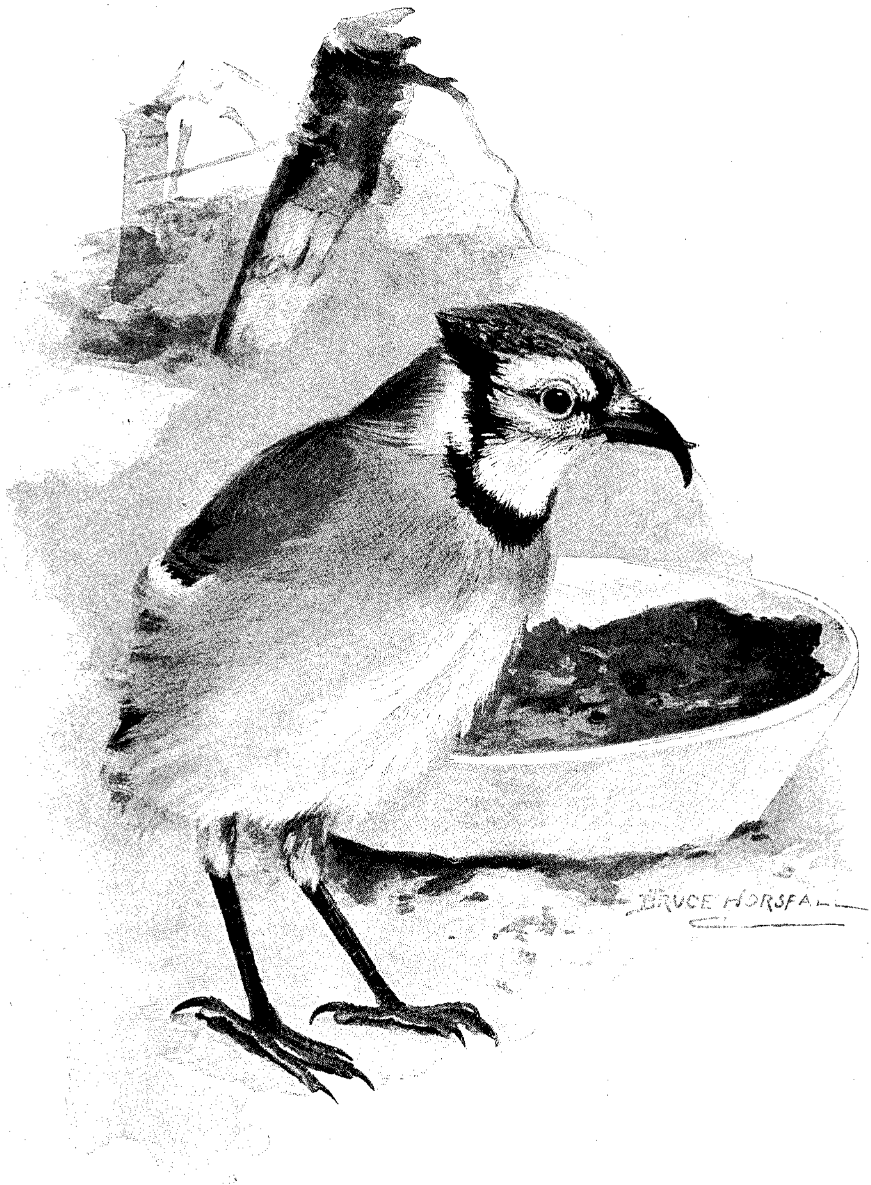
THE BLUE JAY'S BATH

jay that had never properly grown its primary quills and consequently could not fly, whose curved bill had somewhat the semblance of that of a chicken, and whose lack of tail-feathers made him a grotesque object. He was none the less interesting, and his sprightliness and evident enjoyment of life were a constant source of amusement, not only to myself, but to many friends who visited me. We called him Roly-poly. One day, while I was watching the cardinal (it was some time in October), there burst upon my ear the most brilliant song of that bird. Each long-drawn whistle was rounded and full, and the notes that followed had more than their ordinary sweetness. But I was looking at the cardinal, and he was not singing, and there were no others of his kind in the room. This song was repeated as the days followed, and I watched closely for the vocalist. Even when the cardinal again began to sing, hearing the two performances almost together, I could only distinguish a slight difference, which was not in the cardinal's favor. One day I was feeding Roly-poly from my hand with a meal-worm; when he had finished, he hopped back for a little distance, and, throwing his head in the air, sang, to my astonished ear, that phantom cardinal song which had so often mystified me. It was wonderful. I suppose that the scientific explanation of the phenomena would be "imitation or propinquity." And yet I would like to know, out of the many songs that came from the musical throats about him, why Roly-poly had chosen the cardinal for a *maestro*, and why no other melody appealed to him?

Jay-jay, or Jimmy, as we called him, was another grotesque, a sort of Roly-poly in appearance. He did not come from the same brood, and a certain accident of his youth was largely responsible for his condition. He, too, lacked the power of flight, and was without a tail, or had a comical feather or two as an apology. His curved bill was most pronounced and wholly unlike the finely shaped beak of his kind, the two mandibles crossed near the point.

Young jays, when they leave the nest, are about as vitally impetuous in their movements, as obdurate and insistent in their demands, as can well be conceived. Jimmy was no exception, and before acquiring the power of flight he followed whoever came into the room, with much fluttering of wings and emphatic demands for food. His extreme curiosity and inquisitiveness were his undoing. We were visiting him one day in the room where he and some young orioles were at liberty, and his drolleries afforded us not only amusement but unbounded wonder. He was never still; being satisfied as far as food was concerned, we must be investigated. For a moment or two we were diverted by the young orioles, who were clambering and flitting over our persons, prying into buttonholes with their bills, and even endeavoring to open, what they doubtless thought was some treasure-hiding crevice, our lips. Suddenly we missed Jimmy; he was nowhere to be found. We had been sitting on the floor, as there was no furniture in the room, but at last, in a fold of my companion's gown, we discovered the lost bird, if not dead, certainly unconscious, for he had been squeezed unwittingly by some slight motion. He breathed, and after a little was quite himself again. However, as the days passed, it became evident that our little friend was not growing as a blue jay should. They are lusty birds, and under proper conditions the development of the young is almost like the unfolding of some great flower from its bud. But Jimmy did not unfold; his wing feathers wouldn't grow right; moreover, he had a curious way of turning a sort of back somersault that prejudiced any semblance of a tail. This acrobatic feat had its origin, I think, in his efforts to fly. Standing on the floor, he would open his wings and spring into the air. These jumps would take him about ten inches off the ground directly upwards. Then, his wings being inadequate to sustain him, he would fall over backwards. and, turning one or more somersaults in the air, would alight on his feet unhurt. It was very droll, but withal a pathetic performance.

Jimmy lived many years, and in all the coterie of bird friends about him he was apparently highly esteemed, except by one wood-thrush, who would tease and pretend to attack him. Jay-jay, in his efforts to escape, threw many back somersaults, without injury to himself, but much to the edification of the songster who plagued him. On the whole, I



JIMMY

do not know that I have had a happier bird among my many acquaintances. He was always blithe and gay, and succeeded finally in clambering from one limb to another to favored perches. Firmly grasping the twig on which he stood, he would bob up and down on his sturdy legs, the while emitting a rather long and melodious whistle. His jay—jay—jay note was that which characterizes jay babyhood, and was singularly plaintive coming from the little cripple. I can hardly do justice to the endless pranks he played; I can only give a sample that well-nigh proved a disaster. There is a large pan in the bird room, from which the birds drink and in which they bathe, the water in it being about two inches deep. Jimmy was no exception to his water-loving tribe. Few birds bathe more thoroughly than do blue javs. I saw one during a cold time in January taking a bath in some swiftly running shallow water, where a break in the ice left a small pool open. He was dousing himself with the icy water until he became completely drenched, when, perceiving me, on my close approach, he shook some of the heavy element from his bedraggled feathers, and with a cry flew to a neighboring tree, where in the wind he soon preened himself till dry. Jimmy took his bath in this way. It was no "lick and a promise," but plunge after plunge until he was soaked. When wet in this way he was more than ordinarily inexact in his locomotion, and this time his somersault fetched him into the middle of the pan, where he lay, overcome by his exertions, till half drowned. At this juncture I happened to look in and rescued the now unconscious bird. I thought he was certainly gone, when a quiver of one leg showed me my error. I wrapped him hastily in a towel, dried him as best I could, and, not being familiar with the exact methods of "first aid to the injured," forced a few drops of whisky down his throat and laid him away by the warmth of a fire to dry. In an hour he was none the worse for the mishap.

Jimmy certainly had pluck, and the quality we call "sand" was one of his chief attributes. Perhaps because he was an anomaly he attracted more than ordinary attention. I have often wondered whether the compensations that come to the lives of many afflicted mortals are not also vouchsafed to deformed pets. There is small opportunity for any physical indulgence or weakness, for sickness or what we call pain, in the out-of-door realm. The inhabitants of the woods and fields have no time to indulge in headaches or colics; they cannot afford to relax their vigilance, and if out of balance in any way they soon become the prey of enemies. There could have been no freak like Jimmy out of-doors.

To sum him up, this dwarf blue jay, misshapen and eccentric, was like the grotesque hunchbacks kept by the lords and barons of feudal days to afford them diversion by their appearance and many drolleries. Jimmy was the touchstone of the bird room; he played the part well.

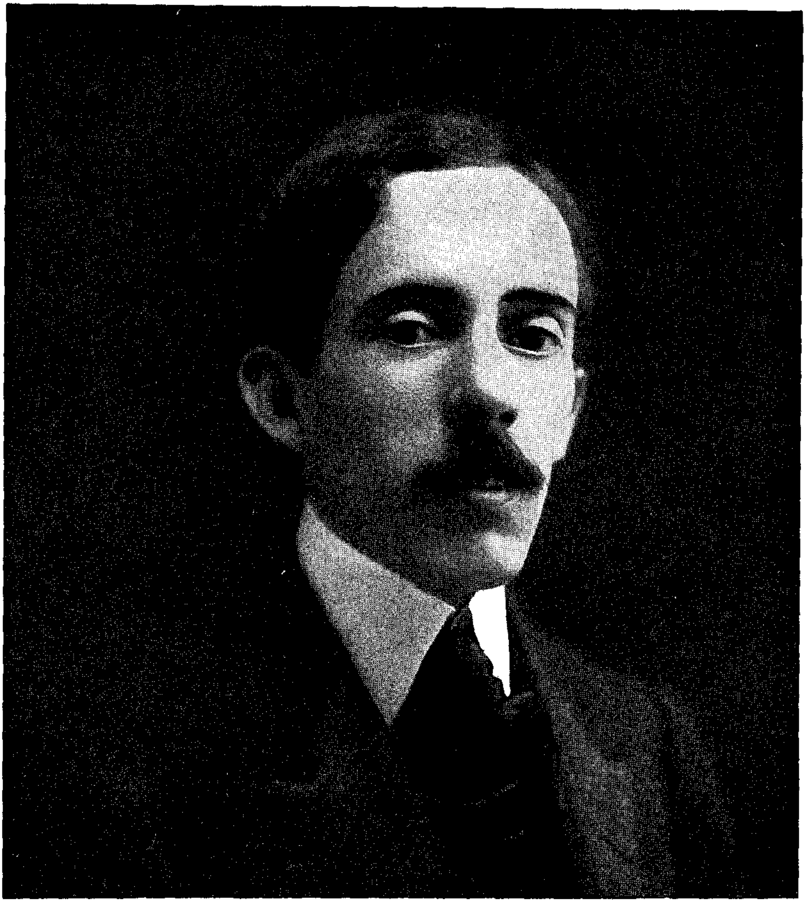
I am aware that the point of view of men, of the wild creatures that surround them, is based on human standards. A little reflection, it seems to me, would radically alter all this, and the futility of attributing to them the moral and ethical codes which we apply to ourselves must be apparent. For instance, I am sure that hawks and shrikes do not commit murder, nor are they cannibals, yet we know of their sanguinary lives and doings. Neither can I allow for a moment that the cowbird is an example of moral depravity. Did space permit, I believe that I could conclusively show that its breeding habits are the effect of slight deviations at first, which finally result in escape from most of the trying duties that the majority of birds sustain during the breeding season. Blue jays are noted as thieves because they have been frequently seen robbing birds' nests. Like other members of the crow family, they delight not only in prying into and investigating everything about them, but often in stealing, or, to put it more exactly, collecting, various small articles, which are stored away, and which are of no possible use to them. But I cannot regard them as either busybodies or misers. There is neither malice nor ulterior motive in these proceedings.

From my relationship with blue jays out-of-doors, and a greater intimacy established with those who are members of the bird family in my laboratory, I am inclined to believe that they are not only sincerely affectionate, but their disposition towards other birds, birds in general, is a kindly one. There is no bird in my collection so small but that the blue jay makes way for him; and so gentle a creature as a wood-thrush tyrannizes over my jays in a manner that would be resented by any man. A red-crested cardinal from Brazil, much smaller than his blue friends, easily preempts the bath-tub, the common property of the coterie, and the blue jays wait patiently, or only dare to dip in at the edge when the other is not looking, till the leisurely washing of the scarlet-crested beauty is finished. It is the same with the food dishes. A starling or song-sparrow readily persuades a jay to leave to them, till satisfied, such dainties as they all care for. Wanton attack on the part of a blue jay upon other birds with which I have associated him I have never witnessed. Bobolinks, nonpareils, song-sparrows, orchard orioles, and bluebirds, that for years have lived in a room with my jays, have never suffered the slightest molestation. I cannot think that it is radically different out-of-doors, and, aside from occasional depredations on the nests of other birds, I believe the blue jay to be one of the most kindly denizens of the forest. I use the word occasional, for I am well aware that eggs and young birds *do not* form a large part of the menu of the blue jay, even during May, June, and July. Beetles and other insects, snails and mice, wild fruits and berries, figure largely in his bill of fare even during the breeding season; and for nine months in the year, surely, the blue jay, with his penchant for acorns and worms, with his energetic hunting for noxious insects and other small vermin, cannot be regarded as anything but a benefit, from an economic point of view, to his human friends.

While certain characteristics seem to be common to all blue jays, a greater familiarity with them will sustain the assertion that they have much individuality. This has already appeared in this story, but should be emphasized. They are all great mimics, frequently deceiving one by the excellence of their efforts. Attracted by disagreeable or harsh noises, the result is often comic. I knew one in the woods, a wild fellow in Florida, living in the vicinity of a lumber camp, who delighted and amused himself by hours with simulating the sound of a coarse saw hewing its way through wood. He even discovered that at times the regulations of the instrument's vibrations was disturbed by sundry agonizing squeaks. I am sure he did not attribute this to lack of grease, but, at any rate, now and again his imitations included the cry of the saw for oil. I have told how Roly-poly sang the song of the cardinal, how Jimmy had a series of soft, long whistles not unlike the cadences of the wood peewee, and yet another jay, one of the four previously mentioned, had a peculiarly musical series of whistling notes, and would give vent to them whenever he was pleased by any happening. My approach always elicited them, and this was the only one of the four brothers and sisters who attempted to whistle. It is well to know that all were brought up under precisely the same conditions, and were never separated.

Another of the four has a curious way of amusing himself which must be related in detail to be appreciated. The large flying-room where these birds are confined with many others is partitioned from a smaller part by a wire screen. The entry to the flying-room is through a broad doorway, and the door opens inward. Of the hundred or more birds in the room, I have never known an individual to try to go out by this door, except this one blue jay. Almost daily it is his custom, when the door is opened to bring in food or water, or for any purpose whatsoever, to fly outside. He does not wait near for this purpose, but is often ten or fifteen feet away across the room. At first, in my ignorance, I was alarmed lest he might escape altogether, and used to pursue and finally catch him, and restore him to his companions. One day it occurred to me to alter my method. I stood by the door pushing it so that it was wide open, and called to the jay in a peremptory way. After waiting a moment, he came flying back into the room from which he had escaped, seemingly as well content to go through that way as the other, and, withal, I conceive he was amused with the game. This has been repeated now so many hundreds of times as no longer to excite particular attention; in fact, it is a daily episode. It is an endless source of pleasure to the actor, and I think warrants us in concluding that individuality exists among birds, and that their point of view and temperaments widely differ.

I have attempted, in the foregoing pages, to present some of the characteristics of a very interesting, a singularly beautiful, and a remarkably intelligent bird. As I read it through I realize that the story is not half told, that I have only touched here and there on some matters of interest.



ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT
From a new photograph by Burr McIntosh.

The Future of the Air-Ship

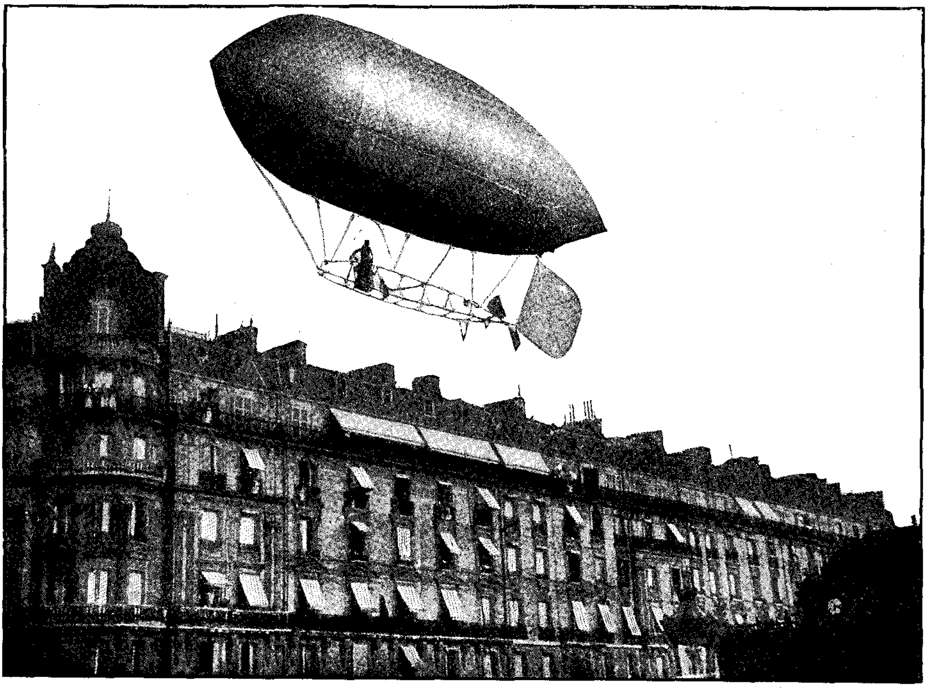
By Alberto Santos-Dumont

As Interviewed by Charles Hall Garrett

M. ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT likes best to be spoken of as a practical air-ship man. It is to bring the air-ship to a practical and useful basis that he is bending his mechanical ingenuity. He prophesies that within comparatively few years the air-ship will be used as a parcel and messenger carrier.

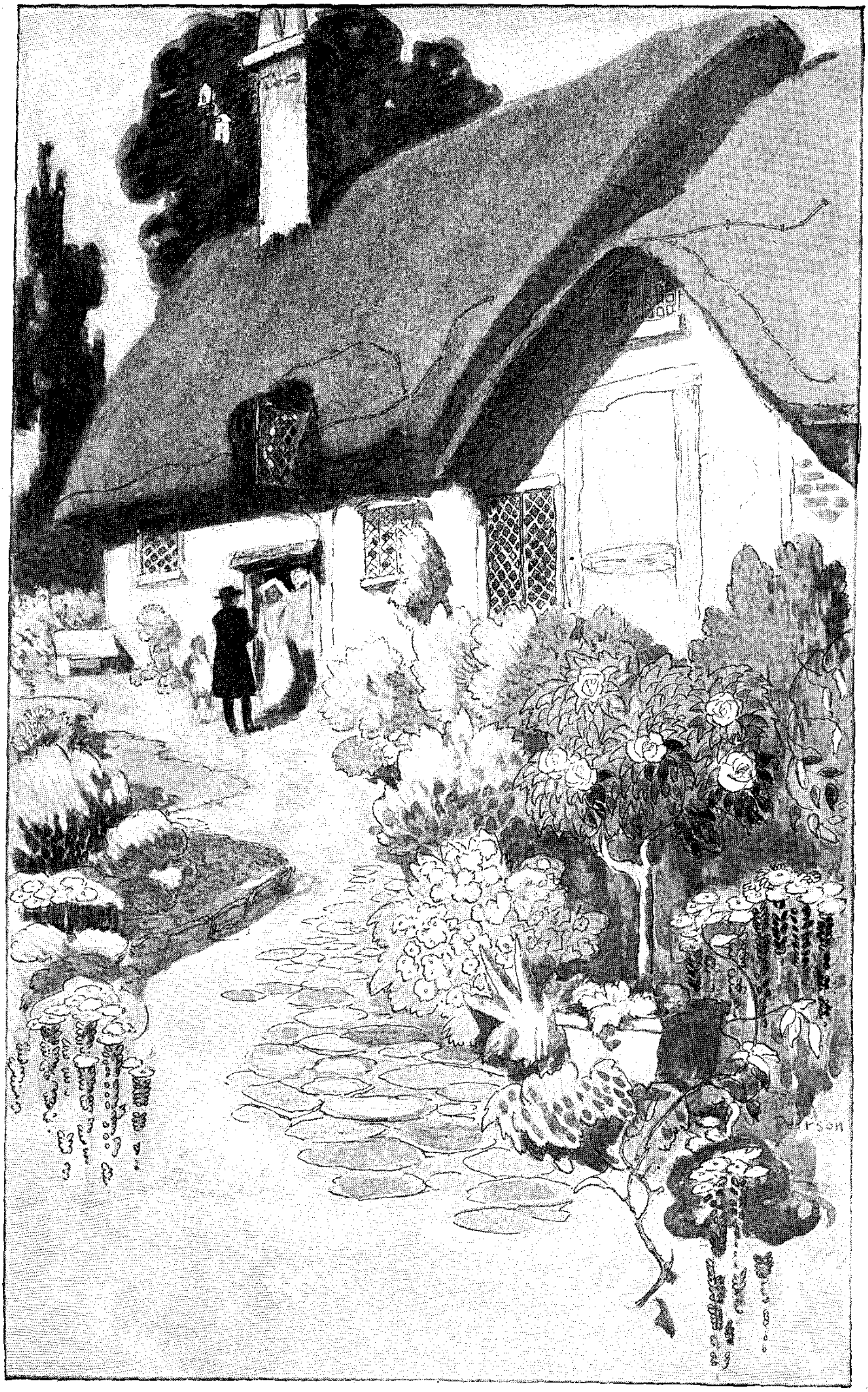
"Why not?" he asked, with rising inflection and characteristic outward movement of the hands. "What is so impossible about it? Oh! Can not a balloon be made ten, twenty times as large as mine? Why not? Did not the steamship begin as a little boat? The balloon (with many more compartments) can be made of such strength and thickness that it can outride the worst storm. Destroyed by a cyclone? Ah, yes, perhaps. Are there not ships lost at sea, and railroad accidents? Something over two miles above the earth, rain and electric storms are below you. You of course encounter currents, but there is no reason why they should strike you sideways. Only once, above Nice, was I endangered from this source. Imagine an air-ship with a balloon as long as a transatlantic liner and capable of carrying one hundred passengers in comfort and safety. It is not impossible. Say such a ship, driven by gasoline engines, made thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour? Before a wind of ten, twenty, or thirty miles velocity it would make that additional speed. Sailing into it, it would make that speed, less the wind's velocity. Because of the lightness of my air-ships, and of no desire to court risk, I have not ascended above one thousand feet. But longer and more stanchly built air-ships could ascend to twenty thousand feet, and speed even over the Atlantic Ocean with safety. There is no particular advantage in rising to great heights.

"Abandon the balloon and build a 'flying' machine! Never. Why? Because the balloon is a dead weight to force through the air? Yes, but it also sustains the vehicle and machinery. What has not dead weight? How is a 'flying' machine practical? The only one that will be of any value at all is the one on the sliding-plane plan of Professor Langley. Still, I have not investigated the methods and ideas of others. They do not interest me. Please tell me why a 'flying' machine? Because bodies that move through the air fly? Do you know of any mechanical device of service that imitates life? It is ridiculous! Does the locomotive move like a horse? Has it legs? Is not the hull of a ship more like a dead fish than a live one? I shall continue to develop machines along my present lines, but I shall not construct—at my own expense—any larger than my 'omnibus,' No. 10, which will carry four or five persons. With my No. 7 I hope to win the monetary prize in the open contest at the St. Louis Exposition this summer. My object now is seriously to interest others in aerial navigation—first as a sport. If a number, say thirty, ordered machines the size of my 'runabout' (No. 9), the initial outlay would not be much over $5,000 per air-ship. A hundred manufacturers in Paris do work for me making different parts—one a valve, another something else. As it is but a matter of collecting the parts and putting them together, a 'ship' the size of my No. 9 could be constructed in about three weeks."



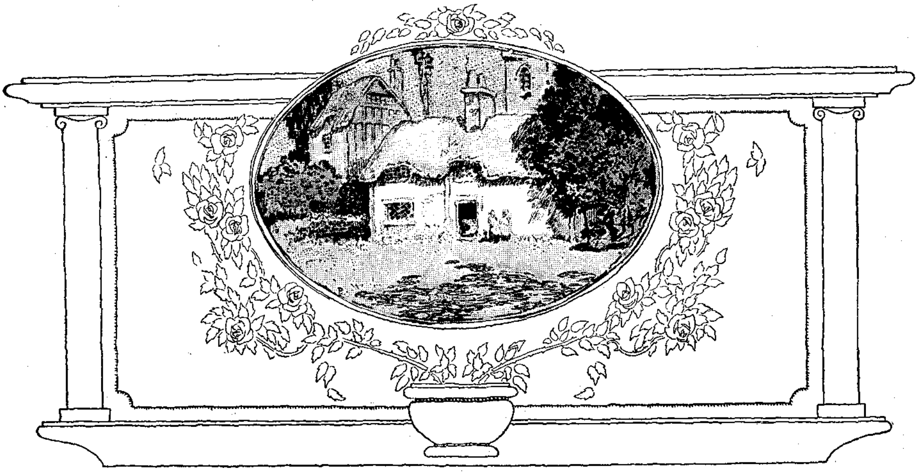
M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN HIS "RUNABOUT" (NO. 9)

From "My Air-Ships," the Century Company, New York.



THE PARSON IS A WELCOME VISITOR IN EVERY HOUSE

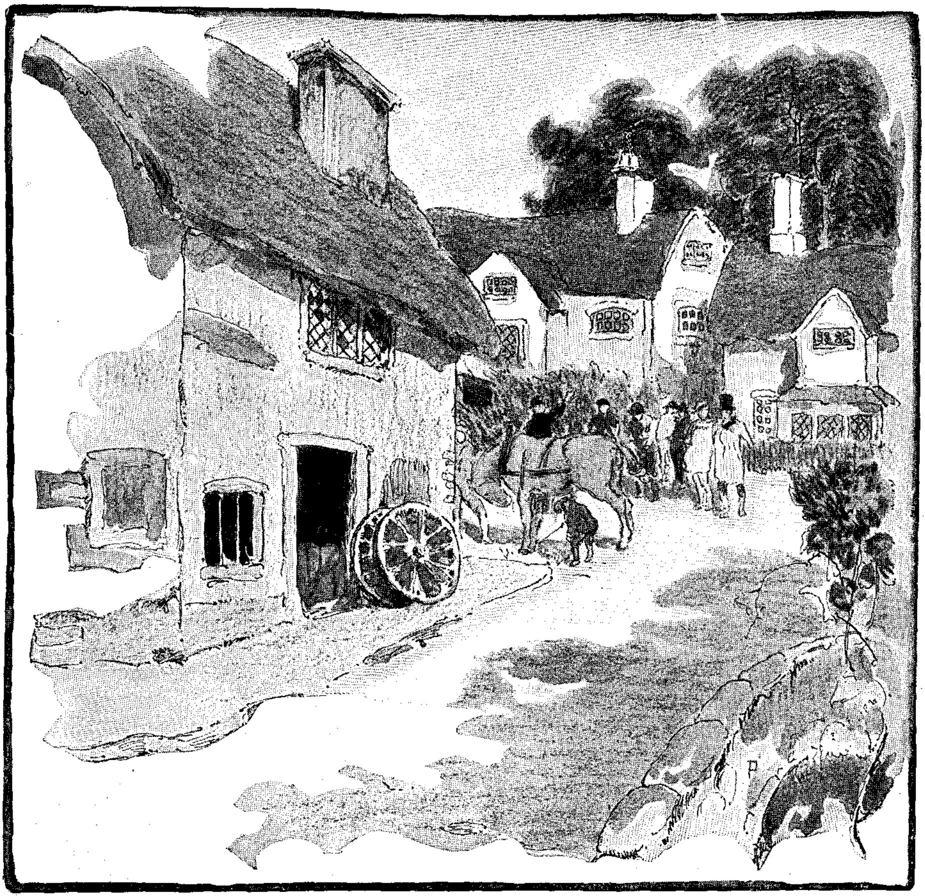
ENGLISH VILLAGE LIFE



BY VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY"
"A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF THE WAR" ETC.
WITH PICTURES BY
ALDEN PEIRSON

THE last few decades have brought many changes to the inner life of England, changes which are inevitable as the social network becomes more closely interwoven and as the pressure of existing conditions becomes more widely diffused. Some of these new phases are watched for, worked for, and hailed with delight as they sweep confidently along; others are of slow and subtle growth, and creep in, apologetically conscious that they are treading on time-honored preserves and poaching on very personal ground, yet having no alternative, for they are driven by the relentless spirit of the age. It is by this latter method that village life in England, that essentially English institution, is being steadily taken possession of and transformed. Before it enters altogether on its new phase of existence let me try to set down in outline something of its inwardness as understood by those who have lived in its midst.

To fill in the background of the picture, we must for the moment turn back to the far-off pages of our history. In early Saxon days and among the Celtic tribes of Ireland and Scotland land was held by the clan; the chief was the leader of the clan, and all-powerful in many respects, but he was not the owner of the soil. The Normans brought with them the feudal system, and the Conqueror made over great estates and the people who lived thereon to his favorite nobles, on the understanding that when called upon they would provide him with money and with fighting men. Gradually the feudal system, never in accordance with the feelings of the English people, merged into the manorial system. The large estate still remained, but only about one-quarter of the land was held by the lord of the manor; the rest was divided up among his tenants, who, while they owed him service, had clear rights of their own. Here, then, we get the beginning of the farmer class, so essential a factor in village life; and the next step in its evolution can be traced when the serf, or slave of the soil, first asserted his claim to some degree of liberty, and won for himself the right of "free labor"—that is to say, the right to hire himself to whom he would, instead of being bound to one place and one master. The Black Death which ravaged England in the middle of the fourteenth century, and which gave to the laborer an abnormal market value, largely brought about his emancipation.



A POLITICAL AGITATOR JOINS THE GROUP AROUND THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

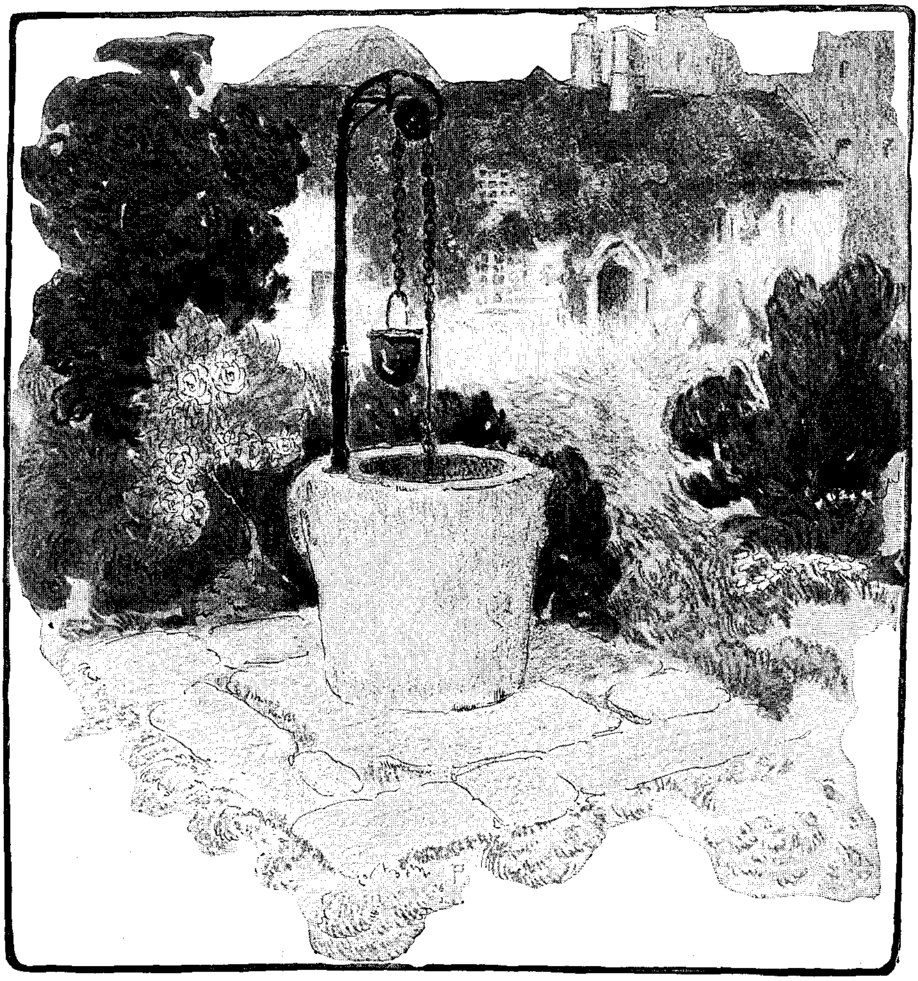
In the struggle that followed, there were many checks, many seeming defeats, but mighty forces, at first unrecognized, were gathering together. The New Learning and the Reformed Religion marked a milestone along the road of freedom.

"For the first time men opened their eyes and saw." As a result of the Puritan Revolution the power of Parliament grew and extended. The rights of the press, the right of petition, the publication of debates, coupled with an increasing political intelligence, were some of the factors which led up to the early Reform Acts of 1832. The later Act of 1867 practically completed the emancipation of the laborer, and gave him a vote.

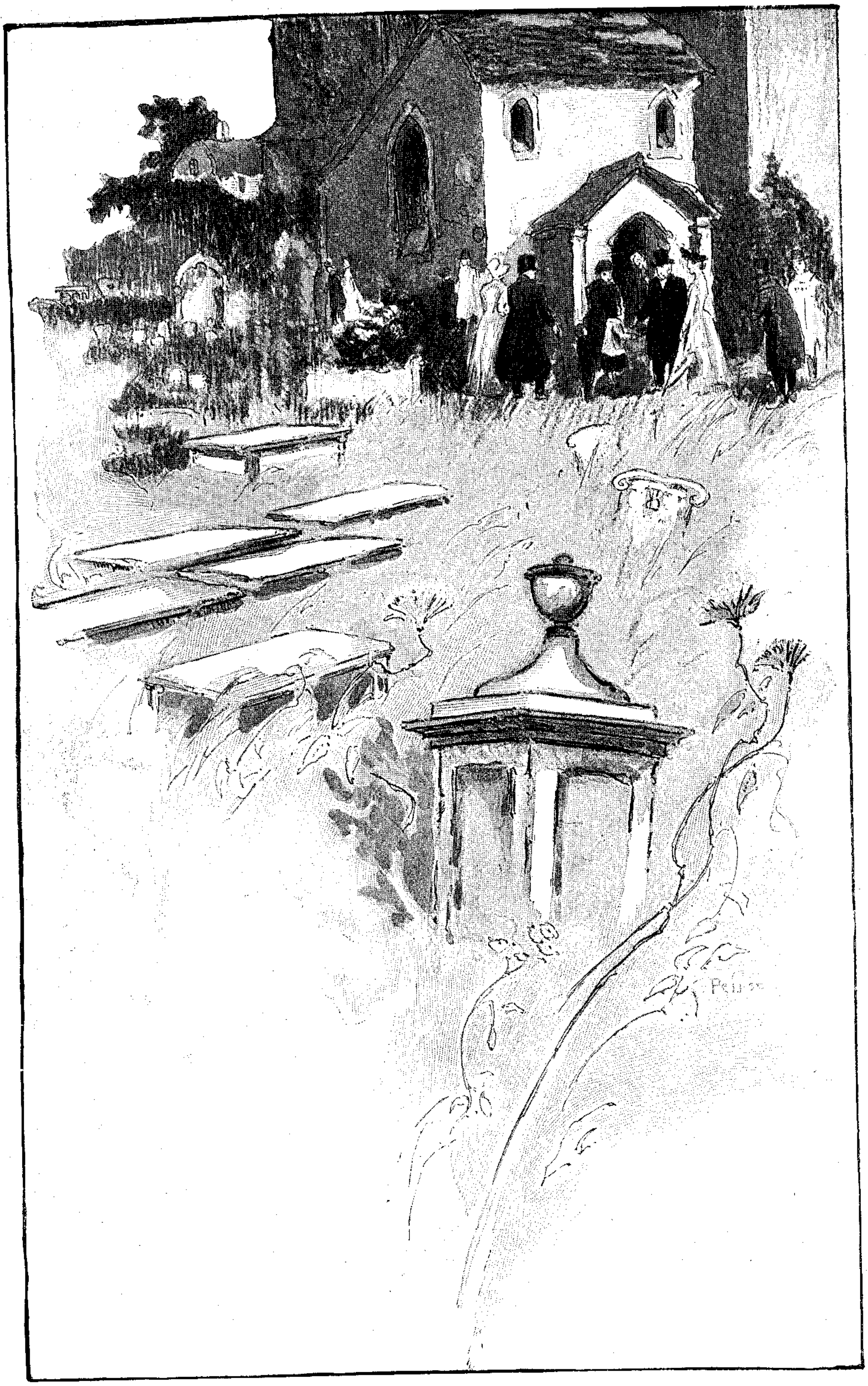
The Ballot Act protected that vote, and the Education Act began its work of leveling up.

Yet through all these changes three distinct classes continued to exist, as indeed they still exist in the average village. Their relations to each other alone have changed. The lord of the manor, his household, his tenants and their laborers, still practically compose the population of the village, and while much of the old feeling of subserviency and dependence has passed away, and each individual stands secure in his rights as a man, a warm tie of mutual interest and good will binds all together, and their daily contact with one another creates that real bond of fellowship, that close sense of responsibility, which is entirely lost sight of where men are crowded together. Now and again a political agitator, usually a town dweller, makes his appearance on the village green or joins the group round the blacksmith's shop. The villagers listen to him in a stolid manner, but somehow his fiery denunciations and his rousing appeal fall flat. The laborer of many years ago had grievances and was inarticulate; to-day he has but few, and the remedy for these lies largely in his own hands. Labor is scarce and he knows his value.

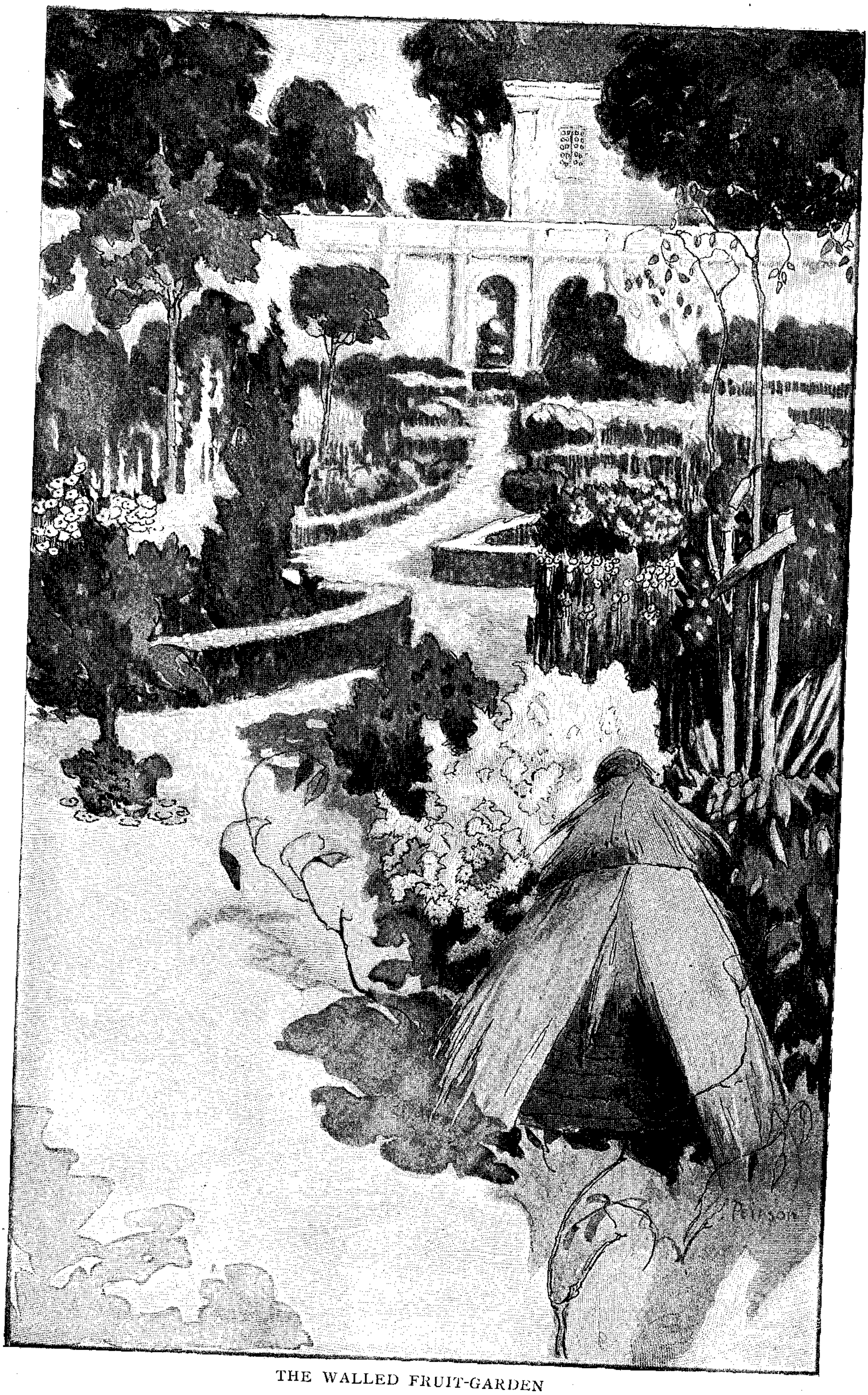
As we come to the more immediate foreground of our picture, the country seat of the squire stands out as the chief point of interest. In may be an Elizabethan manor, or a solid Queen Anne building, or a block in uncompromising Georgian style; it may be called the Court, the Hall, the Park, or the Place. Its actual form and name matter but little; looked at in the light of village perspective, it overshadows everything else. Probably it has passed from father to son through many generations, as is testified to by the date and coat of arms over the doorway, and the formidable array of ancestors, the trophies, and the weapons of warfare that look down from the walls inside. More than probably, too, the age of the house is its greatest charm, and judged by modern standards of comfort it will be found wanting. The furniture is often antiquated in shape and design; the wall-papers are prim and gloomy; oil lamps or candles supply the light, and hot water can be obtained only with difficulty from the kitchen regions. And yet—what an air of dignified possession there is about it all! The smooth green lawns, the splendid trees, the long, shady walks, the walled



THE AGE OF THE HOUSE IS ITS GREATEST CHARM



A LEVEE IN THE CHURCHYARD

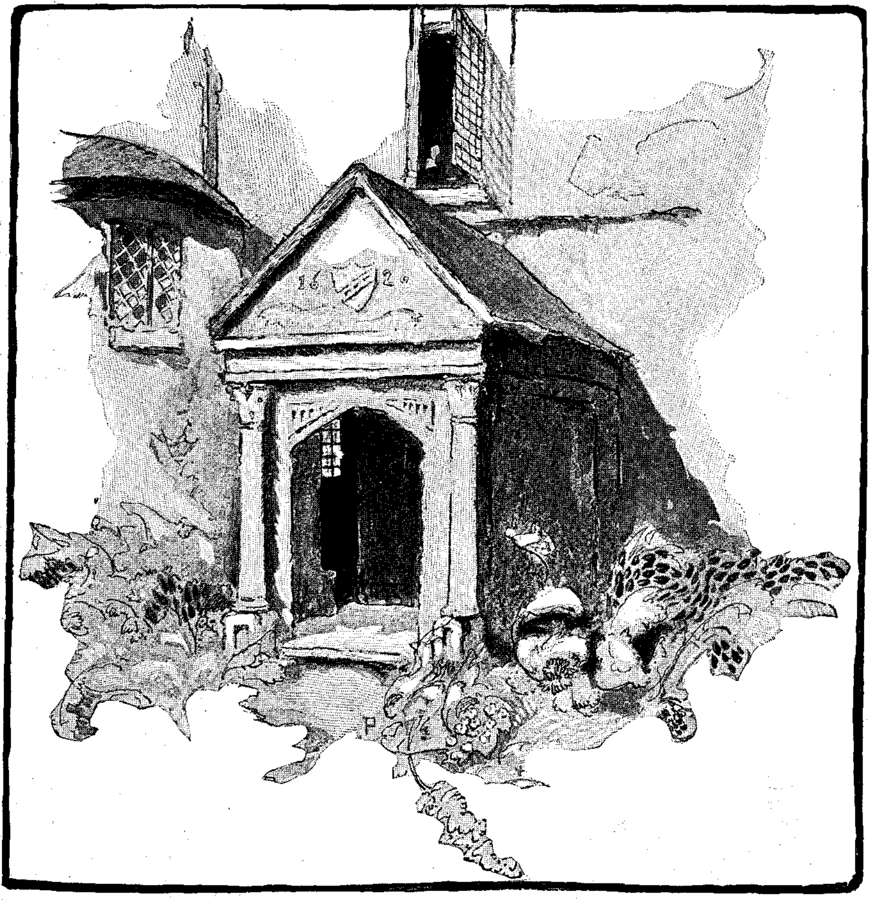


THE WALLED FRUIT-GARDEN

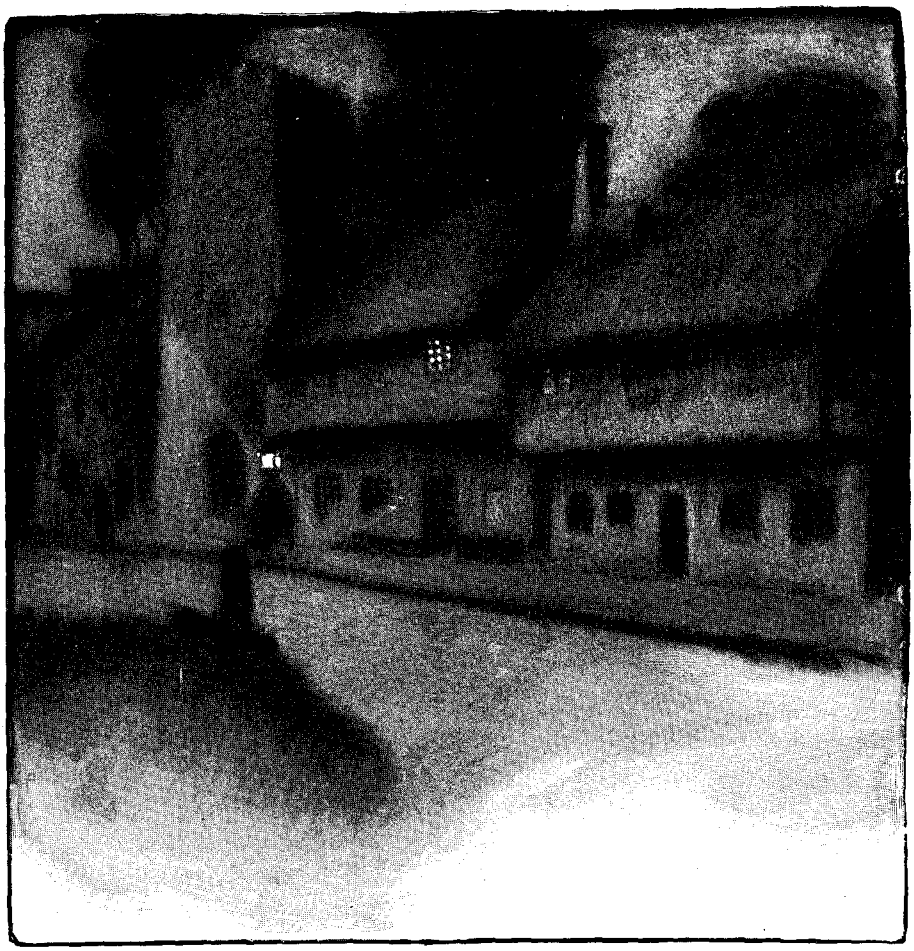
fruit-garden, and the far-stretching park, breathe a quiet, conscious strength that needs no other recommendation. Already there is much change in this direction. The young squire of to-day is not content with the old régime. Either he has married money or possibly has made it; at any rate he spends it. London workmen have transformed the Court, the angular chairs and sofas have given place to luxurious lounges, the shabby old library is gorgeous, and everything is brought up to date. But the villagers shake their heads, and are not altogether dazzled by the improvements in the house and garden.

The old squire had spent the greater part of his day among them. They had seen him every morning as he rode round the place or as he drove off to administer justice from the magistrate's bench; they had always watched for him as he came back after a day's hunting, and waited for his cheery nod and passing word. On Sunday morning he had always been seen at church in the foremost pew, and after service had held quite a levee in the churchyard. The children looked forward to his constant visits to the school, and there was not a man or woman in the place who would have been afraid to stop him in the road, or seek him out in his library, if they had occasion to need his help or advice. In the shooting season all the cottagers were sure of their gifts of rabbits; at Christmas time liberal portions of beef and plum pudding were distributed; and in the summer time came the flower show, with the sports, and the band, and the children's treat.

The squire's lady had looked after the

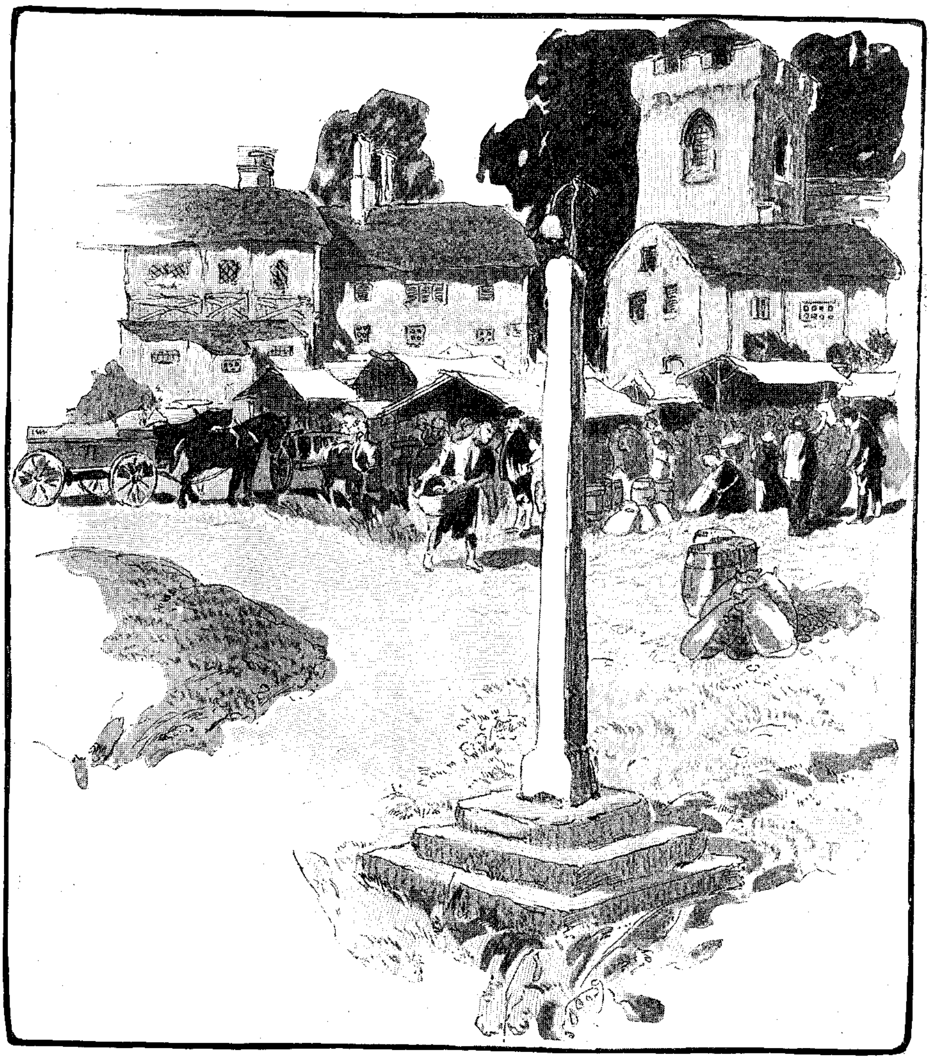


THE DATE AND COAT OF ARMS OVER THE DOORWAY



THE CHURCH, THE RECTORY, AND THE SCHOOLS MAKE AN IMPOSING LITTLE GROUP

old and the sick, to whom she gave freely of such gifts as blankets, baby-clothes, and good soup. To these might be added the good advice which she had also distributed freely, yet with such genuine interest in the persons concerned that, so far from offense being given, her intervention was considered in the light of a compliment. Her daughters had been no whit behind her. Save for six weeks spent in London during the season, or an occasional shooting party, they had lived quietly at home, with few dissipations beyond their hunting, the county balls, and the garden parties given by their neighbors. So they taught in the Sunday-schools and in the evening classes at the reading-room; they managed the Band of Hope and the Girls' Friendly Society; they trained the choir and looked after all the boys and girls, finding them places when they were old enough to leave home, and keeping in constant touch with them. And the squire's sons? Well, they would always be Master Jack, Master Ted, and Master Harry to the end of the chapter. In the holidays they were here, there, and everywhere, adored alike by the old women, the grooms, the keepers' beaters, and the village lads, and when they went back to school or college the place was declared to be "sadly still without them." Ay, and when Master Ted died of fever out in India the whole village was in mourning, just as, when Miss Ethel married the good-looking sailor son of a neighboring squire, every inhabitant gladly subscribed towards a beautiful



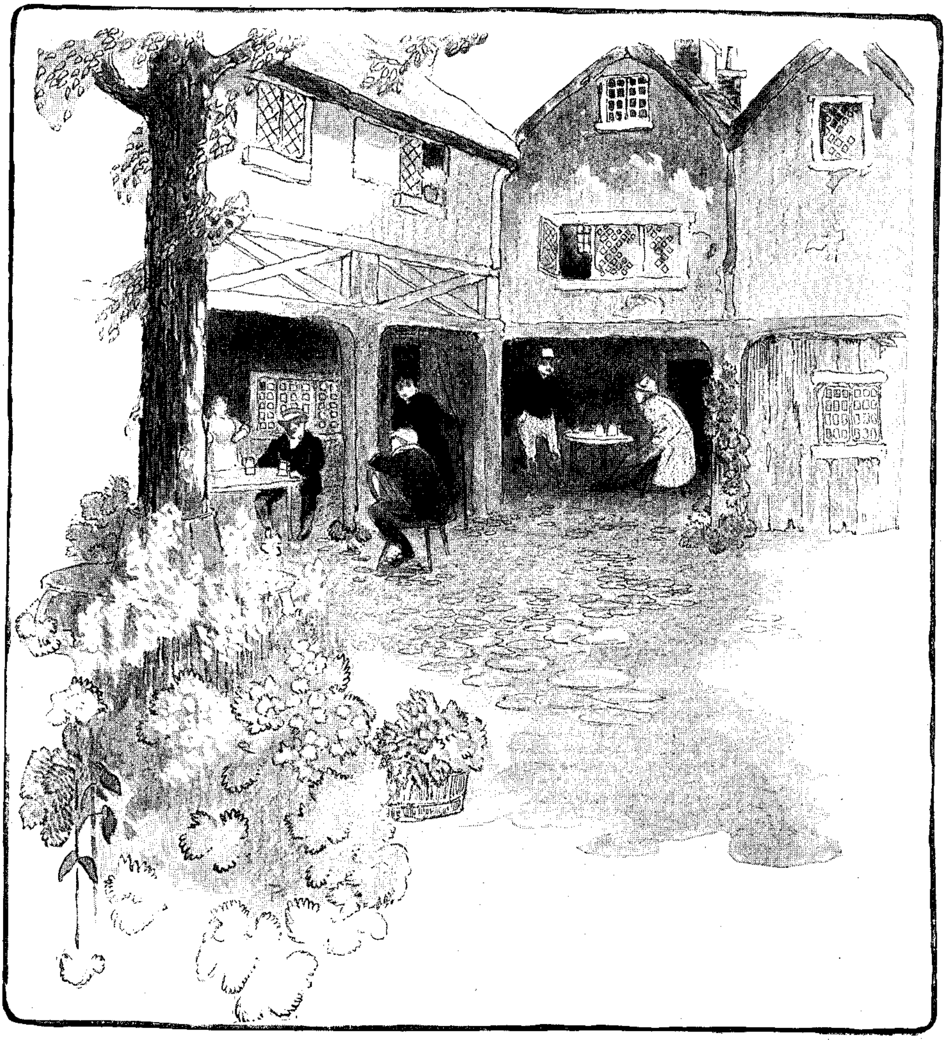
MARKET DAY IS THE GREAT EVENT OF THE WEEK

silver salver, and, in addition, dowered her with warm good will.

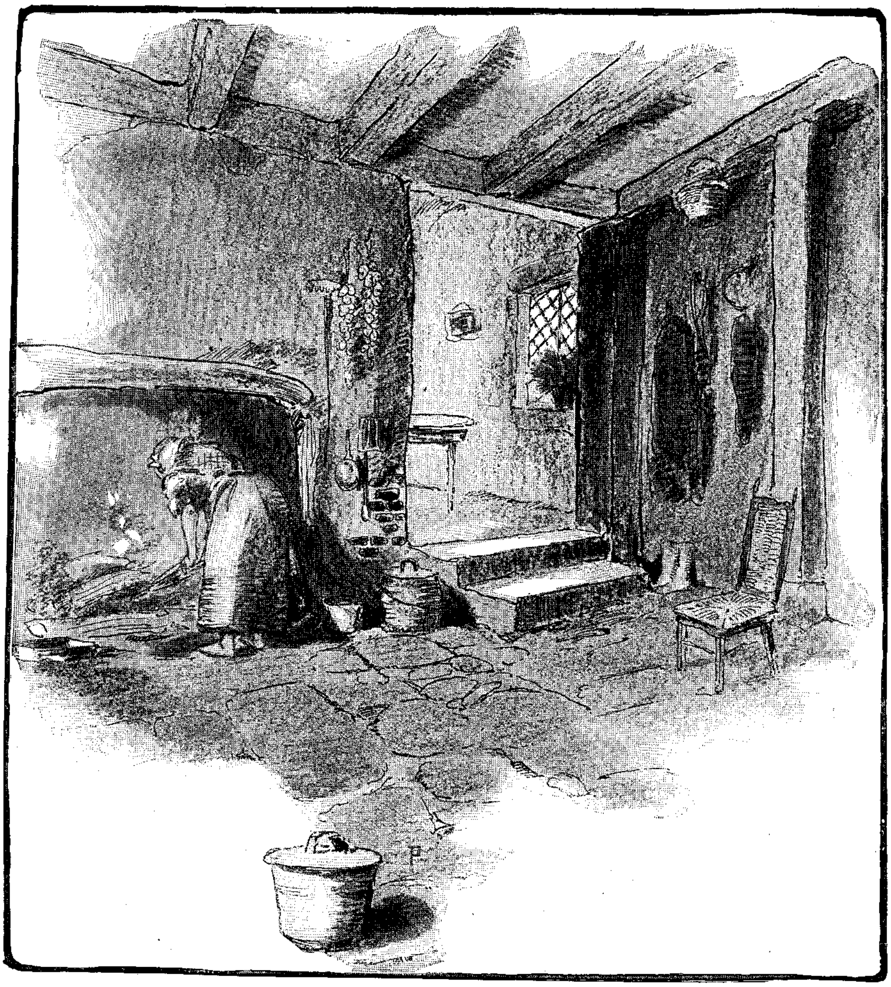
So the old people shake their heads to-day and say, "Things aren't what they were."

Master Jack has "done well for himself," of course, and smartened things up wonderfully, while his wife is a "fine-looking lady enough," who wears dresses that cost a small fortune. But then they are so seldom at home, and when they are they have so much grand company that there is not any time for them to go in and out of the cottages. The Christmas gifts are made just the same, but the distribution of meat is presided over by the housekeeper, and the villagers miss the homely face and friendly greeting of their old benefactress. Altogether something is lacking—that close personal touch, that intimate relationship, so hard to put into words, and yet so all-pervading.

The position of the parson in the village depends to-day more on the extent of his own popularity than on his office, for he holds by no means an undisputed sway. Almost every village has its Nonconformist place of worship, though the church, the rectory, and the schools make an imposing little group. And who can ever adequately describe all the patient work that has been performed, all the comfort and help that has been given to the poor, the sinful, and the solitary, by these country parsons who, year in year out, have stood on outpost duty. Often scholars themselves, they have lived lonely lives, cut off from all intellectual intercourse; wretchedly paid, they have struggled with many adverse circumstances. Perhaps they have clung too closely to the old order of things; perhaps they have been too prone to count those of other creeds as wanderers to be reclaimed and exhorted, rather than as followers of the same Master, though choosing another road; perhaps they have been too zealous in preaching the glories of the life to come, and have acquiesced too readily in the low standard of daily life accepted in the little world around them. Nevertheless, in spite of some failings and limitations, theirs has been a great humanizing, uplifting work; they educated long before the Government took over the task; they sowed the seed and made ready for the harvest when there were but few other laborers in the field; and to-day, in so far as they loyally face the new conditions, they still wield a great and good influence amid their flock. The parson who is a welcome visitor in every house



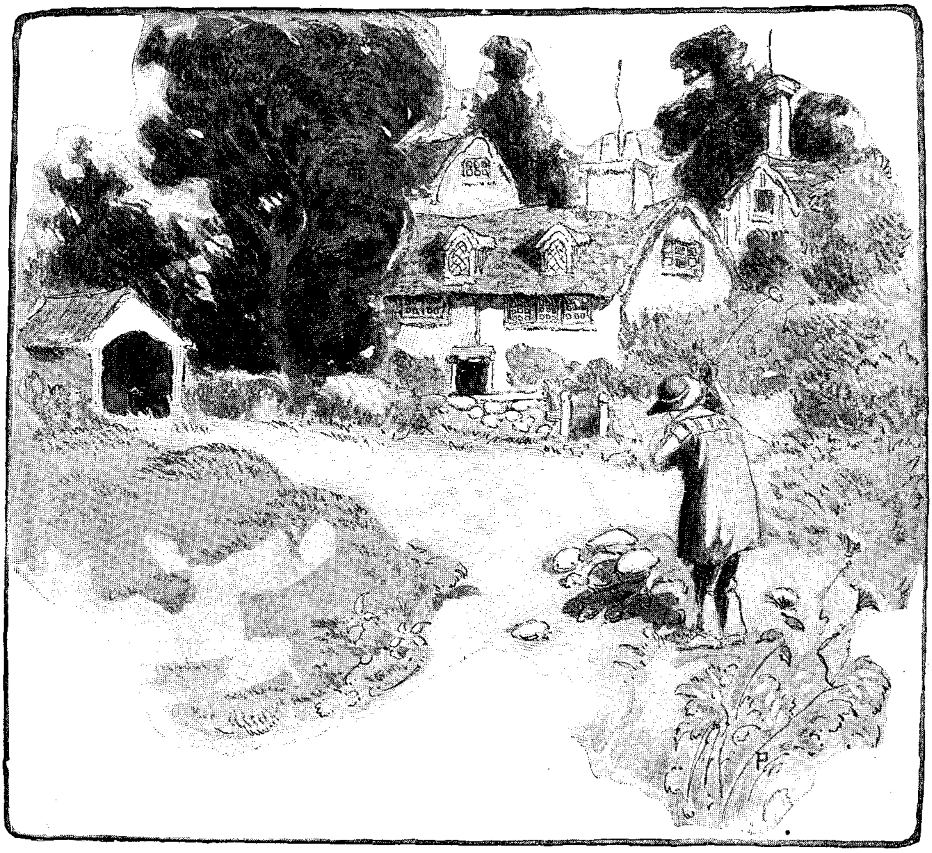
AS THEY SEAL THEIR TRANSACTIONS WITH A PINT OF ALE



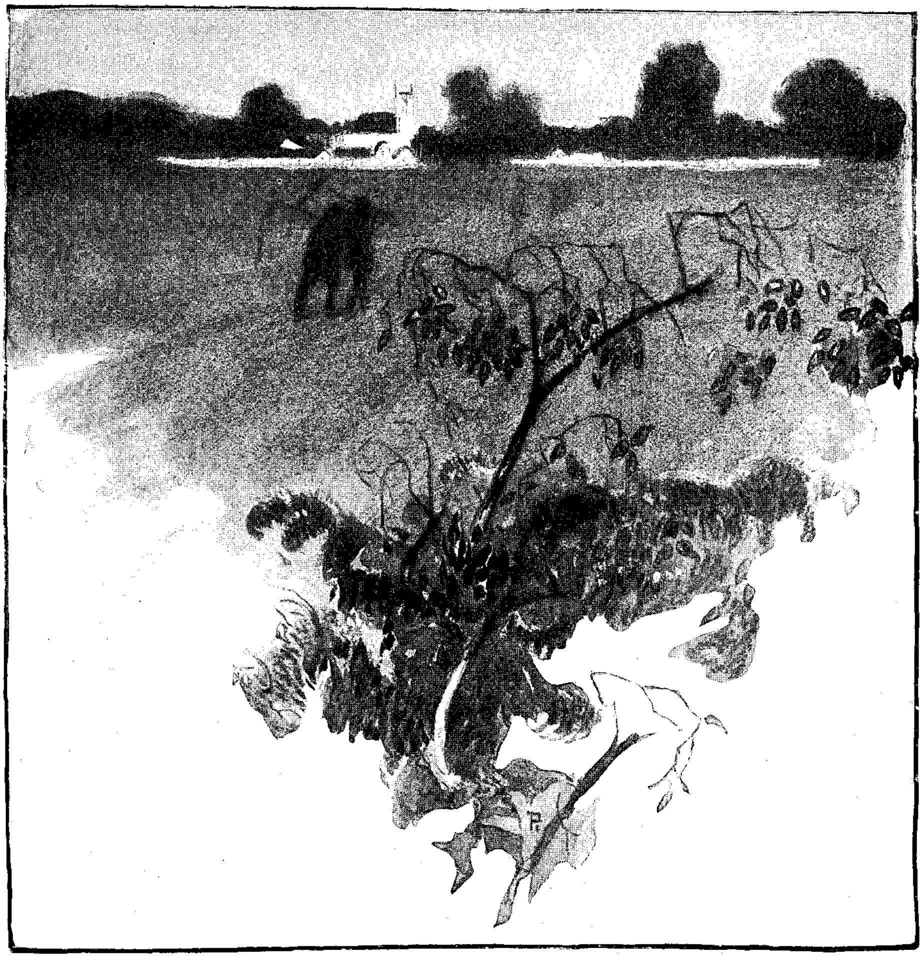
LIFE IN THE AVERAGE FARM-HOUSE IS SIMPLE AND COMFORTABLE

need have no fear that he will be defeated when he stands as a candidate for the Parish Council. On the contrary, if he have but tact and sympathy, he will find himself instinctively appealed to as the moving spirit in everything that makes for righteousness and improvement. The villager loves to follow a lead and is shrewd in marking out a leader. The farmers and their families form a little society of their own. Market day is the great event of the week, and the farm-house gig is well packed for that occasion with the womenkind of the household. Once in the town, a series of meetings and greetings takes place; the little shops are besieged, and the enterprising tradesman who decks out his window with the latest things in hats and furbelows does a thriving business. Meanwhile the farmer and his sons make the best bargains they can at the cattle market or in the corn exchange; and they, too, gather up most of the news from the countryside as they seal their transactions with a pint of ale. Home life in the average farm-house is simple and comfortable. The boys and girls receive a good education at some neighboring grammar school, or, if more ambitious, at a boarding-school, and the sitting-room at the farm contains a fair number of books, and various efforts in picture-painting. Thanks to the energetic educational work of the County Councils, butter and cheese making, poultry-rearing, and other agricultural industries are becoming once more a fashion, so that Emmeline and Mabel no longer disdain these precious arts, and in many cases remain at home instead of seeking occupation further afield as useful companions or mother's helps. Their mother, in her small way, is to the farm laborer's families what the squire's lady is to the whole village. A good mother and a good wife, hard-working, shrewd, and level-headed, she mainly keeps the home together, and finances the fortunes of her family. If her tongue is a little sharp, or her temper a little short, it must surely be forgiven her, for between the weather, the crops, the ailments of the cattle, the little weaknesses of her husband, good-hearted fellow though he be, and the ambitions of her children, her life is far from an easy one, " more a field of battle than a bed of roses."

Every village has its stock characters among the inhabitants, and, in attempting to describe them, one well-known form after another rises to my mind. There is old Harris, a great-grandfather now, yet still patiently breaking stones on the road; his wife died thirty years ago, but he lives in the same little cottage where he has been for more than sixty years, and an elderly widow daughter looks after him. Then there is Betsy Capper, who from time immemorial has " enjoyed bad health " and periodically " takes a turn for the worse." She is a cheerful old body, and though she will probably live for many a long day, she is " poor old Betty " to every one in the village. Next door is the abode of the Hawkins family. A dozen boys and girls are squeezed in there—"fair terrors," the neighbors call them! Mr. Hawkins does not take kindly to work, and prefers putting in his time at the



STILL PATIENTLY BREAKING STONES ON THE ROAD

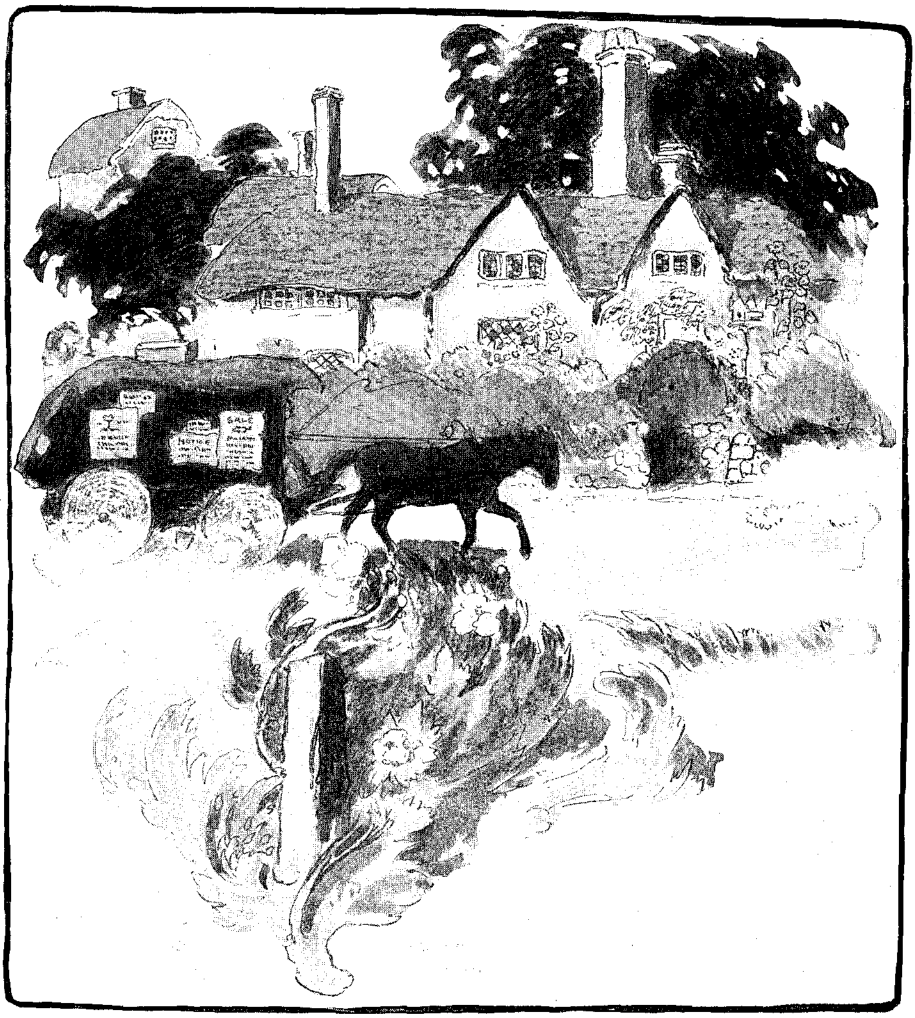


THEY PLOD AWAY, AMAZINGLY CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT

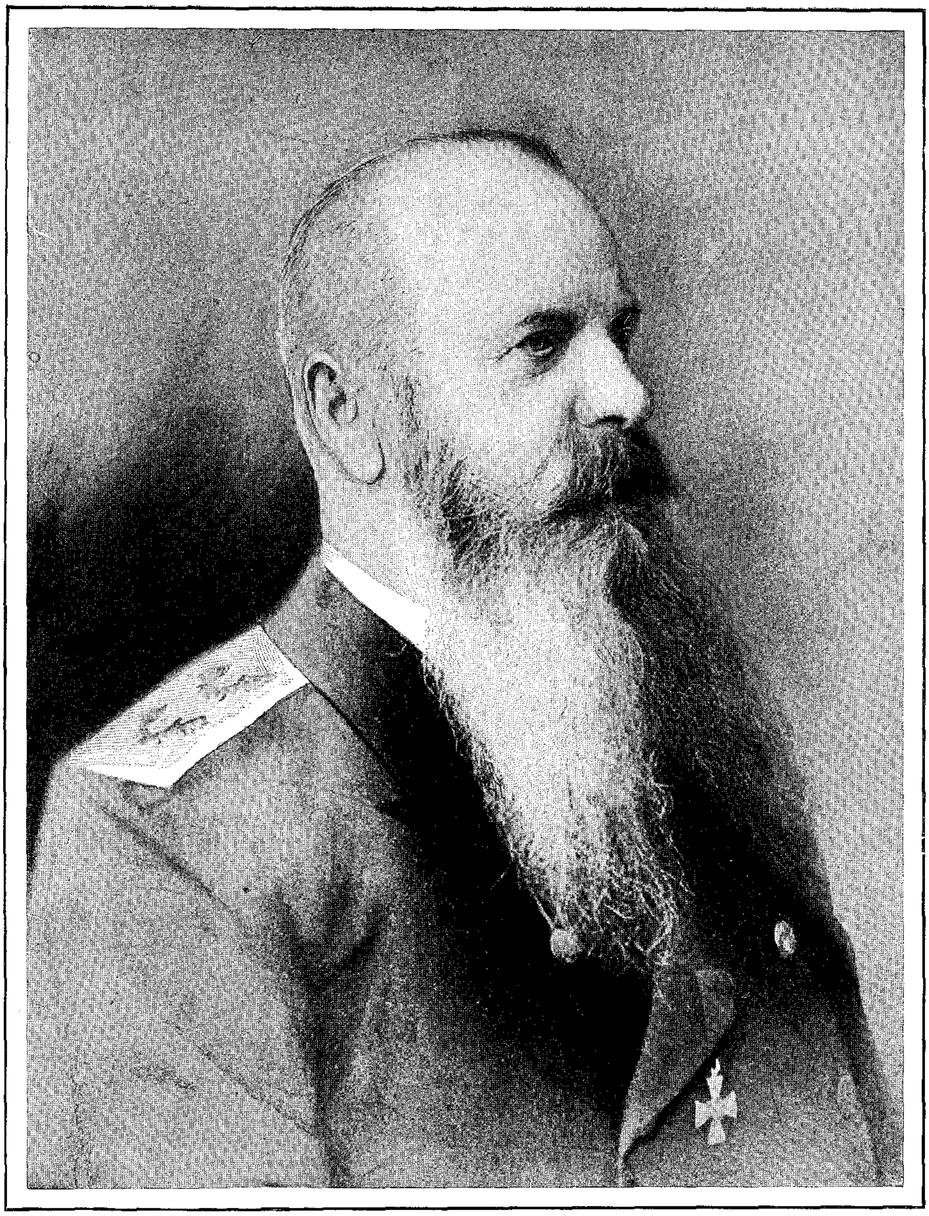
Bull's Head; Mrs. Hawkins scolds and cuffs, cleans and chases her offspring relentlessly.

The Parry family have a bad name, and it is easy to see that Gypsy blood runs in their veins. They are the bane of the keepers, the trial of the schoolmaster, and the black sheep of the village. They do very little work, and their cottage has a most neglected appearance, but on Sundays the girls turn out in showy colors, and anxious mothers watch them closely. Mrs. Williams is a widow who has brought up her family single-handed and well; her girls are all in good situations, one of her boys is a corporal in the Guards, another works on the threshing-machine, and a third, with whom she lives, is an under-gardener at the Park. Jim Glover is the parson's odd man, and his wife is the village nurse; they "hold their heads high," and their daughter Clare is apprenticed to a dressmaker in the town, while their son Herbert Walter is one of the young gentlemen behind the counter at the Universal Grocery Stores. Mrs. Tomlins keeps the little shop, and her customers are sure of getting full value for their money, in gossip at any rate. John Price and his sons own the carpenter's shop, and do all the odd jobs of the village; Mrs. Price has the reputation of possessing a very sharp tongue, which perhaps accounts for the fact that her husband is always known as "poor old John." Ben Thomas, the blacksmith, is "mighty powerful" in his speech, and at election time comes out as an ardent Radical. He has a seat on the Parish Council, and used to sing in the church choir till, not approving of the innovations introduced by a musical curate, he transferred his allegiance to the chapel; his son Joe is of a less fiery character, quite the most popular young fellow in the village, where he is a leading light in the Cricket Club and on the Institute committee, and "Old Ben" is secretly very proud of him, though he bullies him consistently and keeps his nose to the grindstone.

Figures such as these stand out, but there are many others of whom I might write—simple, hard-working men and women whose pleasures are few, whose outlook is strictly bounded, and yet who plod away amazingly contented with their lots. There is not much room for adventure or romance in village life; the more eager spirits break away to find or lose their souls in great cities, and for those who stay behind there is just the daily round to the rhythm of the seasons, and in the face of wind and weather, sunshine and storm. How to relieve the monotony of this life, and so make it more attractive to those of the coming generation who will not face the old humdrum existence, is one of the most vital problems of the present.



THE OLD CARRIER'S CART WILL SOON BE ACCOUNTED AS PREHISTORIC

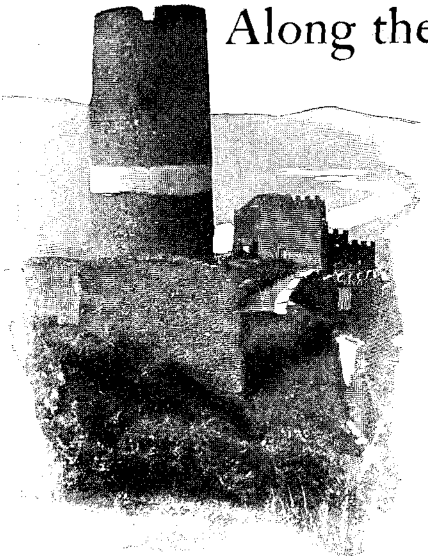


Admiral Makaroff

The story of the death of Admiral Makaroff on April 13, with the loss of his flag-ship, the Petropavlovsk, and some six hundred of his men, is known to our readers. Vice-Admiral Stephan Osipovich Makaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian naval forces in the Far East, was a man of a bold and vigorous personality, and after his arrival at Port Arthur the Russian vessels repeatedly acted on the aggressive. Admiral Makaroff had been in active service for forty years or more, and his many promotions were usually the reward of achievements of distinction. In the Russo-Turkish War he was in command of a cruiser, and with it carried out some remarkable and audacious attacks on Turkish ports. In reward he was not only promoted, but was personally honored by the Czar, and received from him the order of St. Vladimir. Before his promotion to supreme naval command in the East, Admiral Makaroff was military governor of Kronstadt.

Along the Banks of the Moselle

By Paul van Dyke



RUINS OF BISCHOFSTEIN CASTLE

THE first time I saw the waters of the Moselle, vacation and my purse were all but finished, and the call of science was so strongly aided by the spur of poverty that I went on toward the stuffy lecture-rooms of Berlin with only a lingering glance at the hills through whose gates the swift stream poured. But the glance enriched life with a pleasant anticipation.

And it was almost a matter of regret to find myself, years later, at the head of the little valley of the Nahe, seated beside a good comrade in the railway carriage which was to carry me across to the watershed of the Moselle. Could any stream slip as softly beneath the crags, or any vine-clad hills curve as gracefully to the rippled edge of the current as those whose beauty had smoothed the wrinkles of my mind in a hundred fleeting dreams of day and night? Was it not a mistake to exchange the pleasant anticipations in the hand for a disappointing reality in the bush? And yet, I said to myself, reassuringly, it is a foolish scruple, for, after all, we can always trust the tact of memory to save for us even the most impossible situations. For instance, there was that mistaken trip across the south German plain at the end of a nine weeks' drought, with blazing heat, withered foliage, choking dust, morose peasants, dirty inns, and the grim horns of the dilemma—stewed veal or roast pork—driving us nearer to dyspepsia every day. When a year had passed, nothing but the most torturing cross-examination could induce memory to recall anything about it but the full moon floating up through the sunset haze above the circle of little hills, the beating of flails under the timbered roofs of old barns, the sound of laughter and singing floated out through great doors on the odors of the hop-vines the children were stripping.

After all, it is the man who is afraid to realize his anticipations who comes at last to the humor that cares for neither memory nor hope.

It required such philosophy as we had been able to accumulate in the train to face the manufacturing town at which we left it. Saarbrücken seemed to consist entirely of suburbs made of jerry-built workmen's houses in a particularly dirty shade of stucco. It closely joins a string of tiny towns of the same kind, and the short stretches between them are shadowed by disgust and a cloud of coal smoke which wipes the beauty out of even the lush meadows stretching from the road to the ridge whose base is smeared by the dingy waters of the little Saar.

It was one of those rides when a bicycle becomes almost a thing of beauty. A wheel is no more apt for a picture than a silk hat, and that shy spirit, romance, picks up her skirts and flies with a little scream of disgust at the very word. But the prosaic thing means for the sentimental traveler escape from the railroad, and a flying foot through dull stretches. In an hour and a half we dismounted, fifteen miles off, at Saarlouis, with no more ill humor than could be cleared away by a good supper at the "Three Hares" and a hot discussion with the landlord and his guests over Alsace and Lorraine.

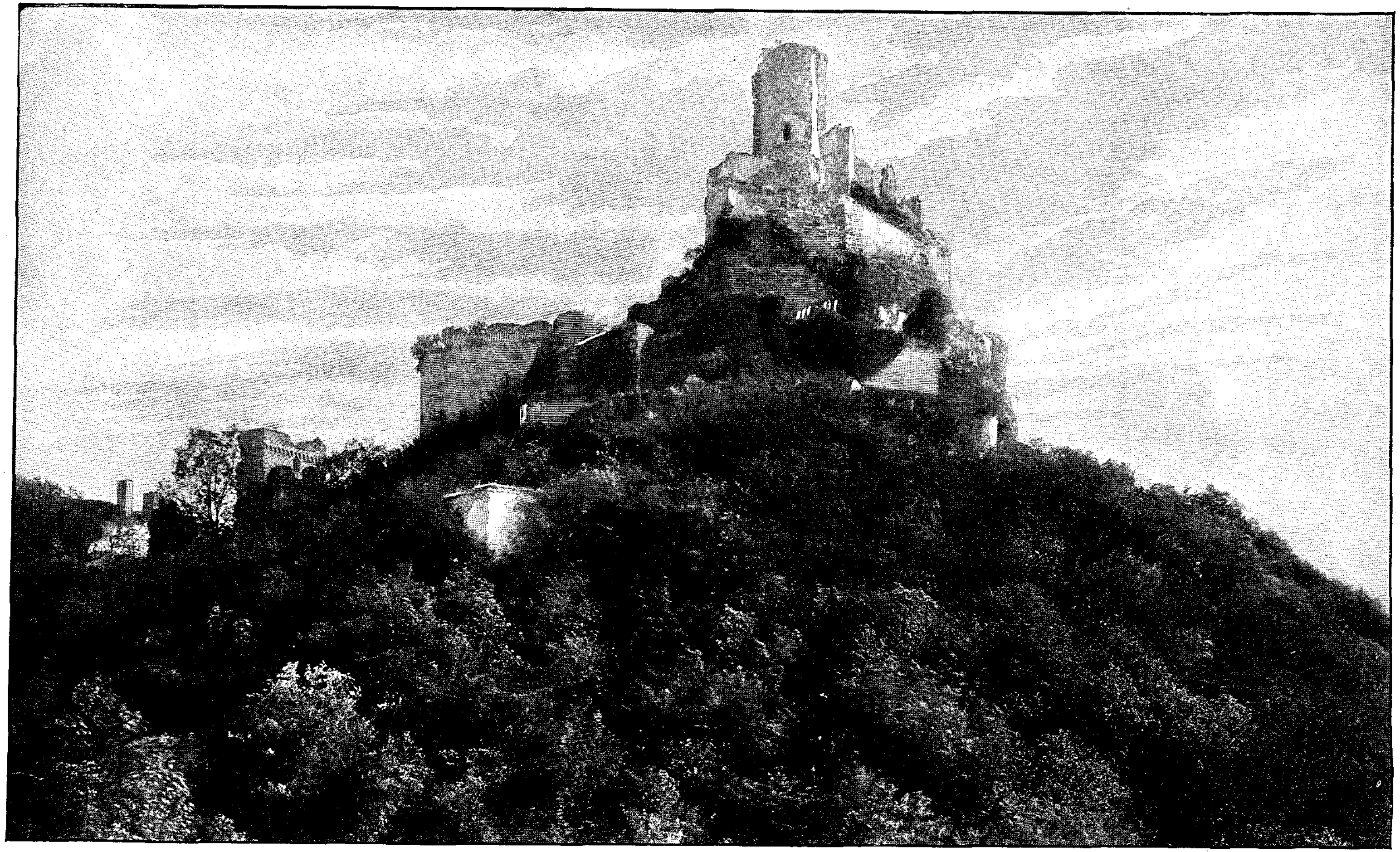
After breakfast, the pleasure of rapid motion and a brisk morning air made a dull road seem short, and we were surprised when we reached Metzlar. There are travelers who look on all manufacturing towns as an abomination of desolation, but only the eyes that will not see can fail to notice an occasional one with an air of distinction. And so long as men must use fire more and more in order to live at all on the crowded earth, it is pleasant to know that the choice between the cities of the Philistines and a hermitage in the wilderness is not forced upon us. There is no need to stain all the blue sky or foul all the clear waters of the world of cities. Dirty and sprawling Saarbrücken and its neighbors had greed and slovenly recklessness stamped like the motto of a coat of arms on every corner. Trim little Metzlar, with the grass in front of its great pottery, the flowers in the yards of the small whitewashed houses, the children playing on the school-house green, and the spire of the church pointing up toward the sun, told of a people who knew that cleanliness was next to godliness, and got the most out of life by not trying to get too much.

At Metzlar the creeping Saar, which above avoids the road as if a little ashamed of its dirt, grows bright like the face of one who by patient, clean living has left an ugly past behind; and, just below the town, runs into a narrow gorge, where it brawls pleasantly along over a stony bed. But here the road, so long avoided, gives the river no more chance of company, and turns back on to the hills to cut off the long loop of ravine. We looked wistfully at the river which we must leave just when it was beginning to be a jolly comrade, and thought of Pascal's "rivers are moving roads which carry us wherever we wish."

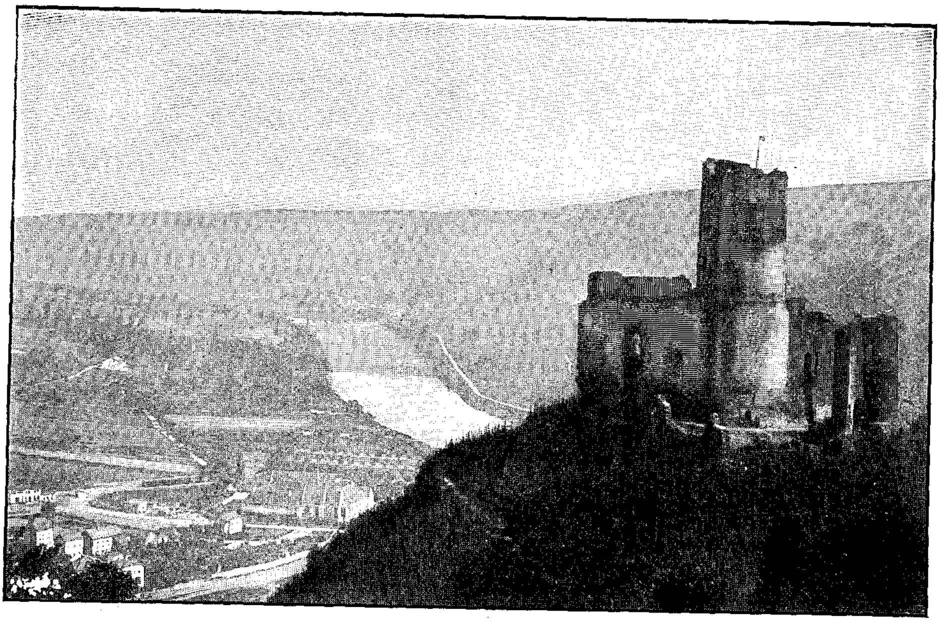
How well it would be for the traveler to have Fortunatus's cap! Not that he would wish himself at once at his destination. It is hard to imagine anything that would make traveling or living more uninteresting. We need to arrive, because it is dull traveling when we are not going anywhere; but life is a pilgrimage, and its best pleasures are of the road. To miss the road with its ups and downs and weariness would be to miss it all.

But though the wise man would not care to miss the going, it would be pleasant to choose the way sometimes. To step into a canoe and be carried, paddle in hand and eyes watching the center ripple down into the rocks and pines of this lonely gorge, and then out again, miles below, among the gentle fields and woods and villages on the other slope of the ridge, certainly seemed attractive. But the ways we have not taken may have had more dangers and less pleasures than we imagine, and perhaps, after all, we got the best of it, though we did push our wheels for miles up the long, hot curves of the hill road to find ourselves at sunset riding into Treves, which lies on the Moselle just below the mouth of the Saar.

Our little inn, which stood at the crossing of two narrow cobblestone streets, bore a strangely inappropriate title. When we looked at the list of the Treves hotels the night before, these words stood out from the pages of the guide-book: "*Stadt Venedig*—anerkannte gute Küche." We affected as we rode into the city to leave the choice of an inn to chance, but if the "City of Venice" had been Sindbad's island of magnetic rock which pulled the nails out of all the ships, it could not have drawn our bicycles more irresistibly to its faded portals. We sat down to dinner with a large company, whose appearance "said as plain as whisper in the ear," Commercial Traveler. Their mere presence allayed the haunting fear lest the cook had died in the three years since that guide-book was printed. In front of each man stood a tall, thin bottle, and he was talking about it with a preternatural gravity and tenacity that gave to the converse the air of some sacred rite necessary before libation. We should not have found it strange, for in the valley of the Moselle, which lives by wine, this sort of talk flows on forever. One chief ornament of the city museum is a monument dating from the time when the Romans were building Treves for their northern capital. It shows a barge filled with wine-casks, and the faces of the steersman and rowers all bear the same expression of preternatural gravity that we saw among the diners at the Stadt Venedig. You may observe it on the faces of the men on the porch of any American country tavern when they are talking about horses or cigars. At



THE FALCON'S NEST, EHRENBURG, NEAR BRODENBACH



A CASTLED CRAG BELOW ALF

the third course Fidus Achates said, with a sigh, "What a beautiful place for Silas Bascom of Maine! He took after both his parents, and one et a great deal and the other et a great while." There were seven courses at luncheon for thirty-seven and a half cents, and eleven at dinner for sixty-two and a half cents. Therefore we forgot the road and lingered at Capua.

Treves, which apparently has just about enough to do to keep it content with leisure, bears with a smile a load of archæological memories which might crush a busier or less cheerful city. To see successively the Roman Gate, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Baths, the Basilica, a Museum full of Roman antiquities, and some half a dozen churches, was to become oppressed with a deep and shameful sense of ignorance, and I asked a bookseller if he had anything which might help me.

So the Alpine traveler starts an avalanche by an incautious word. He began bringing books by the armful, climbing ladders to all his topmost shelves, and answering every protest by assurances of his pleasure in serving a tourist with a mind above mere guide-books and cheap souvenirs. Then, peering over the top of a huge pile of volumes, he began to point out their merits. It was a dreadful fate to be thus tied to the stake of compliment and overwhelmed by the rising tide of learning, so I carefully explained that in taking the smallest volume I showed my love of information by paying for it at the very highest rate per page, and, before he could recover, completed my escape. After it was carefully packed on the bicycle, the book diffused a general sense of being well informed which was worth far more than it cost.

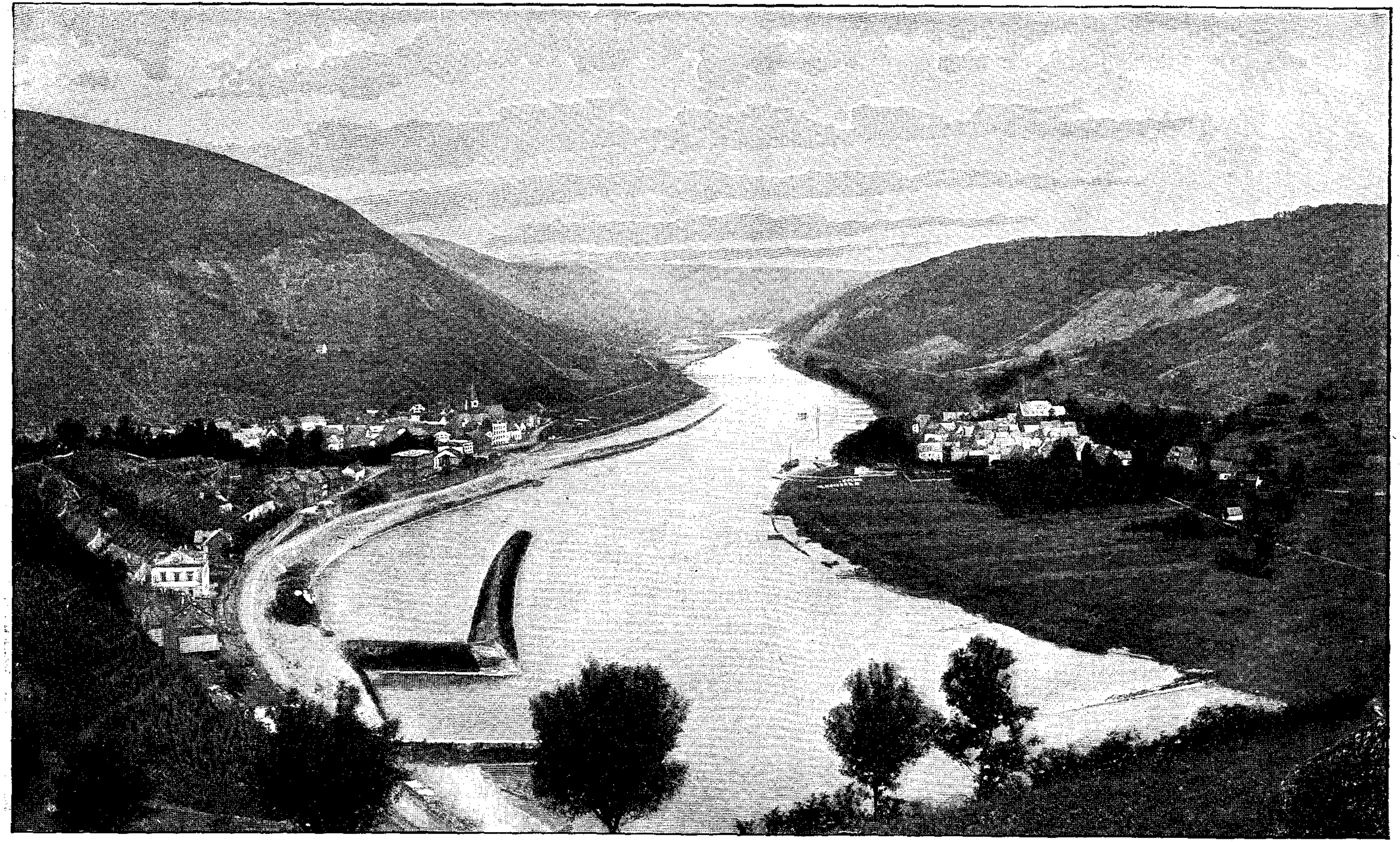
It was afternoon when we rode out of the massive gateway that gives dignity to the little city, because, like an ancient title, it suggests a great past; and in an hour we were at the ferry. Why is it so pleasant to cross a rope ferry? It may be that the strong, clumsy scow, with its rough timbers and planks, suggests subtle memories, primitive and good, of hay-ricks and barn floors and a supper of bread and milk. Perhaps the charm is the sense of triumph at forcing the stream to lead you to the very bank it would keep you from; or it may be only the gentleness of gliding motion. Whatever the reason, we sat on the thwart and heard the water lapping under our feet in idle contentment and a vague expectation of meeting something strange and pleasant on the other side. Then, as the sunbeams sloped slowly down behind us, we followed the road over the breast of the hills to the uplands back of the river. We skirted a long copse of planted beeches, at the edge of whose ordered files a few adventurous pines had sprung up of their own will. From this wall of cool gray and green the eye ranged over a sweep of rolling grass-land fresh with the clear color of the aftermath, and out of it the scattered Lombardy poplars stood up sheer against a gentle sky of blue, shaded near the horizon into misty clouds. It was one of those days of early fall when the fields and woods seem to be resting from the summer's work and smiling like a sleeping child.

The winding ascent led us at length into a broad plain so high that only the very tops of the hills rolled up their line of woods to meet the eye on either hand. We knew that to our right, at the base of the ridge, the river swept in a great curve; but the road came down to it again far in front, and across stubble fields and copses and little wooded hills and pasture-land and orchard, and the white walls of three villages, we could see where earth and sky met.

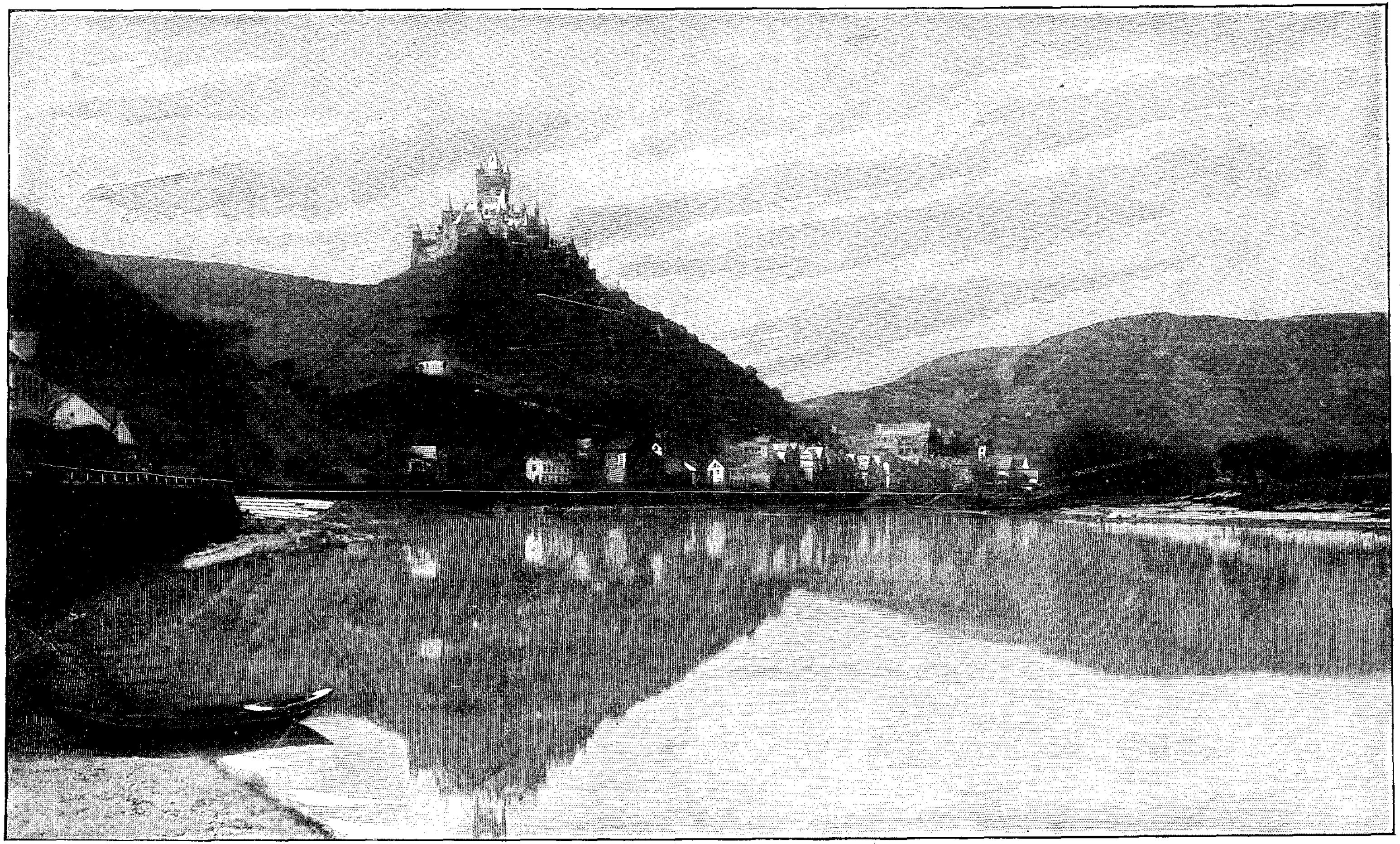
At the other side of the plain the first downward slope of the road brought us into a forest—no fuel farm whose trees the old men could remember as saplings, but an ancient wood whose vistas had gleamed with the silks and satins of knights and ladies, and echoed to the horn when the first burst of the pack told of a boar surprised at his breakfast of beechnuts. It was not, like our own woods, dim with underbrush and strewn with fallen trunks and branches, for generations of villagers had warmed their hearths with its spoils.

This company of trees had the same venerable air as those at home, but the thought of the many feet that had wandered among their roots made them seem less alien to human cares and hopes. One would hesitate to swing the ax against them. In our forests the trees seem to have grown that the hunter may strip the bark for the shelter in which he lies to smoke his hoarded tobacco while the great logs glow fiercely as the flame slowly eats to their heart. No one scruples to fling on to the fire branches enough to make a dozen fagots, just to see the shower of sparks pour up into the darkness. But the gifts of these old friends of man are not to be wasted. Perhaps a long search might find, on some trunk beside that deep-worn path crossing from village to village, traces of the letters cut by a

COBERN. A TYPICAL VINEYARD HILLSIDE



NEAR THE MARIENBURG. THE PIERS ARE TO PROTECT THE BANK AGAINST THE CURRENT



COCHEM CASTLE. A QUIET STRETCH OF THE RIVER wandering pair of lovers whose children are now moldered to dust.

The pine woods have somber moods, and it must have been through them that the wolves howled on the track of the woodsman in the old tales as he fled for home through the falling snow and darkness. But the beech woods are full of mystery without terror, and the sunlight flickers through the heaviest shades to flush the smooth gray trunks. It was among the beeches that the lost prince met the good fairy. And here on the edge the goose-girl turned to look back on the house of her cruel stepmother in that little village below, before she went gladly in among the sheltering arms of the trees to find crystal springs and luscious berries and a talking deer for her friend.

But the berries are gone and the spring is dry, and there is nothing for us to do but ride hard and fast down the road that follows the curving ravine past the village and around that spur of hill until it reaches the plain below, where, through a break in its rocky walls, we see once more the Moselle.

The half-moon sent its beams through a lingering flush on the clouds to touch the river with silver as we turned our back on the light and wheeled downstream between the water and the base of the great Weinberg which stretched to Berncastel. It was dusk and still as we shot swiftly through the vineyards; on our left only a thin strip reaching to the edge of the water; on our right, tier upon tier of terraces rising to the summit of the mountain. The vines were no misshapen stocks, pruned out of all grace and stripped half-naked like those of the Rhine, but pyramids of foliage more than six feet high, with huge leaves clustered at their bases almost hiding the burden of fruit. They seemed half green and growing and half human, for in such a mood and hour the Greeks saw the dryads slip from the slim trunks and run laughing through the woodlands. It was but a single charmed moment, for it seemed that almost suddenly the dim and graceful outlines faded into one dark mass.

The lights were lit when we crossed the bridge into Berncastel, and without them we never could have found our hotel. It was a very old one, "The Three Kings," with a door at the bottom of a narrow street that sloped so sharply up as almost to touch the second-story windows before it got past the building. But at the supper-table it was not possible to think much of the past in company with two bridal parties supremely interested in the present. One was returning from a two months' trip in Spain, and telling an old school friend of the wife's all about it. The husband was a man in the mature strength of life, and looked as if he had done something in the world, of the doing of which, or of the look of having done it, the wife was exceedingly proud. The couple across the table were just starting on their honeymoon, and the young husband had manifestly never done much in the world, and probably never would, but the girl by his side was as contented and more proud than her neighbor.

The town of Berncastel produces the finest wine of the river, called, nobody knows why, Berncastel Doctor. Perhaps it was the double bridal party at supper or the delicate aroma that filled the room from their glasses, but the name was potent and told a story. He was an Italian, and walked through the streets of Berncastel in his fur-trimmed gown of a Doctor of the University of Pisa. The learned Cardinal Nicolas, who was the glory of the German Church, had sent him from the south; for the Cardinal was building in his birthplace, Cues, across the river, the hospital and church where his heart is buried, and the Doctor was half Latin poet and half architect. He was slender and dark and grave, but with a merry eye; and he could do everything, from making a long Latin speech at the yearly town festival to showing the city vintners several things about vines and wine-making which they did not know. She was small, with blue eyes, and a smile that ran across her face like the wind rippling the river in the sunlight. They met often in her father's house—the one with narrow windows at the corner of the steep street—and he talked brilliantly of his work and his travels. And she listened and questioned and jested while she filled the glasses, except sometimes when his look made her heart leap so that she feared he would see her folded kerchief move, and she drew around her a quick reserve. His own passion told him he might win her if he tried; but a young poet, even if he was a bit of an architect, had almost as hard a struggle in the fifteenth century as in the twentieth, and so, as he said to himself, for her sake, but really for the sake of his career, he rode across the bridge one morning without looking round at the narrow windows. And he would not have seen anything there but lowered curtains if he had. I do not know whether her heart slowly dried up or just broke; or whether he died in a public hospital or became a rich Papal secretary; but all the glow and laughter of the fountain of the joy of living from which they never drank passed into the vines that clothe the hill back of Berncastel—at least so I dreamt that night; and, if it is not true, I wish some one who could, would tell us just what did happen.

I cannot remember how many rope ferries we crossed after we rode through the vineyards of Piespont and Zell, whose every vine looked as well fed and groomed as a race-horse; but at last we came to Marienburg, where the Moselle makes a large ox-bow, winding for twelve miles around a narrow tongue of land. The river has been gnawing away at the promontory and trying for ages to make a shorter road for the current, but the rocky ridge is too tough for it and remains uncut except by the railroad tunnel. The miles around the tongue were as pretty as any

THE RIVER ROAD BELOW BERNCASTEL

other part of the river, but for some occult reason, probably owing to our American blood, it seemed absurd to ride around twelve miles to a point we could reach in three hundred yards of tunnel. On the other hand, it is a fixed principle of wise traveling for pleasure never to use a railroad if it can conveniently be avoided, so we decided to walk over the mountain to the other side. But we sent our bicycles by rail. Thus we reached the top cool and in a good humor.

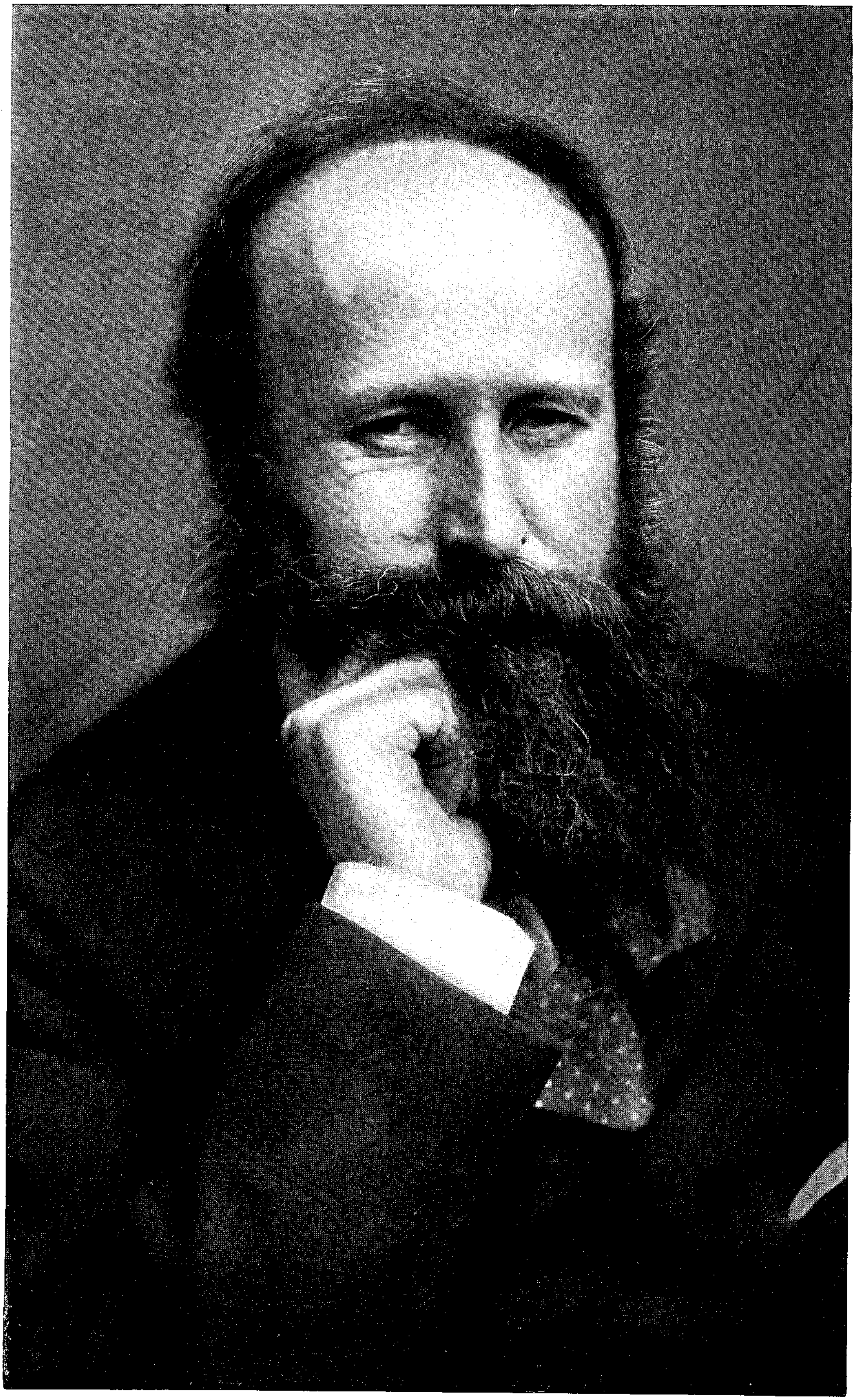
It was a characteristic low mountain view of a river valley. The Moselle ran away from the eye into the hazy distance with the same suggestion of great reaches of fertile fields filled with small communities free from fret and strain which floats up to the top of Mount Holyoke from the narrow silver stretches and broad green meadows of the upper Connecticut. The village in front of us across the river was bordered by little sections of arable field, and the varied crops gave it the appearance of being surrounded by stripes of different-colored paint. The keeper of the signal-tower told us these were the portions of the village land assigned every year by lot, each to a burgher, and' worked by him according to a system of rotation of crops. Probably this annual gamble to decide whether he was to have the chance of living the coming twelve months on beans or potatoes or cabbage was, to the average inhabitant, his greatest excitement. For in these old communities men seem to be whittled out by fate to fit into sockets. Perhaps our inward revolt against this reflection showed in our faces and suggested anarchy and revolution to our informant, or it may have been that the suspicion evident in his glance arose simply from the usual difficulty of the peasant in deciding whether the inquiring traveler is a spy or a fool. At all events, he was still regarding us with a doubtful eye as we left him to go down to Alf.

There was a little daylight yet to come when we got our wheels again, and, instead of sitting to watch the river flowing past the pier, we must needs employ it in riding up to Bad Bertrich. The lower part of the tiny side valley was quietly beautiful, with low rough cliffs and smooth beeches hanging over the road; but it ended badly in a village pervaded by the strains of a brass band, infested with souvenir booths, and swarming with what the Germans call "sommer frische leute"—in American, "summer boarders." We pushed on to the summit of the watershed, and longed to run down into the unknown country on the other side. The falling darkness was clothing the earth before us with gentle mystery, and we felt assured that just around the little ridge where the road turned there was a landscape of most ravishing beauty. But we had to come back leaving it unseen.

The part of the river valley we followed next morning is strewn with castles whose situations give to their ruins a most piratical air. But it seems as if their former owners must, even in their palmiest days, have been somewhat out at elbows. The profession of nobleman was entirely overdone in this vicinity, and doubtless the robber barons had hard times to pick up a living, because the demand for robbable passers must have exceeded the supply. As happens now in New England towns, there could scarcely have been enough game to go round, even meagerly, among so many hunters. The crags with their towers and walls, and the little towns below, give to some bends of the river so bizarre an appearance that we had a sense of being cheated—a lurking suspicion that we were looking at a setting arranged by some scene-painter for picturesque effect.

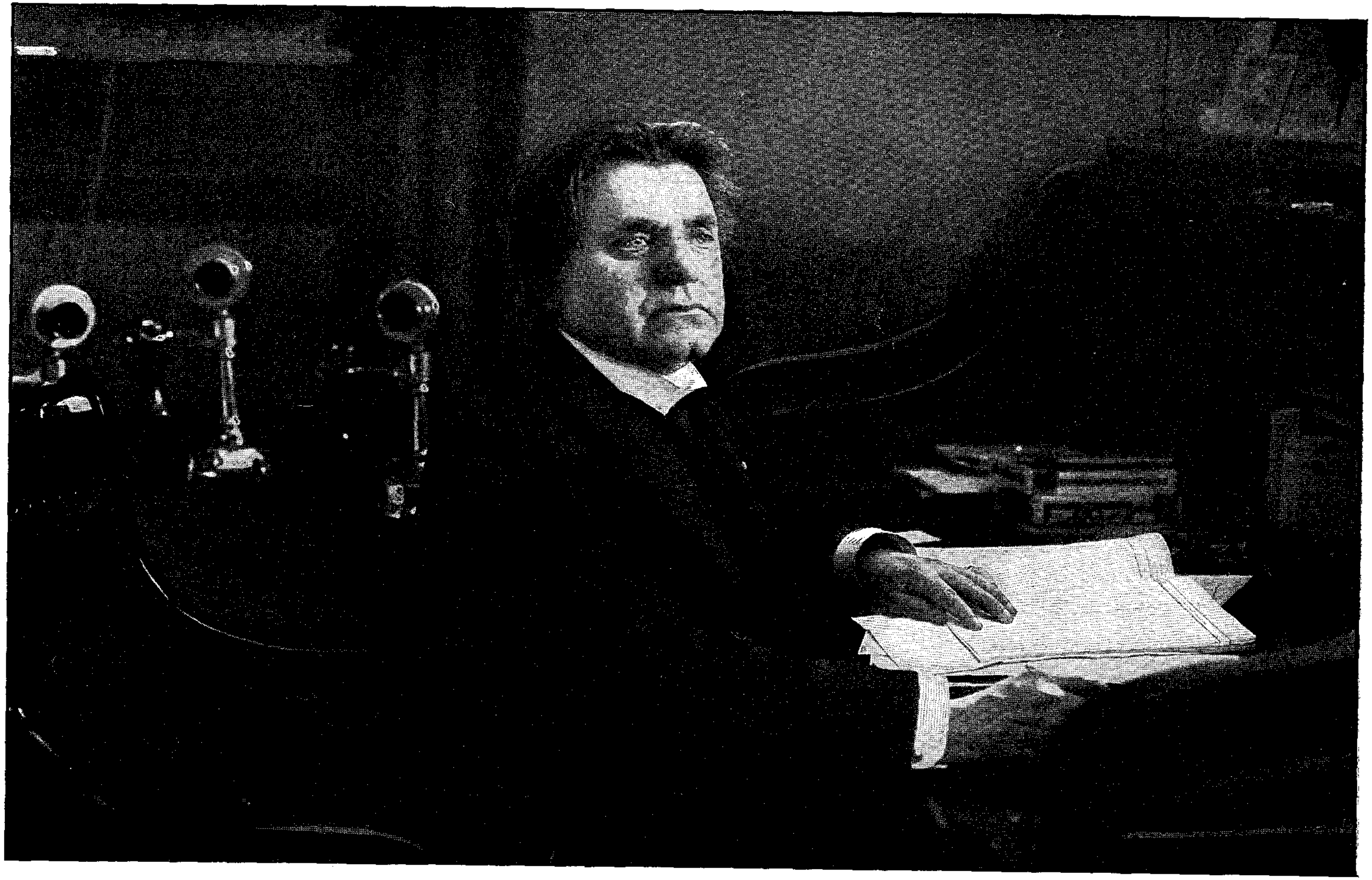
The Moselle is free from the ceaseless bustle that gives a Sunday excursion atmosphere to the Rhine. No steamers run in the season of low water, and the railroad leaves the bank for stretches of many miles. We rode along the broader valley of the lower river, past fields bright with autumn crocus, in a mood of almost sleepy serenity.

It was rudely broken by a suburban policeman of Coblentz, which lies near the meeting of the Rhine and the Moselle. He explained the bicycle regulations, and we felt that the only sure way to escape arrest was to walk into the city. We arrived, therefore, at "The Golden Pig" in no serene mood.



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

The famous Russian painter of war scenes who perished with Admiral Makaroff in the Petropavlovsk disaster.



HEINRICH CONRIED

From a photograph made for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt.

Heinrich Conried and What He Stands For

By Norman Hapgood

ALTHOUGH Mr. Heinrich Conried at the present moment occupies a spectacular position, his true importance does not rest upon the fact that he undertook the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company and produced "Parsifal." His present eminent post is rather a tribute to what many years of conspicuous labor have accomplished. Although his first season in grand opera has made for him a National reputation, the abilities which it has brought into evidence are those which have long been exhibited in his conduct of the only high-grade stock theater company in America, and the worth of things is not measured by the light in which they are performed. Size enters too much to-day into our definition of the word success.

In the opera Mr. Conried has to some extent applied the principles which he inherited from Germany and upon which he built up his theater in Irving Place. To a certain extent, also, he has departed from them, forced by shortness of time and by the pressure of American taste. Another season will bring the opera nearer to what he planned for it, nearer to the German ideal of an artistic whole; but it may also bring him nearer to our showier standards, to our need of special stimulation, novelty, and personal centers of attention; for acknowledged success is tempting to some men, and it is not impossible that Mr. Conried may become a follower rather than a leader of American taste. We shall live to see; but I personally confess a taint of jealousy in myself over this operatic glamour, not only because through it the only satisfying playhouse in America may degenerate, but also because a more needed, although more modest, enterprise, of which Mr. Conried has been thinking for years, is now less likely to be carried out, since, measured by reverberation and applause, it would be the opposite of a climax. For a long time Mr. Conried has been promising to his friends the establishment of a repertory theater in English, to give us our English dramas with the completeness, solidity, and intelligence which mark the production of German plays on Irving Place. He has said that only the acquisition of certain land for his building postponed the undertaking, and he had scheduled for the first year a complete cycle of Shakespeare's plays. What he may do toward fundamentally improving opera it remains to see. That he could have hastened a revolution in dramatic taste there is no room to doubt. We are ripe for such a change. Never have we been so ripe as now. Give us one theater comparable to the best in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, and the exclusive reign of standards now dominant on Broadway would meet a speedy end.

That English-speaking peoples have never established the theater as an institution, on the plane of some Continental peoples, is sometimes regarded as part of the price we pay for free government. The Français comes down from the times when absolute monarchy might patronize art after its own choice and pleasure, and in Germany to-day the drama is an encouraged plant, watered by city and State, not a machine existing primarily to coin money, as it is in England and our country. Of all parts of the world to-day Germany stands highest for the excellence of her theaters, and also for the quality of her contemporary playwrights, and these two conditions naturally depend upon each other; the theater helping the dramatists and the dramatists helping the theater. If we had a Sudermann, a Hauptmann, and a dozen such, it would be easier to establish a higher theater system; but, conversely, if we turned the playhouse to better uses we should be more likely to produce our own Sudermann and Hauptmann. Mr. Conried grew up in a land some of whose most distinguished intelligence is put upon the theater. He came to a land of which such an allegation would be comically untrue. He was an actor, and the actor is educated mainly in the theater, often showing great quickness in extracting what education is possible from his environment. Among us the actor finds but sorry picking. In Germany he acquires a natural intimacy with much of the world's greatest literature and much of the strongest contemporary thought. He not only knows German and foreign classics, but the current plays in which he appears differ in depth and illumination from ours as culture and intelligence differ from vulgarity and nonsense. His repertory sometimes includes several hundred parts, whereas with us the actor may spend three years stalking through a single rôle. The German, moreover, is on the stage one night and at leisure the next; the American repeats his lines night after night, and at two matinées a week, throughout the season. The American has a "line," which is seldom relieved; the German may be a hero one night, a butler the next; he may be the center of the piece or appear for five minutes; he alternates from tragedy to comedy, from "straight" parts to character. The director of his theater is an educated and competent man, who has often gone from literature to his present occupation. The stage managers are also men of education and artistic understanding. Such being the atmosphere in which his mind and talents grow, it is no wonder that a German by no means exceptional as an actor frequently develops into a manager of distinction.

Such was Mr. Conried's evolution. Not more than fair as an actor, his career upon the stage was an admirable preparation for management, toward which he showed an early predilection, his nature being more executive than histrionic. Since he has been in charge of the Irving Place Theater he has lived up to his German traditions as far as circumstances allowed. That theater has not meant much to multitudes, but it has been a light in a dark place; it has encouraged and stimulated lovers of the drama; it has made it possible for them to judge of the divergence between the American stage and what the stage ought to be; and thus, although inconspicuous, it has shone like "a good deed in a naughty world." The number of Americans who could draw inspiration there has been limited, of course, by the language; but even through that barrier it has influenced enough to make it a leader among the modest forces that are gathering to overthrow the empty vulgarity of our stage. In conducting it Mr. Conried has met problems which would not exist in Germany, first among them the effect of American life upon the rising generation of Germans, who have proved of more frivolous preferences than their parents, and have either wandered over to Broadway or supported farces on Irving Place much more willingly than Schiller. In Germany theaters are devoted to one kind of drama or another, a division almost as essential as the separation between grand and comic opera, or between hand organs and symphony orchestras. There being in New York but one German theater of importance, and comparatively few Germans of the kind who are the higher drama's chief support, it was necessary to combine in Irving Place elements which would in Germany have been found in separate theaters. To keep alive, among such difficulties, a theater so far above the New York level, required a man astute in affairs as well as in art, and Mr. Conried's purely business ability is ample. He has a head for figures, and well knows the difference between a possibility and a dream. He knows how much an actor is worth, and how much can be spent for scenery on any given play, and he obtains his dramas on very reasonable terms. More significant still, of the practical side of him, is his invention of a business which has kept him in pecuniary comfort while requiring almost none of his attention or of his capital. We have all been furnished with chairs on our Atlantic voyages by the Ocean Steamship Chair Company at $1 per voyage, but few of us have suspected that this scheme originated in the brain of Mr. Conried, or that the entire enterprise was carried on at odd moments in the office of the theater, without extra assistance, so simple was the plan. It has been so lucrative that rivals have sprung into existence, but the first company in the field has continued to earn money enough to supply the needs of the fertile individual who conceived the plan.

This stroke of business reminds me of Mr. Conried's race. The forlorn condition of our theater is frequently used as an excuse for attacks upon the Jews, since they are in control; but I have been unable to see that they are worse than Gentile competitors. The managers turn out machine-made dramas as factories produce furniture by machinery, and business men use machinery in art whether they are Jew or Gentile. Mr. Conried, having done more for dramatic art than any one else in America in our day, ought to be an instance striking enough to dispel this race prejudice. To his Jewish blood he probably owes his energy and his shrewdness, as to the training of his fatherland he owes his knowledge and his standards.

The theater in this country will never be improved by the sporadic adventures of inferior playwrights who hope for a too sudden notoriety. Such an exhibition as Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld has made of himself this winter does harm to the cause of progress, by bringing effort in the name of art into contempt and ridicule; and the same amateurishness and insincerity were, to a less extent, badges of the Theater of Arts and Letters, the Criterion, and the experiment at Carnegie Hall. Childish, haphazard playing at what ought to be a great work offends the public and confirms such hard-headed and half-educated individuals as Mr. Andrew Carnegie in their prejudices against considering the drama as an element of education that needs liberal treatment, like music, galleries of art, libraries, the church, and colleges. With our Anglo-Saxon individualism and distrust of subsidies, business ability is as necessary as knowledge and training to the upbuilding of our theaters. Our harum-scarum experimenters have had neither. Mr. Conried has both. A critic of fame in two hemispheres, who has striven for years to make the British desire better drama, went with me to a rehearsal at the Irving Place Theater, and expressed the opinion that if there were in London one such man as Mr. Conried the long fight for an intellectual drama could now be won. If Mr. Conried had undertaken a theater in English, he would not have needed much help—perhaps only the "subscription system," which obtains in Germany and has been used at the Irving Place, and with which the opera has made us familiar. I say "if he had undertaken"—but I still hope for this step, the one for which his life-work has prepared him, and the one of which there is so conspicuous a need.

Much of the best drama depends absolutely for effect upon special abilities and knowledge in stage managers and actors. I have seen Mr. Conried put life into a Sudermann scene in ten minutes, when before his arrival an English company could make of it nothing but wandering talk. Intimate comprehension is needed, and variety of resources, and both are given in Germany by tradition, or, in other words, by the joint thought of many minds. Many a so-called "literary" drama, which proves ineffectual upon our stage, might succeed brilliantly if rightly managed; and, conversely, if our theater once began to tend toward superior plays adequately performed, more and more gifted men would seek this interesting field, whether as manager or as playwright. It happens that our public at this moment is longing for an entering wedge. Never has there been the same eagerness for a change. What a few can get in German on Irving Place thousands would like to have in English uptown. We need only the right man to lead the way. Our situation is more promising than that of England; for, with the same distrust of State aid, we have more latent enthusiasm and more money in search of opportunity to do good. Once well introduced, a theater equal to those of Germany would meet but one great obstacle—our measurement of success by such flamboyant signs as numbers, notoriety, and money; and it is that obstacle, looming in the front of all modest work, that has led me to fear that Mr. Conried's assumption of the fashionable opera may make him less likely to execute a greater work of which the results would be more profound. On the other hand, the opera has made him a National figure, and therefore, by increasing his prestige and influence, may possibly in the end increase the amount which he is able and willing to do toward a reform for which he, and he alone in America, has the ideal combination of force, executive ability, and intellectual preparation.

The School We Lost: A Story of the Seiners

By James B. Connolly

Author of "Out of Gloucester," etc., etc.

ON that fine April afternoon there must have been forty sail of us in sight—Gloucester seiners all—spread out and cruising lazily, fifty or sixty miles to the southward of Cape May and twenty-five or thirty miles off-shore.

Aloft on the Johnny Duncan were the skipper and Billy Hurd to one side, and Clancy and myself to the other. We were all in oilskins and heavy jerseys, for with the vessel going along at even no more than six knots by the wind it is pretty chilly at the masthead, nice and comfortable though it may be on deck in the sun.

A vessel ahead of us must have sighted mackerel, for we saw a boat go over the side. Soon another and another put over boats, but they were the most southerly of the fleet—all of ten miles from us.

In an hour or so the fish began to school nearer to us—deep-black flurryings in the water, like tide-rips. "Over with the boat!" called the skipper, and there was a great stamping on the deck below. "In with the seine!" and in it went whirring, stowed away by a dozen hurrying men.

The fish were beginning to come our way. Suddenly a school popped up close by. It was the skipper who saw it first—the flipping of them on the surface of the water. "Into the boat!" he roared. "Not you, Billy—you stay up here and keep an eye to the school. Down you, and lively!" he said to me, and dove, himself and Clancy, each for a backstay. There was nothing left for me but the jib halyards, and down them I slid with my fingers burning under the friction. I thought I came down in a hurry, especially after dropping the last twelve or fifteen feet to the deck, but they were both on deck before me. "A wire stay beats hemp for sliding," explained Clancy, even as he was leaping for the rail.

"Lively—the Aurora's going after it!" I hardly had time to leap into the dory after Clancy, and we were away, with the seine-boat shooting out from under one quarter and we after her from under the other. There was nobody left aboard the vessel but Hurd to the masthead, and on deck George Moore, the cook, whose business it was now to handle the vessel.

In the seine-boat it was double-banked oars, nine long blades abeam and a monstrous big one steering—good as another oar—and all driving for dear life, with Long Steve, the seine-heaver, and a cork-passer standing by the seine. The skipper was on top of the pile of netting and corks that made up the seine, with his eyes fixed on the school ahead. His only motions were to open his mouth to the men and to wave with his hands to the steersman behind him. "Drive her—drive her," he called to the crew—"More yet—more yet," to the steering-oar. "There's the porgy steamer's boat, too, after the same school. Drive her now, fellows!"

The mackerel were wild as could be, great rafts of them, and traveling faster than the old seiners in the gang said they had ever seen them travel before, and, what was worse, not staying up long. There were boats out from three or four vessels before we pushed off from ours. I remember the porgy steamer, referred to by the skipper, had cut in ahead, and given their boat a long start for a school. However, that school did not stay up long enough, and they had their row for nothing. But then their steamer picked them up again, and dropped them on the way to the same school that we were trying for. How some of our gang did swear at them! and all because they were steam-power.

It promised to be a pretty little race, but that school, like the other, went down before either crew could head it off, and so it was another row for nothing. We lay on our oars then, both crews ready for another dash, with the skipper and seine-heaver in each boat standing on his seine, and watching for the fish again. Every once in a while our skipper would look to the masthead of our vessel to see if Billy Hurd had any news.

Of course both gangs were sizing each other up. I think myself that the Duncan's crowd were a huskier lot of men than the steamer's. Our fellows looked more like fishermen, as was to be expected.

I was sizing up the two gangs myself, and I guess that nearly every one of us was doing the same thing, and keeping an eye out for fish at the same time, when all at once a school popped up on the other side of the porgyman's boat—perhaps half a mile it was, and, for a wonder, not going like a streak.

We saw it first, and got to going first, but the Aurora's boat and the steamer's boat were nearer, and so, when we were all under good headway, there were two lengths or so that we had to make up on each. Well, that was all right. Two lengths weren't so many, and we drove her. It was something to see the fellows lay out to it then—double-banked, two men to each wide seat and each man with a long oar which he had picked out and trimmed to suit himself, and every man in his own particular place, as if in a racing crew.

And now every man was bending to it. A big fellow named Rory McKinnon was setting the stroke. There was a kick and a heave to every stroke, and the men encouraging one another. "Now—now, give it to her!" was all that I could hear coming out of him. All this time we in the dory were coming on behind, Clancy and I trying to beat their dory just as our seine-boat had to beat their seine-boat. And we were driving, too, you may be sure. Clancy was making his oars bend like whips. "Blast 'em, there's no stiffness to 'em," he was complaining. And then, "Sock it to her!" he would call out to our fellows in the seine-boat, and "Put the kick to it, Joe!" to me.

"We've got the porgy crew licked—that's the stuff!" came from the skipper, who from the top of the seine was watching the other boats—watching us in the dory—watching everything. Whoever made a slip then would hear from it afterwards, we knew. And clip, clip, clip it was, with the swash just curling nicely under the bow of the boats and dories.

Our boat was gaining on the Aurora's, and the skipper was warming up. The fish were going the same way we were, still a quarter of a mile ahead.

"Drive her!" said the skipper—"drive her—drive her—another length and you got 'em. And, Kenney, it's the best of ash you've got—don't be afraid of breaking it. And, Andy Burns, didn't y' ever learn to keep stroke in the Bay of Islands with nine more men beside you rowing? And drive her—hit her up now—here's where we got 'em—they can't hold it, on their lives! Now then, another dozen strokes and we're by 'em—one, two, three—quicker, Lord, quicker!—six, seven—oh, now she's fair flying—look at her leap. You blessed lobster, keep rowing and not looking over your shoulder—we got to get up with the fish before we can even set for 'em."

A quarter-mile of that, with the foam ripping by us and every man with his blood like fire jumping to his oar, when the skipper leaped back to the steering-oar. "Stand up," he called, and then, "Now—over with the buoy," and over it went, with the dory at hand and Tommy Clancy right there to pick it up and hold it up to windward. And then over went the seine in huge armfuls. Just to see Long Steve throw that seine was worth a trip south. And vain as a child was he of his strength and endurance. "My, but look at him!" Clancy called out—"look at the back of him!" "He's a horse," somebody else would have to say, and "H-g-gh," Steve would grunt, and "H-g-g-gh—pass them corks, man," and over it would go, "H-g-gh," and the skipper would say, "That's the boy, Steve," and Steve would heave to break his back right then and there. All the time they were driving the seine-boat to the limit and the skipper was laying to the big steering-oar, the longest of them all, and taking a strong man to handle it properly—paying to it, swinging from the waist like a hammer-thrower, and the boat jumping to it. She came jumping right for us in the dory in a little while, as it doesn't take a good gang long to put a quarter-mile of netting around a school of mackerel.

It was a pretty set he made. "Pretty, pretty," you could almost hear the old seiners saying between their teeth, even as they were all rowing with jaws set and never a let-up until the circle was completed, when it was oars into the air and Clancy leaping from the dory into the seine-boat to help purse up. "It's a raft if ever we get 'em," were his first words, and everybody that wasn't too breathless said yes, it was a jeesly raft of fish.

"Purse in!" it was then, and lively. And so we pursed in, hauling on the running line in the lower edge of the seine, something as the string around the neck of a tobacco-bag is drawn tight. It was heavy work, of course, but everybody made light of it. We could not yet tell if the fish were in it or not. The leaders might have dove down when they felt the twine against their noses and so escaped, with the whole school following after, or they might have taken no alarm and stayed in.

So we pursed in, not knowing whether we were to have a good haul with a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars apiece at the end of it, or whether we would have our work for nothing. All hands kept up the pretense of joking, of course, but everybody was anxious enough. It was more than the money—it was fishermen's pride. Were we to get into New York and have it telegraphed on to Gloucester for everybody that knew us to read and talk about—landing the first mackerel of the year? We watched while the circle narrowed and the pool inside grew shallower. Somebody said suddenly, "There's one!" and "Where—where?" called the rest. Then we all saw the shine of it—and another—and another—and then the whole mass of them rose flipping. They lashed the water into foam, rushed around the edges, nosed the corks of the seine. I don't think myself that mackerel are particularly intelligent, take them generally; but at times they seemed to know—these fellows, anyway, seemed to know they were gone, and they thrashed about in fury. A mackerel is a handsome fish any time, but to see him right you want to see him fresh seined. They whipped the water white now—tens of thousands of them. I don't believe that the oldest seiner in the crew didn't feel his heart beat faster—the first mackerel of the year! "And, Lord knows, maybe a couple of hundred barrels," and the skipper's eyes shone. It meant a lot to him. And some of the men began to talk like children, they were so pleased.

Two hundred barrels the skipper had said, but long before we were all pursed up we knew that five hundred barrels would never hold the fish in that seine. The size of that school filled us with joy, and yet it was the very size of it that caused us our trouble. It was too big for the seine, and when they began to settle down and take the twine with them the trouble began for us. No bit of twine ever made to be handled from a seine-boat was big enough to hold that school of fish when they began to go down.

The skipper was awake to it early and signaled for the vessel to come alongside. So the Johnny Duncan stood over to us, and Hurd, putting the dory over with Moore's help, came jumping with it to the side of the seine where I was alone in the dory, and where, by the skipper's orders, I had made fast some of the corks to the thwarts. Billy now took some into the second dory. The whole length of the seine-boat they were doing the same thing. In that way the skipper hoped to buoy up the fish and hold them until we could bail some of them on to the deck of the vessel. But it was of no use. There must have been a thousand barrels of them, and dories and seine-boat began to go under. It was over the rail of my dory and the spare dory both, and Billy and myself to our waists when the skipper sung out for us to jump and save ourselves. We hung on a little longer, but it had got to be too much for us, and overboard we went. We were in no danger then. It is true that the sea was making and we were weighted down with oilskins and rubber boots, but we had for support the corks of the seine where it had not yet gone under. Along the corks we hauled ourselves toward the seine-boat. I was praying that the sharks that sometimes follow up mackerel would not bother us. It is probable they would not, even if they were around, as mackerel are better eating—and we made such a fuss, too, hauling ourselves through the water. However, before we could get to the seine-boat, that, too, was under. "Jump!" called the skipper, and "Jump everybody!" called Clancy, and themselves hanging on to a last handful of twine. The men in the seine-boat jumped and struck out for the vessel, which was now quite close, with the cook throwing over keelers, draw-buckets, the main sheet—anything within his reach that was loose and would support a man.

The skipper and Clancy hung on to the last. "Jump, you, Tommy," called the skipper. "Not me till you go," answered Clancy. They couldn't do a bit of good, but they hung on, each grabbing handfuls of twine in a last effort to hold up the seine. The seine-boat went under—and they up to their necks—and then it turned over and in toward the seine. Some of us hollered—we were afraid that it was all up with both of them—that they would be thrown towards the inside and tangled up in the seine. But both of them bobbed up after a while, the skipper saying nothing, but Clancy sputtering like a crazy man. The dories coming loose gave a few a chance to climb up on the bottom of them, and when the seine-boat came bobbing up, the rest of us climbed up on the bottom of that. And there was some swearing done then, you may be sure! The gang would have been all right then, waiting to be picked up by the cook from the vessel, which was pretty handy; but the seine-boat started to go under again, and then came the slap of a little sea, and overboard went seven or eight of us. All this time, too, it was coming on to dark night.

Clancy was one of those thrown into the water. We all remembered it afterwards because he called out for Thad Simpson. "Where's Thad?"

"Here," said Thad.

"Where?"

"Hanging on to the bow of the seine-boat."

"Well, hang on a little longer," said Clancy, and struck out for the vessel, and made it, too—oilskins, big boots, and all. He threw two or three lines out at once—one especially to Thad Simpson, the other man of the crew besides Andy Howe who it was known could not swim. So Clancy hauled him in. The second man he hauled in was Billy Hurd. Billy was swearing a steady stream. "Good Lord, Tommy!" said Billy, "you hove a line over my head to Simpson."

"You pop-eyed Spanish mackerel," roared Clancy at him, "you know Thad can't swim."

"I know, but he was all oiled up, and look at me—"

"Go to blazes!" said Clancy.

We all got aboard after awhile, but our fine new seine was gone, and the big school of fish, too. After a hard grapple we got the dories and a little later the seine-boat, and after a lot more work we got them rightside up. The dories we pulled the plugs out of to let them drain, and then took them on deck, but the seine-boat we had to pump out. By then it was pretty well on in the night, and I remember how the moon rose just as we had the boat fairly well dried out and dropped astern—rose as big as a barrel-head and threw a yellow light over it, and then went out of sight, for a breeze was on us.

And "O Lord! that thousand-barrel school!" we groaned.

A Canadian May Queen and Her Court

By the Countess of Aberdeen

THE MAY QUEEN

TO HER COURT AND COUNSELLORS,

GREETING.

Whereas there be many who do desire to know by what Tokens our Subjects may be known, we would wish that all who appertain to our Court should shew both by Act and Precept that they are striving towards the Ideal Woman, whose shadowy Presence hovers ever about Maidens whose thoughts are pure and lofty.

We would have you remember "that no Woman can be really strong, gentle, pure, and good without somebody being helped and comforted by the very Existence of that Goodness."

Therefore, let these be the Aims of our Court:

To store our Minds with the best Thoughts of the best Minds of all Ages.

"Until the Habits of the Slave, the Sins of Emptiness, Gossip and Spite and Slander, die."

To say nothing but what is kind of the Absent.

To enlarge our Sympathies by Intercourse with those whose Lots are harder than our own.

To encourage, according to our Opportunities, Movements which may tend to elevate, or to alleviate the Sufferings of Mankind.

So may we

"Join the Choir invisible
Of those immortal Dead who live again
In Minds made better by their Presence; live
In Pulses stirred to Generosity,
In Deeds of daring Rectitude, in Scorn
For miserable Aims that end with Self."

SUCH is the form of greeting with which every new member of the Court of the May Queen of Ottawa is received into the royal circle.

And true has each successive sovereign and her followers been to the ideals thus adopted as a constitution by the first of the dynasty.

Well do I remember the occasion of that fair sovereign's coronation by her self-elected subjects.

All nature combined to make that May-day a haunting memory of perfection. The bright Canadian sun shone down on the gardens and woods bedecking themselves with a prodigal profusion of the sweet spring flowers; the bluebirds and robins made melody such as only a North American spring calls forth; and the grounds of Government House were never more richly adorned than when they received within their gates that company of maidens who responded to the herald's summons to assemble around the May-pole and elect one from among themselves to rule over them.

The old story of ancient pagan May-day observances and more recent May-day sports in the days of Good Queen Bess was told again in their hearing, and the origin of the May-pole as the symbol of kingly justice recalled to their minds. The modern revival of May-day ceremonies under Mr. Ruskin's inspiration and idealization was described, and then the royal insignia were brought forth. There were the royal crown made of Nova Scotia's badge of mayflower, the scepter of lovely white trillium and mayflower, the coronation mantle for which the woods around Ottawa had yielded up their sweetest blooms, and the flower wands of office prepared for the Counselors whom the Queen should presently choose for her chief advisers.

Then came the nominations for the queenly office, followed by an election by democratic ballot, and the counting of the votes by regularly appointed returning officers.

In due form the result of the ballot was announced, and it was proclaimed that the choice of the maidens of Ottawa had fallen on Ethel Hamilton, daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa. Amidst joyous acclamation the new sovereign was crowned and robed, and, having received the homage of her subjects, was led forth by them to the gardens where were assembled a crowd of Ottawa's citizens eager to know to whom they were to own allegiance.

A prettier procession could scarcely be imagined than that which trooped out through the doors of Government House after the flower-laden Queen, surrounded by her body-guard of Counselors bearing their tall flower wands, through the lines of fathers and mothers and brothers and uncles and aunts, who respectfully stood aside until the Queen had been installed on her Coronation Chair and her Court had gathered around her. Then Canada's leading men, her statesmen and her judges, did willing obeisance before the accredited representative of that rising generation whose sway over us we must all sooner or later acknowledge.

By command of the Queen, the day was then given up to sports and pastimes. Jack-in-the-Green with his attendant Clown frolicked around, flower-garlanded cows attended by trim dairymaids dispensed syllabub, while around the May-pole gay dancers threaded intricate measures in a maze of colored ribbons.

And so the day waned amid laughter and gayeties, and the glories of the day passed into the beauty of the moonlight, leaving ineffacable memories in the hearts of those who cherished high aspirations for the Canada of the future.

But that May-day was productive of far more than memories. Six years have passed since that May-day; successive Queens have occupied the May Court throne, and have proved no mere rulers of a day. The flower of Ottawa's girlhood, gathered around that throne, have made its beneficent sway an acknowledged power in the capital of the fair Dominion.

Queen after Queen has added to the institutions of the kingdom, and it would be difficult in the space of a short article even to name them all.

As of right, the May Queen has her own secluded bower for herself and the hundred young maids and more who form her following, and here week by week she assembles her Court for many and manifold purposes. There are the Club mornings, when members of the May Court Club discuss the events of the day and read short papers on various topics.

Here, for instance, was the fortnightly programme for the last season :

"Lady Eastlake," by Miss Griffin.
"Miss Berry," by Miss Blair.
"Jane Austen," by Miss Kingsford.
"Mme. Mohl," by Miss Norah Shaw.
"Lady Palmerston, Lady Beaconsfield, Lady Holland," by Miss Borden.
"Princess de Lieven," by Lady Eileen Elliot.
"Mrs. Oliphant," by Miss B. Lindsay.
"George Eliot," by Miss Dawson.
"Baroness Cecile de Courtot," by Miss E. Cotton.
"E. B. Browning," by Miss J. White.

Then there is the Sewing Committee who work for the hospitals, and for poor families which are recommended for help by the Victorian Order of Nurses in their district work. There is a committee which arranges concerts and entertainments for the inmates of the Incurables Hospital and other institutions, and there is a band of girls who hold a song service at the same hospital every Sunday.

Books and flowers are also collected and taken to the patients at the hospitals, and Christmas trees are provided and dressed for the sick children. Then, again, the May Court members work in co-operation with a Benefit Club of the girls employed at the Government Printing Bureau, visiting and taking an interest in girls who are disabled by illness.

Besides the Club mornings the May Court promotes the intellectual and artistic sides of life by courses of lectures kindly given by distinguished professors every winter, and by exhibitions of the handiwork of its members. On both these occasions the Court throws open its doors to the outside public, and thereby is enabled to replenish its treasury for its various activities and charities by the proceeds of tickets for the lectures, and by the sale of the really charming bits of painting, carving, embroidery, etc., produced by May Queen maidens.

Each of the three Queens who have been elected has been re-elected with acclamation for a second term of sovereignty, and Queen Ethel I., Queen Ethel II., and Queen Millie have each provided new openings for the development of the talents of their subjects, and one very fruitful departure has been made in the inauguration of a Junior Club for girls still at school. These younger girls take no part in the management of the Club, nor can they serve on its committees, but they can attend the lectures, and they take great interest in meetings of their own, when they make dolls, scrap-books, and children's clothes for the hospitals.

The social duties of the Court are not neglected, and from time to time we hear of dainty tea-parties, and once a year the Queen and her Court repair to Government House to pay their respects to the King's representative, by special invitation of her Excellency the Countess of Minto, who has ever manifested a close personal interest in all the doings of the May Queen's Court and Club.

Who will set a bound to the influences of such a sovereignty? It offers the opportunity for the closest of relationships in work and play, in helpful thought for others, and in self-culture, all combined in a common striving after the ideal, under the guidance of a leader elected by her fellows as one worthy to lead, as one most worthy of their love and loyalty. Thus it unites the ideal and the practical, and fills up the often difficult years of girlhood with wholesome stimulus to self-training and to co-operation with others in works of charity and usefulness.

We can only wish that the girls going out in society in every capital of the world would follow the example of the girls of Ottawa, and find their Queen, and lay their hands in hers, and swear to reverence her as if she were their conscience, and follow her in all beautiful and noble words and deeds.

This world would be the better for many more such courts presided over by queens realizing in modern life the dreams of King Arthur and his Order of the Round Table.

The Beginnings of Christianity[1]

THIS work by one of the more distinguished of the younger European theologians appeared some years since, and is now first presented in an English dress. It embodies radical criticism of the New Testament writings together with a sublime conception of the spiritual greatness of Jesus. A large legendary element is attributed to the Gospels, including with many miracles the story of the virgin birth and the resurrection appearances. As to the latter, it is conceded that there was a "real projection of Jesus into this world of sense by means of a vision." Yet the faith of the disciples was by no means founded on a mere vision. The vision derived its effectiveness in producing faith in the risen Jesus from the deep impression that the living Jesus had made. Of this the lofty self-consciousness of Jesus is a chief factor. Taking what appears of this in the Synoptics only, Professor Wernle pronounces it "more than merely human." This, he says, is "the mystery of the origin of Christianity," a fact to be accepted as incontrovertible. But the deification of Jesus by the Church is held to be invalidated by Jesus' clear and constant recognition of his limitations in a humble subjection to God. His ultimate aim was "so to unite God and man as he was united to God." And precisely in this was the redemption which he brought to his disciples, transforming men of the world into men of God. The summary of this redemption, and the bond between Jesus and his disciples, is the Lord's Prayer. "He that can really pray it—not as a mere formula—has reached that stage beyond which nothing higher is to be looked for under the present conditions of existence."

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[1] *The Beginnings of Christianity.* By Paul Wernle, Professor Extraordinary of Modern Church History at the University of Basel. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, M.A., and edited with an Introduction by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Vol. I., The Rise of the Religion. (Theological Translation Library, Vol. XV.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

With true spiritual insight Professor Wernle has thus recognized the God-consciousness of Jesus as the most significant and most influential trait of his personality. But such insight does not always appear in Professor Wernle's judgment. It is surprising to find him citing the opening sentences of the Fourth Gospel as exhibiting a defective monotheism, "which places 'a' God, the Logos, by the side of 'the' God." The subtle philosophers who chose the term "Logos" to represent the Eternal Reason whereby God made all things, the Divine Thought which found utterance in creation as a Divine Word, could never have dreamed of such a misconception. But philosophy is not Professor Wernle's strong point. Else how could he speak of the late Jewish belief in angels as indicating a defective and impure monotheism?

The grand reforming element in Jesus' teachings is, in Professor Wernle's view, his demand for the sanctification of all life and work in the world. He transferred the service of God from occasional ceremonies to daily duties. He eliminated what was narrowly Jewish in ethics, and substituted what was broadly human. He "discovered the eternal in man," and laid down everlasting principles of conduct. All this Professor Wernle strongly emphasizes. Here also he again surprises us by the remark that an "incomplete knowledge of the law was . . . the cause of an entire deception on the part of Jesus." In what, pray, did this "self-deception" consist? Apparently in this, that Jesus did not know what he was doing when "he separated the human or non-Jewish element from the rest of the law, gave Jewish maxims an entirely contrary meaning, deepened and combined all that was limited and transitory." He "overlooked," he "concealed from himself," the fact that the Mosaic law was more on the side of his opponents than on his side. The charge of self-deception has been made by other critics, but never in greater inconsistency with their own admissions than here. In this connection a piece of the most arbitrary criticism stands forth, denying the genuineness of Jesus' saying, "I came not to destroy but to fulfill the law," because "its form betrays a theologian," while Jesus "was a layman, but moderately acquainted with the law—had perchance never studied it at all."

The keynote of Jesus' teaching the author finds in his frequent phrase, "The Kingdom of God." To promote it, to realize it in this world, is the effort and hope of Christian philanthropists and reformers. There are parables of Jesus (the mustard-seed, the leaven, the secretly growing seed) which appear to hold forth that hope. But Professor Wernle has satisfied himself that "that which is great and new in Jesus is not to be found in the thought of a present and immanent kingdom of God—thoughts which Jesus himself soon abandoned, and which have never been a motive-power in history." How far Jesus was from abandoning that conception of the kingdom appears in his combining with his prediction of the catastrophe of Judaism a prediction of the Gentile church: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." How much of a motive-power in history the thought of the kingdom is, appears late, but appears clearly in the modern missions of Christianity. These betoken a power already effective for much, and certain to be effective for more.

In general, Professor Wernle's account of the eschatological feature of Jesus' teachings is marked by an excessive literalism. He makes no allowance for metaphor, or for the picturesque imagery of Oriental language in the style of the Hebrew prophets. It certainly is hasty and superficial to attribute to Jesus a belief that "the end of the world was near," with the issues of final judgment in "everlasting bliss or everlasting torment." A sounder criticism holds that the Evangelists' report of Jesus' predictions of the impending catastrophe of Judaism were colored by their prepossessions derived from current apocalyptic writings. The marginal readings of our Revised Version, not to mention the Greek text presumably familiar to Professor Wernle, dispose of the fallacy about the "end of the world."

The foregoing comments indicate what seem to be the merits and the defects of Professor Wernle's work, of which only the more important part comes within our present limits. The remainder, rather more than half of the volume, is devoted to St. Paul and his transformation of Christianity from a Palestinian sect into a world-religion. Here Professor Wernle's views can only be summarily indicated. Paul maintains the demand of Jesus in its sublimity, but not uniformly so. In Jesus' work salvation was simply a matter of experience. His disciples were just the children of God confiding in God as their Father. Paul first constructed a theory of salvation based on this experience. He "united the Gospel of Jesus with a cosmology and a theology which, in spite of many Jewish conceptions, was bound to be welcomed by the decaying ancient world on account of its pessimism, its new myths, its ideal, its doctrine of hope." Professor Wernle's general attitude toward St. Paul's theology may be estimated by his remark that "Jesus is our Saviour from the theologians." But the strong dissent which he frequently provokes must be balanced by grateful recognition of his chief merit—the primacy he everywhere gives to ethical interests, his indication of the spiritual grandeur and uniqueness of Jesus, his insistence on Jesus' gift to the world as a new spirit and life in sonship to God.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Pauperism and the Abolition of Poverty. By Isador Ladoff. With a Supplement, "Jesus or Mammon." By J. Felix. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 4×7 in. 230 pages. 50c.

Australia, Our Colonies, and Other Islands of the Sea. (Geographical Reader.) By Frank G. Carpenter. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages.

Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh, How to Avoid. By Albert Rufus Baker, M.D. (Revised Edition.) The Arthur H. Clarke Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×8 in. 24 pages. 50c.

Dialogue (A). By A. H. Gilkes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 86 pages. 50c.

This indifferent title introduces an entertaining passage-at-arms between a modern Socrates and three bishops of the Church of England. Mr. Gilkes tells us that his object is "partly to exemplify the position of Socrates at Athens, and to account for his unpopularity." What he has further in mind seems to be to "take down" the bishops. The subject matter of the dialogue consists of ecclesiastical and theological questions at present attracting much attention. "Mr. Smith," a layman, acts the part of Socrates by putting questions in a way that leads the bishops to discomfiture, and loses thereby a position for which he had been recommended.

Die Chemie im täglichen Leben. By Professor Dr. Lassar-Cohn. Edited by Neil C. Brooks, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 130 pages.

Early Story of Israel (The). By Evelyn L. Thomas. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×6¾ in. 151 pages. 90c., net.

The story as given in the Bible is judiciously condensed, with occasional practical comments on its lessons. Notices of the Chaldean legends parallel with the early narratives of Genesis, and a brief account of the religion of Egypt, are interwoven with the Hebrew history in a way worth imitating in similar books.

Horace. By Pierre Corneille. Edited by John E. Matzke, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 144 pages.

How to Get the Best Out of Books. By Richard Le Gallienne. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 167 pages. $1.25, net.

The papers collected under this title, with one exception, have appeared in print and doubtless have accomplished their aim, to a large extent. They are addressed to the ordinary man, the business man, and are quite free from any sign of condescension. Many sentences invite quotation, and many bits of advice are most friendly. Mr. Le Gallienne thinks a good way to begin a library is to buy a copy of Lamb's "Essays of Elia," or, if Lamb be not for you, begin with Green's "Short History of the English People." "There is a book with roots and branches, if you like." He deplores the "prolonged epidemic of the imitation historical novel," and bids his readers return to Dumas and Charles Reade. He declares that if Henry James is read in the future he will be read as one reads Darwin on earthworms—for his marvelous observation of minute social phenomena. Howells's style is on the side of his endurance, whereas the style of Mr. James is plainly subject to writer's cramp. However, these sharper criticisms are not the prominent feature of this useful manual, for the spirit of kindliness pervades every chapter. We are warned against the misleading idea that there is much to be read; there is really very little of real reading, and there is time to read it all twice over. A limit of three books to each will give a fair representation of the great novelists, says Mr. Le Gallienne, and one is inclined to agree with him. Upon the whole, common sense and just discrimination characterize these popular suggestions as to the formation and enjoyment of a literary taste.

Hundred Years of Warfare, 1689–1789 (A): How the Nation was Born. By Marguerite Stockman Dickson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¼ in. 273 pages.

Introduction to Vertebrate Embryology (An). Based on the Study of the Frog and the Chick. By Albert Moore Reese, Ph.D. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 291 pages. $1.40, net.

Manual of Corporate Management, Containing Forms, Directions, and Information for the Use of Lawyers and Corporation Officials (A). By Thomas Conyngton. (Second Printing.) The Ronald Press, New York. 6×9¼ in. 352 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 20c.)

Methods of Social Advance. Edited by C. S. Loch, B.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 192 pages.

The papers collected in this volume deal with a large variety of practical questions constantly confronting those who are endeavoring to better the conditions of the poor in the struggle to live and rear their children. Having appeared for the most part in the (British) "Charity Organization Review," they deal with some points with which Americans are not much concerned. But the problems of the poor and the methods of social advance are sufficiently alike here and there to commend this volume of expert testimony to all who are interested in the questions it takes up.

People's Psalter (The): A Plain Book for Those who Wish to Use the Psalms in Church with Intelligence and Devotion. By Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 3½×5¾ in. 244 pages. 75c., net.

Philippine Islands, 1493–1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. With Maps, Portraits, and other Illustration. Vol. XII.—1601–1604. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 6¼×9½ in. 321 pages.

Professional Training of Secondary Teachers in the United States. By G. W. A. Luckey. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¾ in. 391 pages. $2, net.

Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. (New and Revised Edition.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 220 pages. 75c., net.

The power here treated of is the power of personality inspired through close personal sympathy with Jesus; it is power for full and strong Christian living with effective influence. Mr. Gordon takes the English Bible in its face meaning to the ordinary reader, and speaks in a simple but searching and stimulating way.

Self-Portraiture of Jesus (The). By J. M. E. Ross, M.A. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×8 in. 252 pages. $1, net.

Great sayings of Jesus descriptive of traits of his character, or features of his work, furnish themes for the plain and brief discourses, earnestly evangelical, which the author modestly describes as "sermon-studies."

Social Diseases and Marriage. By Prince A. Morrow, A.M., M.D. Lea Brothers & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 399 pages.

Songs of Southern Scenes. By Louis M. Elshemus. Eastman Lewis, New York. 5½×8 in. 157 pages. $1.50.

Spanish Colonial System (The). By Wilhelm Roscher. Translation edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 6×9¾ in. 48 pages.

Spelling by Grades: Words from Baldwin's Readers. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages.

Steps in English: Book I and II. By A. C. McLean, A.M., Thomas C. Blaisdell, A.M., and John Morroe, M.S. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in.

Student's Old Testament (The): Vol. I. Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. (With Maps.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 382 pages. $2.75, net.

This volume is assured of wide welcome. Professor Kent, well known already by his "History of the Hebrew People," "History of the Jewish People," and "Messages of the Prophets," has compressed into remarkably small compass a full and lucid exhibit of the assured results of Biblical criticism. Following an introductory history of Israel's early records, in which the genesis of traditions and their present literary form is explicated, the Old Testament text is given with its component strands in parallel columns—the Early Judean (Jehovistic), the Early Ephraimite (Elohistic), the Later Prophetic (Deuteronomic), and the Late Priestly. In the present volume this concludes with the conquest of Canaan. The foot-notes amply suffice to give the text its proper historical background, and such critical and other data as the reader requires for a clear understanding of the subject matter. The ordinary Bible-reader's needs have been consulted to the extent of a fresh translation of the text, departing from that of the American Revised Version wherever the exact thought of the original seemed capable of expression in more clear and idiomatic modern English, without losing the dignity of the current version. The analysis and classification which this first installment of the "Student's Old Testament" presents of the heterogeneous material which the ancient writers and editors habitually threw together is the prime requisite for reaching any intelligent and adequate conception of the development of religion in Israel. Those who look with suspicion on the unraveling process are likely to be reconciled to it in degree as they discover that it leads to surer historical ground for their faith in a divine guidance of the early pupils of the Spirit. Professor Kent's work meets practical needs. It has been tested in university and Bible classes. For the first time, the ordinary Bible student has now a complete manual that puts him in possession of the results of the labors of specialists, and of such an understanding of the processes as is adequate for intelligent confidence in them. A selected bibliography and an ample appendix leave nothing to be desired for complete apparatus.

Teaching of the Catechism (The). By Beatrice A. Ward. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×6¾ in. 171 pages. 90c., net.

This manual has been prepared for children of the Church of England.

White Servitude in Maryland, 1634–1820. By Eugene Irving McCormac, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Political Science.) Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. 6×9½ in. 112 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Singing or Spelling?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with much interest an article in The Outlook of March 19 on "Our Public School Music," and would like to respond to the author's request that we all "champion it" by voicing what I know to be the view of many parents.

Like Mr. Mason, I had recently the pleasure of seeing a wonderful exhibition of the ability of little children to read music by sight. It was in a class of seven-year-olds in one of our public schools, and after they had finished their music-reading the children went to the blackboard and wrote the notes which their teacher sang, a key of several sharps or flats being selected. I was astonished and delighted, but I was more astonished and not at all delighted to find that the same children could not spell the simplest four-letter words, that those ears so wonderfully drilled musically were utterly unable to hear the difference between tract and track, between shell and shall. The explanation was not far to seek. A question to the teacher revealed the fact that in that class double the time was devoted to singing that was devoted to spelling. Nor was that class exceptional. Throughout that whole school there is no class in which spelling is systematically and thoroughly taught, and reports which come to me from other cities lead me to believe that what is the case in that school is common throughout the schools of our land.

If this be true, I, for one, feel inclined to "champion" spelling rather than singing. Let us see to it that our children's hands and faces are clean before we pay much attention to elaborate trimmings on their garments.

As I read Mr. Mason's figures and ponder on the one item of the more than seven hundred young women graduated from one musical institution and "distributed all over the country, many as supervisors of the musical instruction in State Normal schools," I begin to see why our teachers' salaries are necessarily so low and their classes so large that no one can do justice to them. We pay so much for singing, for drawing, for nature study, that we cannot afford to pay living wages to our regular class teachers and cannot expect to get competent persons to accept this work.

Surely it is time to demand that, whatever accomplishments are or are not taught in our public schools, our children shall leave them able to read aloud pleasantly a piece of ordinary prose, able to write easily a letter which they will not need to submit to revision on account of its spelling and diction, and, most important of all, trained to use their minds intelligently and industriously.

Those who know the facts know that students are every year being graduated from some of our best public schools who can do none of these things, and some of us would rather that our children should have these acquirements than that they should be able to sing at sight, use water-colors deftly, or be thoroughly conversant with all the symptoms of alcoholism. F.

[It is hardly fair to ascribe shortcomings in the teaching of common branches to music, drawing, and nature study. Many observers of public school education believe that wasteful methods of teaching arithmetic, for instance, frequently account for such bad results as these mentioned by our correspondent.—THE EDITORS.]

Caring for the Adult Blind

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I correct a mistake in Miss McCracken's article of February 13, where she says, in telling about the recently inaugurated organization, the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind, "In the State of Massachusetts no public provision for the care and education of persons becoming blind late in life had yet been made." The following facts should be known. In 1898 the graduates of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind took up the work of giving free instruction in reading, writing, and industrial occupations to blind adults in their homes, reaching some fifty cases.

An outcome of this work of the alumnæ, and of the persistent agitation of the subject by Mr. J. Newton Breed, himself a blind man, was that the Massachusetts Legislature of 1899 directed the State Board of Education to "inquire into the feasibility of instructing the adult blind at their homes, and to report the result of its investigations, with such recommendations as it may deem proper, to the next General Court."

In May, 1900, the report and recommendations were presented to the Legislature, which appropriated $1,000 "to make a beginning in carrying out the recommendations of the Board of Education that such instruction should be given."

In 1901 the State appropriated $3,600 for the same purpose, and in 1902 and 1903 $5,000.

The use of these appropriations may be found in the printed reports of the State Board of Education for 1902 and 1903, accompanying this communication.

Two teachers were at first sent out, and later two more were added. Up to the beginning of this year they have visited regularly in more than half a hundred cities and towns, have taught a total of 313 adults, and have traveled 103,080 miles.

The Perkins Institute loans freely its books to those who have learned to read, the State paying postage or expressage.

For some nine years the needlework of blind women has been sold at the salesroom of the Perkins Institute, thus enabling some blind adults to earn money.

Rhode Island has this year followed Massachusetts in providing instruction for adult blind at their homes. * *

The Need of Physicians in Missionary Work Abroad

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with much interest your comments on the value of medical missions in the issue of March 12. The instances you give of the results following the work of Christian physicians might be indefinitely multiplied, not only in Turkey or Korea, but in practically every modern mission field. The service rendered and the good done in China, for instance, by men like the late Dr. Kerr, of the Presbyterian Mission in Canton, and by Dr. Boone, of the Episcopal Mission in Shanghai, are beyond all calculation. They have done a vast amount in opening the way for the Gospel. In some respects they might be called the miners and sappers of the missionary army. It is a branch of the service which is sadly undermanned, as the brief account you gave of Dr. Allen's busy life indicates. It offers opportunity for scores of well-equipped young American physicians to make decided contributions to medical science, as well as to relieve human suffering and aid in commending the Christian Gospel. At a meeting of the American Medical Association in New Orleans a few months ago, the statement was made by one of the leading physicians of the country that the United States needs about twenty-five hundred new medical graduates every year; while the medical schools are turning out ten thousand graduates a year. Thus America is over-supplied with physicians, while the non-Christian world is sadly under-supplied. In China to-day there is but one missionary physician for each 1,500,000 of the population.

In the missions of the Episcopal Church in China we need additional physicians, both men and women, in Shanghai, Wusih, and Wuchang. In the Philippines we need at least one male physician for interesting pioneer work among the pagan tribes in the northern part of the island of Luzon. I will supply particulars to any who care to have them, simply premising that it is necessary that those who receive appointments in our missions should be communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church or the Church of England.

JOHN W. WOOD,
Corresponding Secretary.

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Italian Immigration

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article by the Hon. Wm. D. Foulke on "Italian Immigration," published in The Outlook for February 20, seems to me to call for comment. While I agree entirely with Mr. Foulke in believing that there is much good in Italian immigrants, I cannot altogether accept his optimistic conclusions. Three points call for comment. First, the fact that "the places to which immigration comes in largest quantities, New York, Boston, Chicago, and some of the agricultural regions of the Northwest, are the most progressive parts of the country" does not appear to me a very strong argument against the further judicious restriction of immigration. It certainly cannot be claimed that the recent large immigration from southern and eastern Europe has been a potent factor in making our large Northern cities progressive.

Secondly, Mr. Foulke speaks of there being no difficulty in assimilating all our immigrants if we scatter them on farms and in small communities. Much is being written at the present time regarding "the solution of the immigration problem" by "scattering our immigrants" over the country districts. Many persons seem to believe that this distribution can be accomplished without expense and without difficulty, and that it presents an easy, satisfactory, and complete solution of all the problems which grow out of the one great problem of foreign immigration. On this point I should like to quote from a recent article in "Charities" (February 6): "If these people [*i.e.*, the population in the foreign quarters of our large Northern cities] could be scattered throughout the country, the evil effects of their crowding into particular sections would be diminished, but no one can suggest any practicable scheme for doing this on a sufficiently large scale to be useful, even with enormous expense. . . . What is more, the various States, when asked a few years ago by the Immigration Investigating Commission what nationalities of immigrants they desired, in only two cases expressed any desire for Slav, Latin, Asiatic, or Jewish settlers, and both of these cases related to Italian farmers, with money, intending to become permanent residents. It should be noted that few Italian farmers, with money, intending permanent settlement, come here. In his last annual report the Commissioner-General of Immigration strongly recommends the establishment of bureaus of information, through which immigrants may be directed to the States where they are most needed, so that the present congestion may be relieved. There are, however, two sides to this matter of distribution. The easier we make it for every undesirable immigrant to find work—and it is chiefly the undesirable ones that are crowded into our cities—the more we shall induce others to come; and, furthermore, the more we scatter our recent immigrants, the more widely do we spread the evils which result from exposing our own people to competition with the lower classes of foreigners. President Roosevelt, in his Message to Congress last December, noted the need of distributing the *desirable* immigrants throughout the country, and of keeping out the *undesirable* ones altogether. Most writers on this question have emphasized the need of scattering the *undesirable*, who, as President Roosevelt points out, should not be admitted at all." In this connection it may be noted that South Carolina, in which, according to a competent authority, there is "a more general desire for more white men who are willing to work with their hands" than in any other State in the Union, has instructed its Commissioner of Immigration, in securing immigrants, to confine his activities to "white citizens of the United States, citizens of Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, France, and all other foreigners of Saxon origin."

Thirdly, Mr. Foulke is distinctly giving a wrong impression when he says of the Italians who are now coming here in such large numbers that they are "industrious, enduring, and constitute the most adventurous part of the population of Italy." It has been shown by an agent of the Treasury Department during the past summer that much of our present immigration is stimulated to leave home by the steamship agents, and is therefore of a very different character from the pioneer immigration of fifty years ago. Still more recently, one who has been studying Italian emigration in Italy tells us that we are receiving large numbers of Italian criminals, because the chiefs of police, who know the history of every man within their jurisdiction, create good records for themselves with their superiors by making it easy for the criminals in their districts to leave home and come to the United States. "Enduring" and "adventurous" these criminals may be, as Mr. Foulke holds, but we do not want that kind of endurance nor that kind of adventurous spirit.

All Americans, whether they believe in a further restriction of immigration or not, must heartily approve of such admirable work as is being done by the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants in New York (see The Outlook for April 16) and by the similar society in Boston. This work is carried on wisely, effectively, and along rational lines. It helps to lessen the evils which result from our enormous immigration by distributing some of our Italian immigrants, by helping them to assimilate with us, and by spreading information in Italy which may tend to keep at home some persons who might otherwise be induced to emigrate without a clear understanding of the conditions in this country. But there are many persons who believe that, in spite of all that the immigrant aid societies of whatever nature may be able to do, we cannot properly assimilate so large a body of immigrants as we are now receiving every year. We feel, with the late General F. A. Walker, that "that man must be a sentimentalist and an optimist beyond all bounds of reason who believes that we can take such a load upon the National stomach without a failure of assimilation, and without great danger to the health and life of the Nation." Or, in the words of the last Annual Report of the Associated Charities of Boston, "with an immigration as unrestrained as at present, we can have little hope of permanent gain in the struggle for uplifting the poor people of our cities, since newcomers are always at hand, ignorant of American standards." Hence the general desire for a further judicious restriction of immigration. The Italian Immigrant Aid Society deserves hearty support, but no one can deny that its work and that of all of our philanthropic and charitable societies could be more effectively done if the number of annually arriving immigrants were smaller. The excellent editorial on "The Making of Americans" in The Outlook for August 22, 1903, exactly expresses the present writer's convictions on this subject.

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